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AMERICA'S LOST PLAYS

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THE PLAYS

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THE HEART OF MARYLAND  
*and Other Plays*

A series in twenty volumes of hitherto unpublished plays collected with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, under the auspices of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, edited with historical and bibliographical notes.

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# The Plays

OF HENRY C. DE MILLE

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH

DAVID BELASCO

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY

ROBERT HAMILTON BALL

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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## P R E F A C E

THERE can be in a strict sense no *standard* text of the plays of Henry C. De Mille. All manuscript copies show variations; one is not necessarily more *correct* than another. Playwrights working in the stock company tradition expected no complete conformity, indeed approved of adaptation to immediate needs. During original runs dialogue and stage directions changed more or less from night to night as playwrights or stage managers fitted them more closely to the company. It was not a question of improving the text but of improving the performance, and the performance varied with the actors. When the company changed, the play changed with it.

The editor's problem therefore is not to find the only satisfactory text, but a satisfactory text—one among others of which the authors would approve—then to correct obvious technical and typographical errors, and see that nothing essential to the play is omitted, nothing plainly extraneous added. The present edition is based on typescripts furnished by Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, approved by Mr. William C. de Mille, and printed with the additional permission of Mr. Benjamin F. Roeder, Trustee for the Belasco Estate, and Mr. Daniel Frohman. For the De Mille-Belasco collaborations, these scripts have been checked with those in the Belasco Collection in the New York Public Library. The basic typescripts are not uniform with regard to the nature and detail of the stage directions, stage business, and cues. It has seemed wise to retain all that is characteristic, all that reveals the intricacies of actual production, rather than to strive for a rigid uniformity. In keeping with the plan of this series of volumes, scholarly apparatus which would encumber the text or the introduction has been, so far as possible, avoided.

Aside from fugitive material, clippings, programs, etc., in various collections and libraries, the following books, to which in lieu of textual documentation the editor now makes acknowledgment, have provided the bulk of information for the introductory essay:

T. Allston Brown: *A History of the New York Stage*, 3 vols., New York, 1903

Edwin F. Edgett: *Henry Churchill De Mille (Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. V, pp. 229-30, New York, 1930)*

Daniel Frohman: *Memories of a Manager*, Garden City, 1911

Daniel Frohman Presents: *An Autobiography*, New York [1935]

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Percy MacKaye: *Epoch: The Life of Steele MacKaye . . . 2 vols.*, New York [c1927]

Isaac F. Marcossan and Daniel Frohman: *Charles Frohman: Manager and Man . . .* New York and London, 1916

Montrose J. Moses: *The American Dramatist*, Boston, 1925

Arthur Hobson Quinn: *A History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day*, 2 vols., New York and London, 1927

William Winter: *The Life of David Belasco*, 2 vols., New York, 1918

It is, regrettably, necessary to warn readers that books about the theater seem peculiarly liable to error, particularly with regard to dates. While making no claim to infallibility, the present editor has, wherever possible, checked all statements by reference to programs and newspapers; in a number of cases this revealed startling discrepancies.

Acknowledgments are also due to many who gave unstintingly of their time and resources to assist in the preparation of this volume. The editor wishes especially to signalize his indebtedness to Mr. Barrett H. Clark, the general editor of the series; Mr. Cecil B. de Mille and Mr. William C. de Mille, the sons of Henry De Mille; Mrs. John R. Pitman, the sister of Henry De Mille; Mr. Daniel Frohman; Mr. Benjamin F. Roeder, Mr. Belasco's business manager and close friend; Mr. Robert Campbell, of the Actors' Fund; Mr. John Rumsey, of the American Play Company; Dr. Napier Wilt, of the University of Chicago; Miss May Davenport Seymour and Mr. Garrison Sherwood, of the Museum of the City of New York; Mrs. Lillian A. Hall, of the Harvard Theatre Collection; Mr. George Freedley, of the New York Public Library; and the staff of the Princeton University Library. Letters of Henry De Mille are quoted in the introductory essay by permission of Mr. William C. de Mille; of Henry George, by permission of Anna George de Mille.

ROBERT H. BALL



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## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

"Prologues," said David Garrick,

"Prologues like compliments are loss of time;  
'Tis penning bows and making legs in rhyme."

And the introduction to a series of hitherto unpublished plays is not unlike the old prologue to a first performance in the theater, though the present writer hastily disavows poetic intention. The play's the thing, after all, and the world is much more interested, and rightly so, in what has been achieved rather than in how it was achieved or why. The plays are their own excuse for being, and must interpret their own existence. Nevertheless since fashions change and become strange and sometimes incomprehensible to later generations, it may not be amiss to remove certain veils which hamper the vision and obtrude between the thing done and our understanding of it.

When Henry Churchill De Mille came to New York from his North Carolina birthplace, it was with the intention of becoming a clergyman. Somewhere during the process of his further education at Columbia, he decided on a different kind of teaching and, after receiving his A.B. in 1875, took a position at Lockwood Academy, Brooklyn, while he pursued work for his master's degree. This completed, he joined the staff of the Columbia College Grammar School, where he took active part in the writing and production of plays for amateurs. Meanwhile the Madison Square Theatre had been rebuilt by Steele MacKaye, the Frohmans had been engaged as touring and business managers, and in 1882 David Belasco became stage manager. De Mille's abilities having attracted some attention, he was offered and accepted the position of playreader at the Madison Square, and his subsequent career in the theater remained closely tied with these early associates.

At the Madison Square Theatre, De Mille's work burst into feverish activity. He is reported, for example, to have examined two hundred manuscripts in three months, besides assisting in the revision of many of the pieces produced. Nevertheless he found time to write his first play for the professional theater. *John Delmer's Daughters; or, Duty*, a comedy in three acts, was begun in October 1882, and completed after many interruptions in February of the

following year. It was produced under Belasco's direction on December 10, 1883, with the following cast:

DR. VAN ARNEM	WALDEN RAMSAY
JOHN DELMER	W. J. LE MOYNE
MARTHA DELMER	MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN
MARGARET	FANNY REEVES
ESTHER	ENID LESLIE
RHODA MANLY	MARIE BURROUGHS
DR. LEONARD WEST	GEORGE CLARKE
PALEY POMEROY	THOMAS WHIFFEN

The play, which deals with the domestic infelicity caused by a mother-in-law and her family of social climbers who are humbled as felicity is restored, was not liked by either audience or critics and was withdrawn after a week's run, a failure somewhat conspicuous in a theater which had had so many successes.

De Mille stayed on at the Madison Square, reading and revising plays, even doing a bit of acting after A. M. Palmer was called in to bolster the Mallory policies, while Steele MacKaye, his control lost, dreamed his dream of a new and better theater and a theater school, realized it in the Lyceum, and surrendered, disheartened, to his backers. De Mille was to teach in that school, which became the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and make his reputation as a playwright at the Lyceum Theatre in collaboration with David Belasco under the managership of Daniel Frohman, whose playreader he became.

The first De Mille play which Frohman presented at the Lyceum Theatre, however, was not written with Belasco, who staged it, but with Charles Barnard, long connected with *Scribner's Monthly* and now best remembered as the author of *The County Fair* with and for Neil Burgess. Perhaps uncomfortably aware of his previous failure in serious comedy, De Mille with Barnard concocted a straight melodrama of a familiar and favorite variety, *The Main Line; or, Rawson's Y*, with which Frohman reopened the Lyceum Theatre on September 18, 1886.

LAWRENCE HATTON	J. B. MASON
COLONEL JACK HATTON	CHARLES OVERTON
ZERUBBABEL PUDDYCHUMP	F. F. MACKAY
ADDLETON BOLINGBROKE SPLINE	RAYMOND HOLMES
JIM BLAKELY	RALPH DELMORE
SAM BURROUGHS	H. C. DE MILLE

## INTRODUCTION

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DORA VAN TYNE  
LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER  
POSITIVE BURROUGHS

LILIAN RICHARDSON  
DORA STUART  
ETTA HAWKINS

De Mille, it is to be noted, was in the cast because of the sudden indisposition of W. H. Crompton, who was to have played Sam Burroughs; the playwright later assumed the part of Jim Blakely on the road.

This "purely American play . . . played before a large audience, and made a success" (*Herald*), indeed "the success was emphatic" (*Sun*), and "*The Main Line* will pay big dividends" (*Times*). The *World* called it "a pretty and picturesque play, plenteously adorned with character painting, abounding in clever dialogue . . . , a series of strong dramatic pictures, all carefully colored and skilfully arranged to increase and intensify the interest as the story progresses." The *Herald*, however, said it was "not a play of a very high order of merit" and "built on most trite dramatic lines," and the *Spirit of the Times* agrees that it is "an old story" and "of no value as a drama." All the reviewers acquiesced enthusiastically over the railroad effects, "for which Mr. Barnard . . . is responsible" (*Herald*), and especially the thrilling third act climax which was greeted "with tremendous applause" (*Tribune*) and "has become the talk of the town" (*Telegram*). The acting, staging, and scenic effects were generally praised, but there was some doubt as to the propriety of Puddychump's "spiritual paraphrases mixed with very unworldly actions" (*Herald*), and the *Spirit of the Times* counsels Mr. De Mille to "let the Bible alone on the stage."

*The Main Line* played at the Lyceum uninterruptedly until October 16th, and then with the cast somewhat altered went on the road. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and doubtless other cities saw it in the succeeding months. The Madison Square Company revived it in New York on April 25, 1887, for a week's run at the People's Theatre, and it was at the Windsor a year later. Thereafter for a time it was almost ubiquitous: Chicago, for example, had four productions at four different theaters within the next two years. In 1891, De Mille rewrote the play for Rosabel Morrison who produced it under the title, *The Danger Signal*, at the People's Theatre on September 7th, and thereafter toured in it with her own company. In this revision the characters were given new names and occupations, the heroine becoming Rose Martin, "the Wild Flower of Laramie Bend," and there was introduced for the first time "a scene representing a snow blockade in the Rocky Mountains, the realistic effect being greatly heightened by the passage across the stage of a full-sized locomotive and a 'cyclone' rotary snow plough" (*Herald*). References chronicle performances of *The Danger Signal* in New York and elsewhere

until about 1895, and local stock companies throughout the country no doubt kept it alive much longer.

Meanwhile, during the early summer of 1887, Daniel Frohman, gathering a permanent company for the first regular stock season at the Lyceum Theatre, cast about for a modern society play which would exhibit its talents. Finding nothing satisfactory elsewhere, he turned to the two dramatists who were already associated with him and suggested that they collaborate. Belasco and De Mille agreed with alacrity, and shortly thereafter retired to De Mille's summer home at Echo Lake to work on the play which, first christened *The Marriage Tie*, ultimately became *The Wife*.

The collaborators finally decided to build around a situation earlier used by Belasco in *The Millionaire's Daughter*, in which a husband, instead of divorcing his wife when he discovers her indiscretion, behaves with understanding kindness and eventually wins her love. Ultimately the situation derived from *The Banker's Daughter* by Bronson Howard, whose other plays also contributed much to the De Mille-Belasco collaborations. Armed with notes and bits of dialogue for this scene, they consulted Frohman, who approved enthusiastically, and then began the process of creating rôles to fit the stock company. The leading parts, for example, were tailored to suit the womanly Georgia Cayvan and the manly and dignified Herbert Kelcey. Since they were working against time, the authors had to decide in advance the location of the scenes which they were to write, so that the sets would be ready for the production.

The De Mille-Belasco collaborations were playwright before they were playwritten. Except for experimental snatches, dialogue was held in abeyance until character had been conceived and developed and situations devised and arranged in elaborate detail. Most of the actual writing was done by De Mille, most of the planning and dramatic construction by Belasco. The preliminary discussions over and the development of the action clear in their minds, the two men repaired to the theater and staged the play. De Mille sat at a table in the front row of the orchestra; Belasco on the stage impersonated all the characters in the situations which had been plotted. Such dialogue as had been written down was primarily a point of departure, a means by which the situations were set in motion. The dialogue which emerged in final form sprang less from the preliminary speeches than from the situations in action; the determining factor was stage effectiveness. De Mille would read a few lines; Belasco would set them in motion, suggest alterations, omissions, and enlargements to fit stage business. Lines were written not to be acted but to suit the acting. For example, since entrances and exits had already been carefully timed, Belasco would come upon the stage in character at R.2.E. as

planned, start across to stage L., see an imaginary character down C., and come slowly downstage. De Mille would then devise a speech to fit the given situation, which would allow the character Belasco was impersonating to make these transitions. This done, and always bearing in mind the actor who was to play that part, Belasco would try it on the stage, time it, and approve or suggest changes. The speech finally determined upon was the result of this kind of collaboration. After this manner were all the De Mille-Belasco plays wrought, De Mille's literary ability combining with Belasco's almost miraculous stage management to form the completed scripts.

*The Wife* was first presented at the Lyceum Theatre on November 1, 1887, and revealed the Frohman stock company as follows:

JOHN RUTHERFORD	HERBERT KELCEY
MATTHEW CULVER	NELSON WHEATCROFT
ROBERT GRAY	HENRY MILLER
SILAS TRUMAN	CHARLES WALCOT
MAJOR HOMER Q. PUTNAM	W. J. LE MOYNE
JACK DEXTER	CHARLES S. DICKSON
MR. RANDOLPH	W. C. BELLWS
HELEN TRUMAN	GEORGIA CAYVAN
LUCILE FERRANT	GRACE HENDERSON
MRS. S. BELLAMY IVES	MRS. CHARLES WALCOT
KITTY IVES	LOUISE DILLON
MRS. AMORY	MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN
AGNES	VIDA CROLY

William Faversham, understudying Henry Miller, assumed the part of Robert Gray for one week of the run. Since the reviews were unanimous in praise of the company, the acting, the staging, and the scenery, it is hardly necessary to quote them; "success" was plainly written in or between the lines. On the play itself, however, there was some difference of opinion. Both the *Sun* and the *Herald* thought it "well written," the latter "encouraging for American dramatic literature." "A good play of American life," it goes on, "serious in its purpose, yet with its emotional scenes relieved by pleasant comedy . . . well written and quick in action, the interest never being allowed to flag. Its characters are well drawn and its atmosphere is thoroughly American. . . . There is little or nothing that is improbable in its interesting story and it is well constructed." To the *Times*, on the other hand, "the vital force of the new play . . . is all in its third act." As a whole it is "pretty," "coherent, wholesome, and sensible," but "the characters are not all strongly drawn"; "it is not a great play, and it may not be remembered after it has run its first

course." Belasco himself was disappointed: "I knew, even before production," he said, "that it was too long and too loosely jointed." But he had faith in the play, even though after a short time the directors of the theater ordered it withdrawn, and he and De Mille set about the onerous task of revision during production. The first two acts of what had been originally a five-act play were telescoped into one. Surgery mended Major Putnam's limp and increased the pace of his scenes. Grace Henderson played Lucile Ferrant so sympathetically in the first act that the audience was deceived in her character, so her machinations were revealed by an aside: "Robert Gray—I will bring you back to me—no matter what the price." Day after day, De Mille and Belasco cut the play, and soon the receipts began to pick up, until there was no possible doubt that *The Wife*, like the company and the production, was a triumphant success. It was given two hundred and thirty-nine consecutive performances, ending its run on June 16, 1888; the debts of the theater were paid in full; and De Mille and Belasco were commissioned to write a new play for the following season.

Indication of the subsequent popularity of *The Wife* can be gauged by its stage history. The next season the Lyceum Theatre Company took it on tour through the major theatrical centers, Chicago, Boston, etc. It was back in New York for a week at the Grand Opera House beginning December 10th, at the Star with a somewhat changed cast for the week of February 4, 1889, and at the People's Theatre for the week of April 8th. With the original players it was revived at the Lyceum on April 29th; it ran until May 18th, when the theater closed for the season. The following September, after playing in Chicago, the Lyceum company opened Oscar Hammerstein's new Harlem Opera House with a week's performances of *The Wife*, and went again on the road for repetitions in Boston. The regular Lyceum company was still acting it on tour in the fall of 1891, but soon after this the play became a vehicle for many stock companies, and to trace their productions would be fruitless. Suffice it to say that New York audiences could see the play in 1890, 1891, 1893, 1900, and as late as 1915; and Chicago, which is a representative stock city, witnessed performances in 1891, 1892, 1893, 1895, 1896 (at four theaters), 1897, 1899, 1900, 1902, 1904, 1906, and 1907. As a matter of fact, all the De Mille-Belasco plays are still on the stock list of the American Play Company, which had rentals to stock companies until the World War and to amateurs well into the third decade of this century. Under the title of *The Senator's Wife* the play was presented at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on September 30, 1892. A version of *The Wife* in the New York Public Library was rewritten by Belasco for Charles Wyndham, with the scene and characters becoming English.



The new play upon which De Mille and Belasco were to collaborate was to be designed for E. H. Sothern, who had made a popular success for Frohman in *The Highest Bidder*. Since his father's most famous character had been Dundreary, the playwrights decided almost at once to make the hero an English lord, and at the same time to avoid the "silly ass" traits so characteristic of the stage Englishman in America. His name was to be Cholmondeley, pronounced and finally spelled, except in the *dramatis personae*, "Chumley." From the character were to develop, as Belasco put it, "eccentric situations, with love scenes and bright lines. Our real task was to exploit a comedian." For some time they whipped their powers of invention to no avail; finally a simple incident gave them the necessary impetus. In the village near Echo Lake, Belasco had bought a pistol cigarette-holder intending to give it to De Mille's children. On a walk with De Mille he playfully pulled it from his pocket with the words, "Stand and deliver," and thereby was conceived part of the first act. Other bits came with variations from *Not Such a Fool as He Looks*, *Still Waters Run Deep*, *A Bachelor of Arts*, and *Rosedale*. By July 1888, the preliminary work was complete, but Sothern, who had originally approved, now was wary of the character and did not wish to play it. The horrified authors saw all their work for nought, since Chumley had been devised for Sothern and would fit no one else. Fortunately he was finally convinced, and joined Belasco on the stage, with De Mille at his usual desk, to put the play in complete form. The feather duster business in Act II grew out of an accident at rehearsal, when Sothern, unexpectedly tickled, started up with a shout of alarm; juxtaposed with Lady Adeline's praise of Chumley's bravery, it made an amusing and effective incident. Rehearsals over, *Lord Chumley* opened at the Lyceum Theatre on August 20, 1888.

By the very nature of the play, Sothern somewhat dwarfed the rest of the actors:

ADAM BUTTERWORTH

LIEUTENANT HUGH BUTTERWORTH

GASPER LE SAGE

TOMMY TUCKER

BLINK BLUNK

WINTERBOTTOM

ELEANOR

JESSIE DEANE

LADY ADELINE BARKER

MEG

MIRANDA

LORD GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, *known as "Chumley"*

C. B. BISHOP

FRANK CARLYLE

HERBERT ARCHER

ROWLAND BUCKSTONE

GEORGE BACKUS

A. W. GREGORY

BELLE ARCHER

DORA LESLIE

FANNIE ADDISON

ETTA HAWKINS

ROSA STARKE

E. H. SOTHERN

The *Times*, for example, in a long review, mentioned not a single member of the cast except Sothorn. Practically all the critics recognized the eclectic nature of the play, and considered it, as it was intended, as a vehicle for a star. These provisos granted, it was "clever and ingenious" (*Herald*). "The action . . . moves briskly and pleasantly" and "there is an agreeable strain of wit in the dialogue" (*Times*). In short, "Sothorn's triumph was the chief feature, but the play was also successful" (*Post*). There was nothing but praise for the chief actor and no doubt whatever that this "production of extraordinary merit" (*Mail and Express*) "will draw large and merry audiences to the Lyceum for months" (*Telegram*); indeed "it promises to last young Sothorn as long as 'Dundreary' lasted his father" (*Press*). "The audience was keen, appreciative, and amused, and with Boucicault applauding from the boxes and Harrigan from the stalls, the comedians must have felt the honor of the approbation of the masters of their art. . . . The cheers were constant and repeated and the evening an ovation" (*Herald*).

*Lord Chumley* closed at the Lyceum on November 10th to allow the return of the regular stock company, and began a nationwide tour by opening at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, two days later, with minor changes in the cast. The Lyceum greeted Sothorn's now famous character again at the opening of the next theatrical season on August 20, 1889; the play ran until October 19th, reappeared at the Harlem Opera House the week of October 28th, and again sought the road. Nor was the Lyceum through with it yet: twice more Sothorn appeared there as Chumley for short runs beginning October 29, 1894, and October 25, 1897. There were revivals also at the Harlem Opera House in 1895 and 1898, and at the Grand Opera House in 1898, at about which time Sothorn dropped the part after playing it off and on for ten years all over the country. I note, for example, performances in St. Louis in at least five separate years, and in Chicago in another five. After Sothorn relinquished it, the play was taken up by stock companies and was seen in both Chicago and New York as late as 1906. In 1925 it became the basis of a motion picture entitled *Forty Winks*.

With the success of *Lord Chumley*, it was a foregone conclusion that De Mille and Belasco would continue their collaboration and provide a new play for the Lyceum Theatre for the third time in three successive years. Their summer's work at Echo Lake resulted in a script distinctly for the stock company rather than a star, *The Charity Ball*. As in *The Wife* they began with a social theme, but details are lacking with regard to the immediate provenance of the play. It was apparently built around the strong situation in the third act in which a clergyman marries to his self-indulgent brother the girl he himself has fallen in love with. The necessity of having

the leading lady, Georgia Cayvan, in this act, caused the introduction of the *David Copperfield* theme and the reconstruction of the authors' original plan. I surmise that the treatment of human infirmity, made more effective by relating it to general social benevolence, led to the idea of the charity ball and the *tour de force* of the scene in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The play opened at the Lyceum Theatre on November 19, 1889, with a cast of exceptional ability:

JOHN VAN BUREN	HERBERT KELCEY
DICK VAN BUREN	NELSON WHEATCROFT
JUDGE PETER GURNEY KNOX	W. J. LE MOYNE
FRANKLIN CRUGER	CHARLES WALCOT
MR. CREIGHTON	HARRY ALLEN
ALEC ROBINSON	FRITZ WILLIAMS
MR. BETTS	R. J. DUSTAN
PAXTON	WALTER C. BELLOWS
CAIN	ADA TERRY MADISON
JASPER	PERCY WEST
ANN CRUGER	GEORGIA CAYVAN
PHYLLIS LEE	GRACE HENDERSON
BESS VAN BUREN	EFFIE SHANNON
MRS. CAMILLA DE PEYSTER	MRS. CHARLES WALCOT
MRS. VAN BUREN	MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN
SOPHIE	MILLIE DOWLING

And for the third time there was no doubt whatever that the collaborators had provided the theater with another hit. The reviews are monotonously alike: "Will be a success" (*Telegram*), "Will hold the stage throughout the season" (*Tribune*), "Will prove as popular as 'The Wife'" (*Post*), "Will be even more successful than 'The Wife'" (*Spirit of the Times*), "Has come to stay" (*Journal*). There was some doubt, to be sure, of the last act: "The interest . . . ended in the third," said the *Herald*, and suggested pruning; but the *Times* dubbed it "a better play of its kind than 'The Wife,' and it will not need to be rewritten." It undoubtedly was revised, however, for though it lasted until almost midnight on its opening, later advertisements time its final curtain at 10:50. Part of its success was no doubt due to the "pathos and sentiment of the play [which] are fine and impressive" (*Mail*), to the "fun [which is] plentiful," and "the wonderfully lifelike" third act (*Times*); some to the acting and "beautiful stage pictures" (*Star*): "At every point the eye beheld visions lovely, graceful, picturesque" (*Evening Sun*). At any rate the play ran until May 24, 1890, closing at the Lyceum after its

two hundredth performance. By the end of the century it had been presented in seven other New York theaters, first of course by the Lyceum group, later by other stock companies. If Chicago be a proper index, it was more popular on the road and with local companies than any other De Mille-Belasco play. Programs record performances elsewhere as late as 1915.

Before the first run of *The Charity Ball* was over, David Belasco, at odds with the stockholders, severed his connection with the Lyceum. Meanwhile F. F. Proctor had torn down a church on 23rd Street and erected a theater. Charles Frohman, eager for his own stock company, leased it, and turned to his old associate, Belasco, to provide a play. "I was strongly tempted," Belasco tells us, "to write the opening play alone, but when I saw how much depended upon it, I had a touch of stage fright. Naturally, my thoughts turned to Henry De Mille. . . . We had always been successful because our way of thought was similar and we were frank in our criticism of each other's work. He excelled in narrative and had a quick wit. The emotional or dramatic scenes were more to my liking. I acted while he took down my speeches. When a play was finished, it was impossible to say where his work left off and mine began. . . . It was five o'clock in the morning when I was seized with the idea of asking De Mille to assist me and I hastened at once to his house. I knocked on the door with the vigor of a watchman sounding a fire alarm, and when De Mille at last appeared he was armed with a cane, ready to defend his hearth and home. I told him of the necessity of a play for 'C. F.'s' opening and he agreed to work with me. In the profession De Mille and I were thought to be very lucky as 'theater openers.' . . . Here we were again . . . talking over the birth and baptism of yet another New York manager." As a matter of fact the theater had been "opened" a year earlier, and Charles Frohman had already produced there, but it was to be the first play for the stock company.

*Men and Women*, the last play in which De Mille and Belasco collaborated, grew out of a current bank scandal. A young man had speculated with bank funds to which, as an employee, he had access; his father's determination to restore the money, and save the bank and his son received considerable publicity. The title was selected to indicate universal appeal and breadth of theme. To this end also, more sets of lovers than usual are included in the plot. Information for the climactic third act, which was the *raison d'être* of the play, came from a friendly cashier. The part of Dora was created for Maude Adams in whom Charles Frohman saw great possibilities. She had briefly appeared for Daniel Frohman as Jessie Deane in *Lord Chumley*. The part of Mrs. Jane Prescott was written for her mother. The entire cast for

the first performance at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre on October 21, 1890, was as follows:

ISRAEL COHEN	FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE
WILLIAM PRESCOTT	WILLIAM MORRIS
EDWARD SEABURY	ORRIN JOHNSON
MR. PENDLETON	LESLIE ALLEN
MR. REYNOLDS	W. H. TILLARD
MR. BERGMAN	ARTHUR HAYDEN
MR. WAYNE	EDGAR MACKEY
CALVIN STEDMAN	R. A. ROBERTS
LYMAN H. WEBB	HENRY TALBOT
STEPHEN RODMAN	FRANK MORDAUNT
COLONEL ZACHARY T. KIP	M. A. KENNEDY
DR. "DICK" ARMSTRONG	T. C. VALENTINE
SAM DELAFIELD	J. C. BUCKSTONE
ARNOLD KIRKE	EMMETT CORRIGAN
DISTRICT MESSENGER No. 81	MASTER LOUIS HAINES
ROBERTS	A. R. NEWTON
JOHN	RICHARD MARLOW
AGNES RODMAN	SYDNEY ARMSTRONG
DORA	MAUDE ADAMS
MRS. KATE DELAFIELD	ODETTE TYLER
MARGERY KNOX	ETTA HAWKINS
MRS. JANE PRESCOTT	ANNIE ADAMS
MRS. KIRKE	LILLIAN CHANTORE
LUCY	WINONA SHANNON
JULIA	GLADYS EURELLE

If De Mille and Belasco were considered lucky "openers," certainly *Men and Women* did nothing to vitiate that claim. The play ran two hundred and four consecutive performances, closing on March 28, 1891, and admirably vindicated the prophecies of success made by the reviewers after the *début*. The critic in the *Herald*, it is true, becoming increasingly annoyed at the obvious similarity between the plays by the collaborators, "the same sugary sentiment, the same hollow pathos, the same forced style," lays about him with considerable vigor. "The first half of the third act, marred though it is by flagrant tricks and absurdities, is unquestionably strong," but otherwise he will have none of it. "The rest of the play is chiefly noticeable for its lack of invention and its deliberate disregard of the laws of stage construction. . . . The dialogue . . . is unreal or trite. There are twice as many people in the

play as there should be, and they all talk too much. The plot is involved, and the authors have made the usual blunders of diverting the interest of their audiences from their main story to a host of subsidiary incidents. Lastly their fourth act is superfluous." No, not lastly, for why should a Jew have in his library a stained glass representation of Christ and the Magdalen? Nevertheless, "it will pay, for it appeals to a class of simple-minded playgoers, who will be taken in by its artifice." Some of the basis of this criticism, it is to be noted, was later removed; five or six of the original characters were dropped or telescoped: Congressman Kip, for example, was retired, and became bank examiner, thereby eliminating Lyman H. Webb who had had that function. No doubt other revisions brought further simplification. But except in its estimate of success, the *Herald* is practically alone in its views. The *World* thought it "worthy," the *Star* the "best they have ever written," and the *Journal*, the *Press*, and the *Commercial Advertiser* agreed that it ranked among the best of recent American plays. In the flood of importations, the *Times*, too, is thankful that "this is a play by American authors, treating of an American subject."

*Men and Women* was equally successful on the tours which immediately followed. It had two runs in Chicago, a stay of a month in Boston, and penetrated to San Francisco before the year was out. It was at both the Grand and Harlem Opera Houses the following season; it repeated at the latter in 1893, and played the People's Theatre in 1894. Later New York representations occurred in 1899. There were ten one-week stands in Chicago from 1892 to 1906. The William Morris Stock Company played it in 1907. In 1925 the playwright's son, William C. de Mille, directed a motion picture version.

Belasco was in 1891 primarily occupied with the presentation of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and thereafter was more interested in writing plays for stars than for stock. With the success of *Men and Women*, it was natural therefore for Charles Frohman to turn to De Mille alone for a new play for his company. It seems likely that De Mille had witnessed the presentation in German of Ludwig Fulda's *Das verlorene Paradies* at the Amberg Theatre in December of 1890. At any rate, Fulda's play, which had been first presented on November 1st of that year in Berlin, was not published until two years later. After negotiation with the author, De Mille set about making an adaptation of this play. Since his completed work and Fulda's play are both in print, it is not in accord with the present editor's plan to discuss the relationship in detail, though it became a matter of some controversy. However, De Mille's views on the subject are of some importance, since they reveal his method of workmanship; they are contained in a letter in the Harvard Theatre Collection: "I will allow any fair minded man to read the two plays and judge

if I have not done more than adapt. Suppose we have a birthday table in both plays, I make a totally different use of it. Suppose we have a superintendent in both. My 'Warner' is no more like Fulda's 'Arndt' than Julius Caesar is like Coriolanus. But I need not particularize. I have used as many lines as I could find suitable to my purpose, from the German, but I am willing to swear that of the 16,000 words that my play contains, not 2,000 are Fulda's, if indeed there are one thousand. Though I say it myself, the good points of Fulda's play have been so skillfully woven into mine, that it is hard to believe that the plot is not all his. The N.Y. Mirror correspondent in quoting evidences of German thought, in every instance took lines that were not in the German at all, but were entirely original with me. For example the lines from one of the workmen, 'The drops of sweat from our bodies crystallize into diamonds to hang around her neck.' While there is a strike and an interview with the owner, in the German play, the arguments that my workmen use, are my own, or rather Henry George's. I only write thus at all, to show you, that in defending me, you are on the right side. I will never claim for mine what is not. But I will fight for what I am justly entitled to, till the stars fall. Why apart from the labor theme, the plots of the two plays are entirely different. In the German, the superintendent is not in love with the owner's daughter; he has no love story at all. *That*, as you know, is the main feature of my play, to which the labor question is subordinate. I will ask you to examine simply the last acts of the two plays. No, my dear fellow, *I am the author* of 'The Lost Paradise,' and were I to state that the play owed more than its first suggestion to the German, I should be telling a lie, and doing myself a great injustice at the same time."

The Charles Frohman Stock Company was now on its way back from the coast, and De Mille joined it at Denver to begin rehearsals of *The Lost Paradise*. It was first performed at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, on August 17, 1891, where it ran for two weeks. The reviews were highly laudatory: "Play, author, and company scored an undeniable success" (*Herald*); "Realistic and effective, enthusiastic reception" (*Times*); "'The Wife,' 'The Charity Ball' do not compare to it in real worth for either natural sentiment, dramatic construction, absolute breadth of idea, or deep undercurrent of human interest" (*Inter-Ocean*). The *Tribune*, too, praises this "new play by a representative American dramatist . . . one of the most talented of contemporary playwrights. . . . The love interest is skillfully blended with the deep, serious motive . . . 'The Lost Paradise' is a sterling American drama which has great capabilities for good. It is a play with a profound motive and a moral which every thoughtful auditor will take home with him." The following Sunday the same critic treated the play at some length, pointing

out that though Mr. De Mille's aim was to develop a love story, and incidentally to treat the conflict between work and wealth, it is the latter which is more impressive and which provides "one of the greatest scenes on the stage." He regrets only that the play is not "entirely original."

*The Lost Paradise* opened in New York at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre on November 16, 1891, reached its one hundredth night on February 2nd, and ended its run on March 5th. Among the many fine performances, it is worth noting that this was Maude Adams's first decisive New York success:

ANDREW KNOWLTON  
REUBEN WARNER  
RALPH STANDISH  
BOB APPLETON  
FLETCHER  
JOE BARRETT  
SCHWARZ  
BENSEL  
HYATT  
BILLY HOPKINS  
MRS. KNOWLTON  
MARGARET KNOWLTON  
POLLY FLETCHER  
JULIA  
NELL  
CINDERS  
KATE

FRANK MORDAUNT  
WILLIAM MORRIS  
ORRIN JOHNSON  
CYRIL SCOTT  
LESLIE ALLEN  
HENRY TALBOT  
THOMAS OBERLE  
EMMETT CORRIGAN  
CHARLES MATLACK  
J. C. BUCKSTONE  
ANNIE ADAMS  
SYDNEY ARMSTRONG  
ODETTE TYLER  
MARY CROXTON  
MAUDE ADAMS  
ETTA HAWKINS  
BIJOU FERNANDEZ

"It is," said the *Herald*, "one of the few interesting works that we have seen in our day which treat a great and modern theme in a broad and earnest way. The theme is the great struggle between capital and labor. It was handled in a strong and human way by Herr Fulda, and Mr. De Mille has kept all that was good in the original version, supplementing it with humor of an honest kind and largely developing the love interest. . . . It deserves a long and prosperous career." That it unquestionably had. Another Frohman company opened with it in Boston in January 1892, before the conclusion of its New York run. It played nine New York theaters before the end of the century, several more in the next decade; it was produced in London in December 1892; in Chicago, it was still being acted in 1909, and in smaller cities stock companies no doubt continued to play it even later.



In a curtain speech at the first New York performance of *The Lost Paradise*, Henry De Mille remarked that the enthusiasm with which the play had been greeted indicated that the public would stand plays which made them think as well as feel. The playwright's interest in social and economic themes is evidenced by his treatment of politics in *The Wife*, of speculation and poverty in *The Charity Ball*, of banking and prison in *Men and Women*. Nevertheless, though he plainly had strong opinions on these subjects, they were always in the background of the plays in which he collaborated with David Belasco. They furnish motives out of which to devise situations, to contrast characters, to spin the plot. In *The Lost Paradise*, however, though he confesses that the social problem is not the "main feature," his very choice of Fulda's play as his source shows his growing conviction that the thoughtful treatment of American conditions was an important part of the playwright's function, that the theater should not merely provide amusement but offer opportunities for the serious study of the world in which we live.

This conviction was undoubtedly fostered, as has already been indicated in the letter quoted, by acquaintance with the work of Henry George. Reading *Progress and Poverty* aloud to his family, he was deeply impressed both with the beauty of its style and diction, and with its economic argument and spiritual fervor. Accordingly he wrote George a letter in which he expressed enthusiasm for his doctrines, and stated his own dramatic intentions. This letter, and the answer to it, are now printed for the first time:

"Pompton, N.J.

"July 19th 1892

"My dear Mr. George:

"No-one can read your irresistible argument as to the cause of Poverty—the modern Box of Pandora—and particularly the latter part, in which you show that the moral law coincides with the economic; no-one can feel the heart throb, that pulsates through every line for the woes of mankind; no-one can witness and sympathize with the fortitude of that faith which induces a man to take up God's banner in a cause which nothing but faith shows him is *not* lost; no-one, in short, could have written the concluding chapter of 'Progress and Poverty,' and think it an unnecessary act on the part of a reader and faithful student, to drop you just this word of assurance, that the seed is not *all* thrown upon stony ground.

"I believe God, in his good time has placed your book in my hands—In my hands do I say? He has done more. He has placed it in my heart. Its principles are what I have dimly and confusedly been stumbling toward, over the wrecks of political economics, systems, and 'isms.' It seems to me to be the most *practical demonstration* of two truths—'God is Love' and 'The laborer is worthy of his hire'—that have been my sheet anchor since the time I began to read God's word

as expressed in his tables of stone, the stones of the earth and in the tables of the hearts of those holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Sacred Spirit. It does seem to me that, as Paul says, 'in these latter times also God has spoken to us.'

"I was struck by the title of the Duke of Argyll's essay—"The Prophet of San Francisco.' How unconsciously our enemies speak the truth sometimes. 'Nazarene' was spoken as a term of reproach. It is rather a proud title now for one to wear.

"I believe that a prophet *has* spoken; that a man inspired with the truth of God's Kingdom and an appreciation of his Kingship wrote the words of 'Progress and Poverty.' I *tell* you so, because I know the value of a word of cheer to the toilers in the cause of light, and the comfort it brings to one in the advance guard, where the stones are sharpest and the briars thickest, and the way darkest, that another recruit has joined the band of strugglers, another has started to raise his feeble torch to illumine the way. When I had read the first half of 'Progress and Poverty,' I wrote (with the aid of my German suggester) 'The Lost Paradise.' I then went on to the *solution* and the *warning* which I shall make the subject of my next play, and circumstances permitted me to finish the reading of your book. In it I found my text. If I can make the dramatic sermon approach anywhere near the dignity, clearness, and grandeur of the text book, I shall feel that I have truly done God's work.

"That I never do anything by halves, and am *half* hearted in *no* cause that I embrace, is the reason why you receive this tribute of gratitude from your Friend (for so I can sign myself after reading the book) and Admirer,

"Henry C. De Mille."

"Merriwold Park  
"Monticello,  
"N.Y.

"My dear Mr. De Mille:

"You will understand better I think than I can tell you how glad I am to receive the kind notes from Mrs. De Mille and yourself.

"I speak what I know, and what many others will testify to when I say that you will never regret having thrown yourself into the good cause. It will make life higher and happier and the thought of death easier. And now the time has come when every effort shows its result. You have power to reach those whom I cannot, and may pass the torch to those who will carry far further than you could reach. I am glad of your coming. We have needed you, for the field is ripe, and from the bottom of my heart I wish you, God speed!

"You and I may never live to see the victory, but something higher is given to us—that of doing our part to make its coming sure.

"With many thanks for your kindness in writing to me, and with earnest congratulations to Mrs. De Mille as well as to yourself, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Henry George"

The new play in which De Mille was to treat "the *solution* and the *warning*" was to be called *The Promised Land*. There is little doubt that it would have marked an important stage in the playwright's career, a stage for which, in a sense, all else had been preparation. But while *The Promised Land* was still in the form of rough notes, Henry De Mille died at his home in Pompton on February 10, 1893.

The plays included in this volume offer a satisfactory indication of what was popular in the American theater towards the end of the nineteenth century. It is easy from our vantage point of the present day to smile knowingly at what is old-fashioned in them, to criticize the formula upon which they were written, or in fact any playwriting to formula, but to judge them properly we must see them in relation to the times and conditions for which they were written. The factor which determined the nature of these plays was the stock company. For that purpose they were admirably suited. They gave great and enduring pleasure to a large number of people. Moreover, Henry De Mille would have gone much farther, had he not died before he was forty years old. Even so, he left

"A land of promise, a land of memory."

## A COMPLETE LIST OF THE PLAYS BY HENRY C. DE MILLE

*John Delmer's Daughters; or, Duty* (Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 10, 1883); privately printed, copyright by M. H. Mallory [°1883].

*The Main Lane; or, Rawson's Y*, with Charles Barnard (Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 18, 1886), rewritten 1891 as *The Danger Signal*.

*The Wife*, with David Belasco (Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 1, 1887).

*Lord Chumley*, with David Belasco (Lyceum Theatre, New York, August 20, 1888).

*The Charity Ball*, with David Belasco (Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 19, 1889).

*Men and Women*, with David Belasco (Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, New York, October 21, 1890).

*The Lost Paradise*, adapted from Ludwig Fulda's *Das verlorene Paradies* (Columbia Theatre, Chicago, August 17, 1891); privately printed by I. Goldmann, copyright by Goldmark and Conried [°1897]; Samuel French, New York and London, same copyright [°1897].\*

*The Promised Land*, unfinished.†

\* Both editions give Fulda as the author of *The Lost Paradise*, De Mille as the adapter. Cf. Introductory Essay.

† Mr. William C. de Mille writes me: "*The Promised Land* only existed in the form of rough notes. After my father's death, my mother made an attempt to complete the play with my assistance, but as I was then only fourteen years old, the job was never finished."

THE MAIN LINE;  
Or, RAWSON'S Y

*An Idyl of the Railroad*

By Henry C. De Mille  
and  
Charles Barnard

## THE WAY BILL

LAWRENCE HATTON, *an artist*

COLONEL JACK HATTON, *2d vice-president of the Road*

ZERUBBABEL PUDDYCHUMP, *assistant passenger agent*

ADDLETON BOLINGBROKE SPLINE, *assistant general solicitor*

JIM BLAKELY, *brakeman Branch Road*

SAM BURROUGHS, *station master at Rawson's Y*

DORA VAN TYNE, *interested in the stock*

LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER, *housekeeper at Rawson's Y*

POSITIVE BURROUGHS ("Possy"), *Western Union operator*

CONDUCTORS, TRAIN HANDS, ETC.

SCENE: COLORADO. RAWSON'S Y ON THE GREAT WESTERN AND PACIFIC AIR LINE  
RAILROAD.

## TIME CARD

ACT I: NOON, OCTOBER 16, 1883. THE DANGER SIGNAL.

ACT II: SUNDOWN, NEXT AFTERNOON. OFF THE LINE.

ACT III: 10:35 P.M., SAME EVENING. THE FLYING SWITCH.

ACT IV: MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 12, 1885. THE GRAND JUNCTION. IN ON TIME.

## ACT I.

### THE DANGER SIGNAL.

SCENE: *Rawson's Y on the Great Western and Pacific Air Line R.R. Rear of station. Portion of building, L.3.E., wooden platform around it. Door at end of building. Single track crosses stage from L.4.E. to R.3.E. From this track there branches a second at L.C., running out at R.1.E. Between the tracks at R.2.E., large water tank. A switch, L.C. A switch at R.2.E., with chains running out R.1. Telegraph pole with wires, upstage. Two wires running down to house. At L.1.E., a cupboard. The back view represents a mountain scene with one mountain in particular prominence, snowclad, etc. Through trees of cut-drop, a path leads up and off, R.4.E. Paraphernalia of a railroad scattered about. Pile of railroad ties down R. for seat. A red, a white, and a green flag placed in their receptacles against side of house. Time, noon of a clear October day. Enter Little Prairie Flower, L.4.E. She is a very buxom, jovial-looking woman of middle age. She looks around, then shades her eyes and looks off up the line, L.*

PRAIRIE F. That 11:34 ain't in sight. Land o' Goshen! What on 'arth am I goin' to do? Nothin' here but them hackmetack doughnuts and pies that came C.O.D. week before last; guess now they're B.A.D. [*Calls*] Possy! Lands take the gal! If I was her mother, she'd toe the mark or my name ain't Little Prairie Flower. [*Starts off up path, R.4.E.*] Possy! [*A crash heard in station, L.*]

SAM. [*Within*] Who left the gol darned things here anyway?

PRAIRIE F. Sam's run afoul o'suthin'.

SAM. [*Entering*] Ain't I entitled to no respect? [*Louder*] Ain't I a officer o' this 'ere road? [*Louder*] Ain't I station master o' Rawson's Y?

PRAIRIE F. You be, Sam; nobody's denyin' it.

SAM. What's the good o' bein' station master, if a feller comes in and planks his durned old bucket o' peach jam right atop o' my way bills?

PRAIRIE F. Be keerful, Sam. That temper o' yours ain't the kind o' critter to be runnin' round loose. Ever since you left Wing Dam Hollow—

SAM. [*Angrily*] That'll do.

PRAIRIE F. My lands!

SAM. What have we got to do with Wing Dam Hollow?

PRAIRIE F. Mercy me! Can't a body mention the place 'thout your bein' so tetchy 'bout it. Seems to me you're powerful different since you quit that claim o' yourn down in the Hollow.

SAM. I tell you I don't want to hear nothin' more 'bout it. It's a year since Possy and me left the Branch Road. We're Main Line folks now and—well, we has to be different.

PRAIRIE F. Possy ain't no different. Jest as chipper as when she kited 'round barefoot in the Hollow, and her voice more like a bobolink alaughin' in a laylock bush.

JIM. [*Off, L.4.E.*] Look out for me! [*Sam starts and moves downstage. Prairie Flower turns to L.4.E. as Jim appears on platform in the act of throwing out the contents of a dust pan*]

PRAIRIE F. Jim! [*Jim checks himself*]

JIM. You nearly got it that time. Whyn't you git out of danger?

SAM. Guess there ain't much danger from you, Jim.

JIM. You don't know. When I calls for brakes, you'd better hustle lively or there'll be a smash-up sure. Didn't even leave a lace shawl or a diamond pin. How does the company expect a poor brakeman to live on such passengers.

PRAIRIE F. [*At cupboard down L., loading a tray with pies and doughnuts which rattle as though hard and dry, when she tosses them upon the tray*] What on 'arth could you do with a lace shawl?

JIM. Give it to Possy. And as for diamonds there's not a pair I ever seen could lead them two peepers o' hern for sparkle and general skintellation.

SAM. Right, Jim, in every par-tick-ler!

PRAIRIE F. Land o' Goshen! If you two don't spile that gal, it's a marcy. Both together you can't manage her.

SAM. My little canary bird! D'ye think I'd clip her wings?

PRAIRIE F. I tell you that gal's wearin' long dresses now and gettin' powerful skittish.

SAM. Wonder whar she is.

PRAIRIE F. Haven't laid eyes on her since she got word 'bout the 11:34 bein' late.

SAM. I seen her take it off the wire.

PRAIRIE F. And the minute she got the message, away she kited off up them rocks.

JIM. [*Looking off up path R.4.E., angrily.*] To the Deck Bridge!

PRAIRIE F. Where that young painter has set up his camp? Lands! To think of you two trying to train up a young gal. Fust thing you taught her was to play cards—nice business for a young thing like that. Oh! I dessay



she's a canary bird, but even canary birds need mothers. [*Exit into station, L.3E.*]

JIM. [*Comes down to Sam*] She's noticed it, too. Look here, Sam, is Possy to be my wife, or ain't she?

SAM. What's the hurry, Jim?

JIM. The hurry is that most every day she's up at that Deck Bridge.

SAM. Just to be made a figger in some picture.

JIM. What's that paintin' galoot want Possy in his picture for? What's she got to do wi' pictures anyhow? It only needs one word from you to have her marry me.

SAM. Jim, I've been thinkin' about that, and I don't want to hurt your feelin's, boy, but I don't see as lettin' you take Possy is goin' to better the gal much.

JIM. Oh! You don't, eh! Gettin' stuck up. You 'pinted station master! Possy teachin' herself telegraphin' and improvin' herself generally till there ain't a man on the section can hold a pack o' cards agin' her.

SAM. She takes arter me thar, Jim. Blood will tell.

JIM. I ain't nowhar since you quit Wing Dam Hollow.

SAM. Ain't I ever to get away from that place?

JIM. Didn't I *help* you get away? But you can't get away from what you done thar. S'pose Broncho George *did* have a price on him for robbin' the mail car. They won't let up on you for pitchin' him over the Dam.

SAM. Didn't he jump my claim?

JIM. I ain't asayin' you *meant* to kill him. I'm only mindin' you how you're agoin' back on me. Didn't I see the whole thing? Now just s'pose I was knocked to pieces in some smash-up and this thing ever came out, what could you do?

SAM. I'd swar 'twant my fault.

JIM. Yes, that's just what Bill Slawson said, when that carbine o' his happened to cut off that land surveyor, but they swung him up—

SAM. I know! I know! [*Possy heard singing, off R.U.E. Points off, R.U.E.*] Thar's whar this hits me, Jim. 'Taint for myself I'm afeered. It's the thought of my little gal. If she was to know—

JIM. How's she goin' to know 'less the law gets ahold o' you? If Possy's my wife, why I'm right on hand to help you both.

SAM. What can I do?

JIM. Make her quit foolin' 'round this painter; when she comes, just you lay down the law, speak to her 'fore it's too late.

SAM. What! Right off!

JIM. Right here! There's a straight track afore you, so don't you take to no siding. [*Exit, L.4.E.*]

SAM. S'pose she don't *keer* for you. I couldn't *drive* my gal agin her own wishes. She allers done just what she wanted to. [*Enter Possy, R.4.E.*]

POSSY. Hello, dad! Did you see me skip that rock and cut through them pines? That's heap short'en the path—why how sober you look! What's the matter?

SAM. Worried, Possy. I was talkin' with Jim, and he don't like this goin' up to the Deck Bridge.

POSSY. Well, he needn't go. Nobody asked him to.

SAM. I mean 'bout *your* runnin' up there. He's jealous o' that painter.

POSSY. Jim jealous of Mr. Hatton! [*Laughs*] Might's well say a train hand's lantern's jealous of a headlight.

SAM. But Jim is terrible earnest.

POSSY. Well, he'd better get over it. I never give him a promise.

SAM. He wants you to, and I 'low he may be right. You see you're most growed up now and if anything was to happen to me—

POSSY. What's goin' to happen to you, dad?

SAM. I dunno, Possy. The other night I was out on the line and I see a warnin' signal.

POSSY. A red light?

SAM. As plain as could be, ashinin' on the rails, and I went up to it and it wasn't thar. Thar wasn't any light. Then I see it again, in broad daylight, on the edge o' the gulch.

POSSY. There! There! Don't talk that way, dad. I've noticed there's somethin' been worrin' you.

SAM. Jim's kinder upshot me.

POSSY. You leave Jim to me, dad, and go tend to what you got to do 'fore the train comes.

SAM. What'll I tell Jim?

POSSY. Just tell him to come to me. Now don't worry any more 'bout Jim or red lights. Why, if I was to see a red light wavin' and flashin' afore you, don't you s'pose I'd be right at your side to help you? Yes, siree.

SAM. My little gal! [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

POSSY. Poor dad! There's somethin' troublin' him and I'm goin' to find out what it is—and Jim wants to marry me! [*Laughs*] Gee! Ain't it funny! Wonder what Mr. Hatton would think o' that. Seems terrible stiff to call him Mr. Hatton. Guess I'll call him Lawrence. [*Slowly*] Lawrence! [*With a little scream of delight*] Whoo-oo-oop! Seems as if I took the whole battery current through my heart. And Jim—Jim—Jim! [*Pauses as if waiting for the effect of*

*the name*] Not a spark. Line completely grounded. And Jim's better than most of the men on the section, too. I've watched them and their wives, and they never seem happy like the bride in the palace car last week. Gee! wasn't she a stunner! And she did look *so* happy when she saw her husband. [*Looks thoughtfully off toward R.4E., then lowers her eyes*] Wonder if I'll ever look that way. [*Looks after Sam*] Poor dad! Poor dad! [*Enter Lawrence R.4E., with picture and box*]

LAW. Such a lovely pose, I'd like to take her just as she is.

POSSY. Is there anyone there?

LAW. No.

POSSY. You're telling a story.

LAW. Yes.

POSSY. That's naughty.

LAW. Not if it keeps you in that pose. Don't move.

POSSY. I'm thinkin'.

LAW. What about?

POSSY. Oh! Nothin'!

LAW. Time for work, isn't it?

POSSY. [*Suddenly turning*] I was just thinkin' of that.

LAW. Oh! Then you were thinking of me?

POSSY. How'd you know that?

LAW. You said you were thinking of nothing.

POSSY. I didn't mean—

LAW. Don't apologize. I came to the mountains in search of truth. [*Showing picture*] See, here it is.

POSSY. Is that me? Oh! Gee! what are you goin' to do with me?

LAW. I'm going to take you to my home. Now then, the easel?

POSSY. Locked up safe; I wouldn't let a soul touch it.

LAW. Bring it out.

POSSY. All right. [*Exit into station*]

LAW. [*Looking at picture*] Shall it be landscape or figure today. I've done a good deal of figure work lately, with real nature for a model. I have half a mind to go on with the figure and finish the mountains from memory. Mountains are rather silent after all—[*Possy heard, off L.3E., singing refrain of the song she sang at her first entrance*] which is not true of the model. No, duty says mountains, and mountains it shall be. [*Possy enters with easel, helps Lawrence set up the canvas*]

POSSY. Honest Injun! What are you goin' to do with this picture when you get through with it?

LAW. I may never *get* through with it.

POSSY. That's so. You have been a long time, haven't you?

LAW. I began it a week after I arrived. It must be two months.

POSSY. Two months and four days. I remember the very day you came. After lunch you and your man went and picked out a place for your camp, and after supper you came down to the station; and the next night you came down, too, and after that I kinder expected—[*Suddenly checks herself*] Oh! Gee!—You mustn't mind what I say. [*Takes a comic pose*] How's *this* for a pose? Do you think folks could tell how high the mountain is from *this* figger in the foreground?

LAW. I'm afraid they'd take the mountain for a tent show.

POSSY. [*Swings around into a graceful pose*] Any better?

LAW. I see you remember.

POSSY. Say, what d'ye call that place where a painter works?

LAW. A studio.

POSSY. Whyn't you have a studio?

LAW. Can't afford such a one as I want.

POSSY. Do they cost much?

LAW. Several dollars.

POSSY. A real nice one? Like the one you showed me a picture of? A room with windows all colors, and tiger skins on the floor with glass eyes in them, and sofas 'thout any backs, and ragged cloths on the walls with paintings on 'em, and in a corner one o' them fellers with a tin jersey on—would it cost—say, as much as eighty-five dollars?

LAW. [*Aside*] Eighty-five dollars. [*Aloud*] It would require fully eighty-five dollars.

POSSY. [*Ties knot in her handkerchief*] The first eighty-five I win, he shall have a studio.

LAW. I think I'll do a little figure work. Too tired to pose a little?

POSSY. Oh, no, sir!

LAW. Don't say "no, sir."

POSSY. Want me to say "yes, sir," when I ain't?

LAW. I don't want you to say "sir" at all. It's too formal and—well, it's unnecessary.

POSSY. Say, you've taught me lots, haven't you?

LAW. I hope so.

POSSY. You see, I thought it was polite, 'cause a girl I heard about once, *she* said "no, sir," and she was awful polite.

LAW. Indeed.

POSSY. Yes, she was *told* to say it, and the person she said it to didn't c'rect her either.

LAW. Tell me about her.

POSSY. It's a song.

LAW. Then sing it. [*Aside*] This figure work is getting dangerous.

POSSY. [*Sings*]

My father was a Spanish merchant,  
And before he went to sea,  
He told me to be sure and answer  
"No," to all you said to me.

"No, sir," etc.

"If, when walking in the garden,  
I should ask you to be mine,  
And should tell you that I love you,  
Would you then my love decline?"

"No, sir," etc.

LAW. Bravo! You make my sojourn on this mountain [*Pointing to the canvas*] much easier.

POSSY. What made you come up here among the mountains?

LAW. I ran away.

POSSY. From your folks?

LAW. From everybody. You see, when I was a little boy, I had a play-mate—a little girl—and I used to call her sweetheart.

POSSY. [*Starting lightly*] Oh!

LAW. The little girl is now a woman, and the little boy's mother wants him to keep on calling her sweetheart, and the little boy doesn't want to!

POSSY. Why, isn't she nice?

LAW. Yes, but we differ. She's all excitement and gayety, and the boy—well, he prefers to paint mountains with figures in the foreground. Suppose you pose a while. [*They take places*]

POSSY. Did you come up here to forget your—sweetheart?

LAW. That would be impossible. She has been in our home since she was a little girl. When her mother died, she gave her to my mother to take care of.

POSSY. Tell me—that was nice—[*Distant whistle*] does your mother love her?

LAW. Devotedly.

POSSY. Then you love her some, too, don't you?

LAW. Not enough to marry her.

POSSY. But you kinder like her?

LAW. Oh, yes!

POSSY. What's her name?

LAW. Dora.

POSSY. [*Ties knot in her handkerchief, drawing it with vigor. Aside*] That's for Dora. [*Whistle of train heard, off L., in distance*] Oh, my! There's the 11:34.

LAW. Don't move.

POSSY. But the train's comin'.

LAW. Let it come. We're not in the way.

POSSY. But Jim'll come out to help dad with the baggage, and he'll see us, and—oh, dear! That train is comin' so fast—and it'll make Jim so angry.

LAW. What, the train?

POSSY. No, seein' me a figger in a foreground.

LAW. What has Jim to do with you?

POSSY. Nothin'—only he don't like—Oh, dear! Better let me quit now—he worries dad so 'bout—Oh! ple-e-ase let me go.

LAW. The model rests. [*Possy, released from the pose, flies to end of platform. Enter Prairie Flower with a bucket. The train is heard to stop*]

PRAIRIE F. Sakes alive, Possy! Where have you been? Get me a bucket o' water. [*Gives her the bucket*]

POSSY. [*Going out, R.*] All right, Prairie.

PRAIRIE F. They never eats them pies 'thout plenty o' somethin' to soften 'em. They'll be pourin' in there in a minute, hungry as preachers. There they be. Yes, sir; ham, tongue, or beef? Sorry! I'm out o' sandwiches. Stacks o' pies. Yes, sir; mince, apple, and currant. Help yourself. Fresh milk? Be lively, Possy. Yes, sir. Right here. Ten cents a glass. [*Exit, L. 3 E. Enter Addleton on platform from L. 4 E.*]

ADD. The dear girl will drink nothing but spring water. But if she wanted North Pole water, I should go to the North Pole to bring it. I *live* only for her. [*Seeing Possy, sudden change*] Oh! What a charming creature! "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

POSSY. Into the house when you get out o' the way.

ADD. You are severe.

POSSY. You are impudent.

ADD. The little witch is delightful.

POSSY. They're waitin' for this water inside.

ADD. I'll buy the whole bucketful.

POSSY. Let me pass.

ADD. Don't fly, my pretty one; I want to talk to you.

POSSY. No time. They've waited long enough.

LAW. [*Rising and coming forward*] So have I, Possy; let me help you. [*Takes the bucket*] Go in. I'll bring the bucket.

ADD. Look here!

LAW. Go into the house, Possy; I insist.

POSSY. [*Apart to him*] I like to have you tell me what to do. [*Exit, L. 3 E.*]

LAW. I've a good mind to give you this bucket of water without pay.

ADD. How dare you, sir!

LAW. True, there's only a little here. Perhaps you'd prefer the horsepond.

ADD. I've a great mind to call you out.

LAW. And I've a great mind to put you in.

ADD. Pray, who are you, sir? [*Enter Colonel Jack Hatton on platform, L. 4 E., overhearing*]

COL. J. Why, he's my cousin, that's who he is.

LAW. [*Putting down the bucket*] Hello, Jack! I'm glad to see you. [*Shaking hands*]

COL. J. What's the trouble between you and Spline? He's not half a bad fellow when you take him the right way.

LAW. I was just about taking him the right way when you interrupted.

COL. J. Let me introduce you. Spline—my cousin, Lawrence Hatton. Lawry—my friend, Mr. Addleton Bolingbroke Spline, just home from a European tour. [*Lawrence and Addleton bow*]

ADD. I've been abroad so long—

COL. J. He's a stranger to his native land.

LAW. What a hardship!—for his native land.

ADD. [*Condescendingly*] But I—I like America.

LAW. No! Really? Not too crude and raw for your European taste?

ADD. [*Pleased. Aside*] European taste! Oh! I'm sure I shall like you. After all, my reckless gallantry just now to that little country girl was simply—

COL. J. Hello! Hello! Little country girl? [*To Lawrence*] And not ten minutes ago he was swearing to Dora—

LAW. Dora here?

COL. J. Yes, with a party of our friends—her chum, Miss Barclay, and a lot more. We're in my private car.

ADD. He's second vice-president of the road now, you know.

COL. J. And Addleton is sixth assistant general solicitor, and Dora's last slave.

ADD. I own it; I obey her every wish.

COL. J. She sent you for spring water, didn't she?

ADD. Oh, crumbs! I'll go get a goblet. [*Exit, L. 3 E.*]

COL. J. We're on a tour of inspection. But my chief reason for stopping at Rawson's Y was that you had chosen it as your place of exile.

LAW. I came up here to do some thinking about Dora that ought to have been done long ago.

COL. J. You don't mean to say that after all these years—

LAW. I mean to say that too much has been made of a boy and girl love, that it's time now for us to be guided by our genuine feelings. Dora and I are not suited to each other. Our lives are different. Look at this last whim of hers—going on the stage.

COL. J. Keep her from it then.

LAW. That is only a trifling incident of the life she leads—constant unrest.

COL. J. But your mother's wish?

LAW. It was that, more than anything else, that kept me blind. I thought I *loved* Dora, but it was my mother that I was loving.

COL. J. I believe firmly that you will break her heart, if you do not marry Dora.

LAW. That's why I came to these mountains, for time to consider what I should do with my own life. [*Reenter Addleton, L.3.E., with goblet*]

ADD. Oh! She is delightful, Hatton. I do admire your taste.

COL. J. The little *country* girl! [*Shrugging his shoulders*] Humph!

PRAIRIE F. [*Within*] When folks offer to fetch water, why don't they do it? [*Enters, L.3.E. Checks herself*] Lands! Don't want to hurry you, Mr. Hatton, only four o' them passengers is chokin' powerful bad and milk is sellin' ten cents a glass.

LAW. Beg pardon. I offered to help Possy.

COL. J. [*Aside*] So the little country girl is called Possy.

PRAIRIE F. I'll take the bucket from you.

LAW. Thanks. [*About to give it to her*]

COL. J. Actually become housemaid, eh?

LAW. [*Looks quickly at his cousin, then turns to Prairie*] I'll take it in myself, Prairie. [*Exit Prairie, L.3.E.*] Yes, cousin, actually taken to watering stock, only mine is live stock. When it comes to the other kind, I surrender the bucket to the house of Hatton and Co., Wall Street, New York. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

ADD. [*Looking anxiously after him*] He can't keep away from the little country girl.

COL. J. Nor you either, it seems.

ADD. I own it. I—oh, crumbs! This cousin of yours and Dora—

COL. J. They are engaged to be married, that's all.

ADD. [*Coming down and throwing up his arms in despair*] O, Calamity! [*Enter Dora on platform, L.4.E.*]



DORA. Jack, you didn't tell me we should be delayed an hour. Here have I been waiting—

ADD. [*Offering goblet*] For spring water.

DORA. No, thank you. I'm hungry now. [*Offering her shawl*] Spread this for me, Jack. Give me something with the flavor of the country. What have they in there? [*Pointing to station*]

ADD. [*Hastening away*] I'll see.

DORA. No matter what they have, I want apricots.

ADD. But if they haven't apricots?

DORA. They just get them, and so must you.

ADD. Dora, I'd go to the end of the earth—

COL. J. Go to the end of the platform. We took on apricots at the last station.

ADD. [*Suddenly changing his manner*] Your will is my law. I'll bring you apricots. [*Addleton starts off, L.4.E. Colonel Jack coughs; Addleton checks himself, and, turning, goes into house, L.3.E.*]

DORA. Jack, that easel—

COL. J. Yes, Lawrence's—I've seen him. [*Aside*] By Jove! The little country girl!

DORA. What's the picture?

COL. J. Oh, mountains and sky—

DORA. Anything else?

COL. J. Yes, there's somebody else.

DORA. Is she pretty?

COL. J. Now, how on earth did you know it was a she?

DORA. In several letters to his mother Lawrence mentioned the model he had discovered.

COL. J. Well, here she is. Just come here and look at her.

DORA. Thanks, I don't care to see her. The old story, artist and model.

COL. J. Now, Dora, don't misunderstand him. Why, you are the one woman in the world—

DORA. Evidently Lawrence doesn't think I am.

COL. J. Of course he does. We all do. Why, if his mother hadn't set her heart upon your marrying *him*, I would have fallen in love with you myself.

DORA. No, really, Jack?

COL. J. Believe I would.

DORA. It would seem very odd to be in love with you, Jack.

COL. J. [*Looks at her a moment*] Yes, I suppose so.

DORA. And *you* wouldn't object to my going on the stage, either, would you, Jack?

COL. J. We'll not discuss that now. Lawrence'll be here presently, and you must help me to get him out of these mountains.

DORA. I've no interest in his leaving the mountains.

COL. J. But think of his mother.

DORA. Well, for the sake of his mother—

COL. J. And for my sake, Dora.

DORA. Anything to oblige you, Jack. [*Puddychump singing outside*]

COL. J. Oh, Lord! Here's Puddychump! I'll take him out of the way.  
[*Enter Puddychump, L. 3 E., on platform, a large poster over his arm*]

PUDDY. Any poor lost lambs here?

COL. J. No use to be crying in this wilderness, Puddychump. The stray lambs are all corralled.

PUDDY. I think my soul grasped your words that tomorrow I might have the palace car for a meeting of praise.

COL. J. The Cleopatra is at your service, Puddy.

PUDDY. [*Looks about*] This mountain way station must be a very Sodom and Gomorrah of wilderness, and if I hold forth in the palace car, I may pluck a few brands from the burning and create a general impression that we mean business. There must be many poor lost lambs here—and a few holders of the Branch Road stock.

COL. J. Yes, I dare say. But won't you step inside with me and try some country food?

PUDDY. O Joy! The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak—three times a day. I will hang this up in the station, and if any poor lamb sees it, he can fly from the wrath to come, and then I'll find out who is holding the stock.

COL. J. Business and piety always combined.

PUDDY. You know, my plan is to fall on the Amalekites and the Hittites of this district and to despoil them of any certificates they are willing to sell cheap. Meanwhile I will hold forth on the Cleopatra; I labor in the vineyard.

COL. J. And on the street. Stocks or sinners, it's all one to you.

PUDDY. [*Displays poster on which is the following in large letters: Meeting of Praise in the Car Cleopatra, at Rawson's Y. 12 o'clock, October 17. Come One, Come All, Who Suffer Now From Adam's Fall*] It may serve as a time-table to the straight and narrow-gauge road! [*As he rolls poster up*] Come, sinner, come. [*Natural tones*] Is this the lunch room?

COL. J. Yes, the sinners will wait.

PUDDY. The laborer is worthy of his hire, but he must hustle to get it; I won't wait.

COL. J. By no means. [*Exit Puddychump, L.3.E.*] I'll send Lawrence to you, Dora. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

DORA. [*Looks to see that she is unobserved, then goes down quickly to the easel, looks at picture, and draws herself up proudly*] So this is my successor, a little rustic heathen! [*Moves off a little, turns her head and looks back at picture*] There's love in every stroke of the brush. [*Speaking to the picture*] Very fortunate for you, Miss Clodhopper, that my pride is above being hurt by your success. My old loves, like my old gloves, are entirely at your service. [*Enter Lawrence, L.3.E.*]

LAW. Dora!

DORA. [*Startled, turns in confusion*] Lawrence! [*Lawrence comes down to her and shakes hands rather formally*]

LAW. Enjoying the view?

DORA. In a measure.

LAW. You don't mean to say you art not enchanted with these mountains?

DORA. Not as much as you are. They wouldn't keep me away from home for two whole months.

LAW. Have I been missed?

DORA. Your mother's letters tell you that.

LAW. I mean by you.

DORA. Pray don't consider me. We parted in order to become acquainted with our hearts. I find I haven't any—and you have found—well, you've been more successful.

LAW. You judge from—

DORA. The glowing descriptions of your model—

LAW. Nonsense!

DORA. That's the way it sounded to me. Still, one would have thought you had found your ideal.

LAW. Upon my word she's not so far from it.

DORA. Oh! Indeed! Then all misunderstanding is at an end. If I had dreamed that I was in anybody's way—

LAW. Dora, this is not true.

DORA. By all means you ought to be free to follow your choice.

LAW. Why, I've not spoken one word to her—

DORA. You are now at perfect liberty to do so. From this moment shall our engagement end?

LAW. In anger?

DORA. Oh, dear no! We'll go back to our feelings of ten years ago.

LAW. And be chums again?

DORA. [*Aside. Piqued*] He jumps at the chance of being rid of me.

LAW. Those were happy days. Let them come again. Welcome back to your old playfellow.

DORA. [*Aside. Angrily*] He loves that little heathen.

LAW. Now, see if there wasn't cause for my enthusiasm. These mountains have inspired me. Look, this is going to be the work of my life.

DORA. Shouldn't be at all surprised.

LAW. Do you like it?

DORA. I like the mountains—

LAW. And the figure in the foreground—

DORA. [*Disparagingly*] Well—you see—a little dowdy, commonplace girl—[*Enter Possy, L. & E. Stops at back*]

POSSY. That's Dora. I hate her.

DORA. [*Pretending not to see Possy*] There stands the little wretch! [*To Lawrence*] Pretty fair work, my dear.

POSSY. [*Aside*] Calls him "dear"!

DORA. Rather childish figure.

POSSY. [*Aside*] Don't she see I wear long dresses?

DORA. [*Looking more closely at picture*] Does she squint?

POSSY. [*Aside*] No, I don't.

DORA. The mouth is a little too full.

POSSY. [*Aside*] I'll give *her* a mouthful in a minute.

DORA. Yes, fairly pretty, but weak—very weak.

POSSY. [*Coming down angrily*] I'm not weak. I can break a sleeper or handle a switch any time.

LAW. Why, Possy, little girl!

POSSY. How dare she say I'm weak? Didn't I break a sleeper a week ago, on a flying switch, without even waking the passengers?

DORA. Dear me, what a sweet child of nature!

LAW. Possy, you forget yourself.

POSSY. Well, I ain't goin' to forget *her* in a hurry.

LAW. Dora, this is Miss Burroughs, who has so kindly posed for my pictures.

DORA. Charmed to meet you, Miss—[*Looks at Lawrence for name*]

POSSY. [*Snappishly*] Burroughs—Positive Burroughs!

DORA. There is evidently nothing negative about you, Miss Positive. Have you done *many* pictures here, Lawrence?

LAW. Oh, yes. There's one in particular—up at my camp—something quite new—in fact a sort of artist's dream—a face in the clouds.

DORA. The *same* face?

LAW. Well—er—Possy didn't pose for *this*—of course, using one model so much it may be that a certain likeness—from memory—unconsciously you know—

DORA. Yes, such things will happen—unconsciously. May I see the picture?

LAW. Certainly.

DORA. My good girl, take that shawl to the car and have a glass of milk ready for me when I return. [*Possy turns indignantly*]

LAW. Possy! [*To Dora*] Let me wait upon you. [*Enter Jim and Sam, L.U.E. Apart to Possy*] Don't mind *her*, little girl; she didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

JIM. [*Apart to Sam*] I said you'd find 'em together. Look at that.

DORA. My dear Lawrence, why not let the girl do this? Isn't she here to wait on the passengers?

LAW. [*Giving Dora a quick look*] But she'll not be here. [*Turning to Possy*] She is going with *us*.

POSSY. O Mr. Hatton, may I? [*Enter Colonel Jack, L.3.E.*]

COL. J. Pardon my staying away so long. [*Aside*] Oh!—the little country girl.

DORA. Jack, you haven't made the acquaintance of Miss—

POSSY. Burroughs!

DORA. The celebrated strong girl of the mountains, noted for breaking a sleeper of his rest with a switch.

LAW. [*Seriously*] Miss Burroughs—my cousin, Colonel Hatton. [*Colonel Jack bows to Possy; she makes a slight curtsy to him*] We were just going up to my camp. Won't you come along, Jack?

COL. J. Thanks, I only ran out to ask you to excuse me for a while. Road detective came up with us. At work on that mail car robbery. He wants to see me.

DORA. When we get back, we shall hear all about it.

LAW. That the case you were telling me of, Possy?

POSSY. Broncho George?

COL. J. That's the man. Most curious affair. The company's detectives traced him up the Branch Road to a place called Wing Dam Hollow where every vestige of him was lost.

POSSY. Why, we used to live there. [*Sam moves nervously*]

JIM. [*Apart to Sam*] Steam easy!

COL. J. We have determined to sift the matter to the bottom, so we've started a man on the trail now that'll either find Broncho George or tell us what became of him. [*Exit into station, L.3.E.*]

JIM. [*Apart to Sam*] One quiver and you're gone.

LAW. Come, Possy. [*Possy starts up R.4.E.*]

JIM. [*Coming before her*] You ain't goin'.

POSSY. Who'll stop me?

JIM. Sam wants you here.

POSSY. [*After a look at Sam*] You'd better go without me, Mr. Hatton. I'll follow after.

LAW. Very good. Take the short cut. You know the way. [*Gives his arm to Dora, and they exeunt, R.4.E.*]

JIM. Yes, too well. [*Possy starts up path looking after them*]

SAM. Don't go, little gal.

POSSY. Christmas! Look at her talkin' to him.

JIM. What have you to do with him?

POSSY. What have you got to do with me?

SAM. My gal, be keerful!

JIM. [*To Sam*] Now you've got to do what I tell you. And there's no time to lose, for there's danger ahead of ye both.

POSSY. Dad?

SAM. Don't ask me to tell you, Possy; I can't.

POSSY. It's enough for me to know you're in trouble, dad.

SAM. A heap o' trouble! And Jim thar is the only one can help us.

POSSY. [*Crossing to Jim*] Well, he'll do it.

JIM. When I get your promise.

POSSY. What promise?

JIM. Be my wife. [*Picture*]

## ACT II.

### OFF THE LINE.

SCENE: *Front view of the station at Rawson's Y. The exact reverse of the scene of Act I. The spectators are supposed to have crossed the R.R. track and turned around. The track crosses stage, R.1.E. to L.2.E., branching at C.; the other track runs off L.4.E. One switch, R.C.; the other switch is now seen at L.4.E. The end of station with platform, R.2. and 3. Door, R.3.E. Tray of sandwiches stands on a box on platform. Down R., a window opening on front of platform through which is seen a telegraph instrument. Puddychump's poster hangs near the half-opened door, R.3.E. The telegraph pole stands in front, in the same relative position as seen in Act I. The water tank between the tracks, L.2. and L.4.E. In 4.G., a cut-drop and profile piece representing the edge of chasm. Beyond is seen the distant track ascending from L. to R. on the*

*side of a mountain ridge. Over this mountain ridge is seen the track further in the distance, rising from R. to L. and passing over a trestle out of sight. Time, late in the afternoon of the day following Act I. Sun gradually sets through the act. Telegraph instrument heard at curtain rise. Enter Dora angrily L.I.E., followed by Addleton.*

DORA. See if there's an answer to my telegram.

ADD. The ticker is going as if the bottom of the market had dropped out—and not a soul here to take off the message.

DORA. My message? You are sure?

ADD. I don't think it would make such a fuss over anybody else.

DORA. Who attends to it?

ADD. Little Possy.

DORA. Possy again! Can't receive a telegram or paint a picture without her. Does the whole neighborhood revolve around Possy?

ADD. Possibly. But the idea of your rushing fifty-five words over the line to a theatrical vampire—

DORA. [*Angrily*] The idea? Well, it was *my* idea. Now what have you to say against it?

ADD. [*Meeekly*] Oh! Nothing!

DORA. Already I hear the music, see the lights dancing before me, feel the gaze of a thousand eyes—a moment's pause—a stillness teeming with pent-up life—one grand burst of applause, and I am queen of the hour. My mind is made up.

ADD. [*With sudden enthusiasm*] So is mine, Dora. I, too, will become an actor. I will never leave you.

DORA. [*Aside*] What a prospect to look forward to! [*Aloud*] Thank you, Addleton.

ADD. Don't call me Addleton.

DORA. Mr. Spline.

ADD. Use my central name.

DORA. Bolingbroke?

ADD. Too frigid still. Call me Boly.

DORA. Help me to carry out the dream of my life and I'll call you Boly, Roly, Poly—

ADD. No not Roly Poly. I'm not going to be your jack pudding. I want to be your Romeo.

COL. J. [*Outside*] Ah! Yes, I see them.

ADD. Oh! Calamity! [*Enter Colonel Jack, R.I.E.*]

COL. J. Well, what luck? Will my cousin come home with us?

DORA. "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone."

ADD. "Let him alone, and he'll come home."

COL. J. [*To Addleton*] The ladies want you.

ADD. They always do, bless 'em. [*Telegraph instrument stops*]

COL. J. Puddychump's meeting today was such a success he has borrowed the car for another. The ladies mean to take a walk.

ADD. I don't blame them if Puddychump is going to cry any more in the wilderness. Coming, Dora?

DORA. I'll wait for my telegram.

ADD. [*Aside*] I shall never feel safe till Dora casts off the painter and sails with me. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

COL. J. Dora, this telegram—

DORA. From Bagshot, giving the date of my first appearance.

COL. J. You fly off to the stage, Lawrence makes a fool of himself in the woods, and I'm expected to straighten the matter out; this is what it is to be the *business man* of the family.

DORA. You never made a business of love, did you, Jack?

COL. J. Never could get a reliable quotation from the ticker. [*Indicating his heart. Then suddenly*] But Lawrence—you must not take him seriously—  
[*Enter Lawrence*]

LAW. Don't speak of me as if I were a pill.

COL. J. I wish I had run the car right through this morning and taken you home to your mother. Here's Dora going on the stage.

DORA. And nothing my old playfellow can say or do will hinder me from realizing my dream.

COL. J. Now, Dora, I beg of you—

LAW. Jack, dear, do let her have her little dream. Dreams are half the fun of living.

DORA. And we both have *our* dreams; eh, Lawrence?

COL. J. Dreams? He does nothing else. I've been trying all my life to wake him.

LAW. Better give it up, Jack; I'm a through sleeper.

DORA. It is cruel to disturb *his* pretty dream. [*Going*] Mine will soon be at its height. I must find this operator. [*Turns*] Dear old playfellow, beware lest your dream in the foreground have a rude awakening. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

COL. J. That girl's going to make a big mistake, and you're accountable for it.

LAW. How can I prevent it?

COL. J. Return home and marry her. This breaking your engagement is not to be thought of for a moment. You forget how long Dora has been



looked upon as your affianced wife—and to coolly give her up without even a reason—

LAW. Isn't it sufficient that we are not suited to each other? Isn't she here now with the rest of you, deep in some speculating scheme? That is only a part of the unceasing whirl in which she lives. Her appetite for excitement grows by what it feeds on. What is there in my uneventful life to give that appetite food?

COL. J. She only needs a firm and loving hand to guide her, and you are the one; you will be held responsible for her future.

LAW. Is a man master of his life, or not?

COL. J. There are duties that he [*Possy heard singing in house*] owes to others beside himself, social ties that he is bound to respect. My dear boy, you owe it to your mother and to your friends to return home. You owe it to yourself not to be the means of breaking a woman's heart.

LAW. Dora's?

COL. J. No. [*Pointing to house*] Hers.

LAW. Possy!

COL. J. I've used my eyes since I've been here.

LAW. You don't suppose that my feelings toward this poor child—

COL. J. Have you thought what *her* feelings may be towards you? And can you meet them as a man should?

LAW. Why not? She may not have the polish and grace of society, but she has the refinement of a true heart, untainted by fashionable excesses, a nature transparent as this mountain air, as free from stain as those streams that come sparkling from above the timber belt and murmur in harmony with her voice.

COL. J. And yet she's not the woman you can take to your mother's home and say, "This is my wife." Lawrence, you compel me to tell you the truth. Your mother has been ill.

LAW. My mother ill!

COL. J. With grief with what she feared would happen.

LAW. Oh! Can't she understand?

COL. J. It is hard for her to realize that the two she loves best in all the world could disappoint her in the dearest wish of her life.

LAW. But I should have been informed of her illness. Why did not someone write?

COL. J. She herself forbade it. She was more careful of your feelings than you have been of hers.

LAW. And I not to know it—but she's better now? When you left, she was well?

COL. J. Far from it.

LAW. [*After a pause*] Jack, I'm going home.

COL. J. Good! The express picks up our car at 9:35.

LAW. I can't leave *tonight*; I'll follow you in a couple of days.

COL. J. Sure? [*Lawrence gives his hand*] And leave behind you every thought of that little figure in the foreground?

LAW. That I will not promise. In two days you return to Sandy River Junction. I will be there.

COL. J. I have your word. I know you'll keep it. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

LAW. Is the little figure coming out of the mist of the mountains into the foreground of my life? Mother! If you could only read my heart! [*Exit, L.4.E. Enter Possy, R.3.E., still singing, carrying a switch lantern in her hand. Looks around and allows the song to die away as she looks after Lawrence pensively. Enter Prairie Flower from the station, R.3.E., wearing antique bonnet and shawl, busy arranging her dress*]

PRAIRIE F. Land o' Goshen! I'm so flustered, I don't know what I'm adoin'. I ain't wore my Sunday-go-to-meetin' things for nigh on to three years. [*Admiring herself*] It looks kinder slick, though it be a little frayed around the bottom. I do hope Mr. Puddychump won't notice it. But I mustn't be late. I couldn't go to the first meetin' on account o' my riz bread.

POSSY. My! Prairie, what have you got on?

PRAIRIE F. Got on? Why, clo's. Meetin' on Cleo-pay-tree at 6:35. She's laying over t'other side o' the Y. Be you goin'?

POSSY. Dad always said it wasn't worth while. Prairie, I want to talk to you. Sit down on the platform a minute.

PRAIRIE F. I can't, child.

POSSY. Why not?

PRAIRIE F. I can't. These clo's. Must 'a outgrown 'em since I wore 'em last.

POSSY. I won't keep you long. [*After some trouble arranging her dress, Prairie Flower sits*] I want to ask you—do men—gentlemen, like Mr. Hatton, ever play?

PRAIRIE F. Some do. I knowed one who played the pi-anny real cute.

POSSY. I mean cards.

PRAIRIE F. Oh! Keerds! Some do, and then again some don't. I kinder suspects Mr. Hatton don't know how. What d'ye want to know for?

POSSY. 'Cause he said, the other day, he wished he could build a studio. And I wonder why he don't play for the money.\*

\* \* \*

\* At this point there is a hiatus; the reader should supply for Prairie Flower some such line as: "Mebbe he's one o' the elect."

POSSY. The elect? Who are they?

PRAIRIE F. Lands, child, you're wuss'n fly time. You better go to meetin' and set on the anxious seat, and mebbe that nice gentleman would help you. He said he was good at exhortin'. It's not for a po' critter like me, what has back slid time out o' mind, to be leadin' any young gal in the ways o' righteousness. [*Rises*]

POSSY. Prairie, if I went to the meetin', would they tell me what to do with my heart?

PRAIRIE F. Mebbe they would, if 'twas hankerin' after wickedness.

POSSY. But I'm not hankerin' after wickedness. He's as good as he can be. Oh!—say, Prairie, if anybody wanted you to marry Jim and you didn't love him, what would you do?

PRAIRIE F. Do? I jes' wouldn't be tellin' the men folks. *They* don't know nothin'. Jes' you talk to some good gal. [*Looks at her a moment, and then breaks into a smile*] And I kinder guess you are the gal. Folly your own heart, child. That's my advice, and Parson Bascom did say I was one o' the pillars o' the meetin' house. I'm goin' the way past them city folks. I'll show them women I'm jes' as good as they be any day. You folly your own heart, child; folly your own heart. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

POSSY. Wish I knew how. [*Looks off, L.I.E.*] There's Jim! I hope he's not been to the Deck Bridge. [*Enter Jim, L.I.E.*] Where have you been?

JIM. Up yonder.

POSSY. To Mr. Hatton's camp. What for?

JIM. If you could see his face, you'd know. It's flamin' like a red flag. [*Possy turns away from him*] Yesterday I asked you to be my wife. You wouldn't answer me.

POSSY. 'Cause you was so sudden.

JIM. If I thought you loved him—

POSSY. I don't know what love means. I only know he's good and he makes me better. I like to be with him. I can't hear his name 'thout feelin' somethin' 'round my heart. Even when he's not near, his name's aringin' in my ears like some train bell acallin' and acallin' far off somewhere.

JIM. And you'd *follow* him? After all the time *I've* waited for you. Why, ever since the day I met you runnin' through the Hollow, a little gal so high, when I tried to kiss them two pretty pink cheeks, and you drew back your whip and said you'd lash me if I laid a finger on you, I made up my mind you should be my wife.

POSSY. That isn't love, Jim.

JIM. I don't keer what it is, so long as it keep you close to me. I love you so much—I won't have you that figger in the foreground. I was up at the

Deck Bridge waitin' my chance to get that picture. You know where he keeps it?

POSSY. He left it with me.

JIM. Fetch it here.

POSSY. It belongs to *him*.

JIM. No matter, I want it.

POSSY. [*Placing herself before the door*] You shan't touch Mr. Hatton's picture.

JIM. We shall see. [*Jim is starting across to R.3.E. when Lawrence saunters down from R.U.E. The two men come face to face with each other. Jim pauses*]

LAW. [*Very quietly*] What is it you want to see?

JIM. That picture o' yours.

LAW. Ah? Glad you appreciate the fine arts. Your wish can be easily gratified. I was just about to get in a bit of this sunset.

POSSY. [*Alarmed*] You're going to work?

LAW. Yes. Could I trouble you to bring out the canvas, Possey?

POSSY. But the sunset will soon be gone.

LAW. Then let's have all that's left of it. See how fast it is going. In the cause of art, I beg of you, imitate its example and bring the picture.

POSSY. Of course, if you insist. [*Aside*] It'll be safer in his hands. [*Exit, R.3.E.*]

JIM. Ever sell your pictures.

LAW. Make my living by it. [*Setting up easel*]

JIM. I want to buy one.

LAW. Interest in art increasing? Any choice of subjects?

JIM. [*Looks at him with puzzled look*] How?

LAW. I mean, what style do you prefer? There are landscapes, marines, interiors, figure-studies—

JIM. Figgers—that's what I'm after. This one with the foreground business—I want that.

LAW. Not for sale.

JIM. Oh! Then you keep a few?

LAW. Sometimes.

JIM. What times?

LAW. Well—this time. [*Possy reenters, R.3.E., with picture, palette, brushes, etc. Lawrence takes them from her. During the following Jim examines and lights a car inspector's torch. To Possey*] Thank you. That's very kind of you. Possey, my man will be down from the camp pretty soon; I want

him to take my traps back with him. Tell him to be particularly careful of the picture. [*Movement of Jim*]

POSSY. [*Apart to Lawrence*] Be careful of Jim.

LAW. Certainly. Is he delicate?

POSSY. He's angry.

LAW. What about?

POSSY. Well—he—he thinks—but don't mind him.

LAW. Wouldn't stop his thinking for the world. [*Aside*] Daresay it's a novelty with him.

POSSY. [*Hesitates*] Jim, the freight for the up-local must be 'tended to.

JIM. I won't forget it.

LAW. [*Busy about easel*] I'll remind him of it if he should.

POSSY. [*Aside*] I'm half afraid to leave them. [*Exit into house, R.3E.*]

JIM. [*Aside*] She wants me to give him the right o' way, curse him! He'll get no right o' way from me.

LAW. [*Having seated himself at easel, takes cigar from pocket case. Aside, looking at the picture*] In two days I must finish it. I'd like to give it two more months.

JIM. [*Approaching with lighted torch. Aside*] I'll burn that figure out o' the picture, if I have to fight for it. [*Aloud*] If you won't sell the thing, I s'pose no harm in my lookin' at it.

LAW. No—but don't bring your torch so near.

JIM. I'll keep this torch any way I choose. [*As Jim is thrusting the torch between Lawrence and the picture, Lawrence seizes his wrist and brings the light to his cigar, then blows out torch*]

LAW. That's the way you'll keep it, if you choose to stand near this picture. [*Jim wrenches his wrist away*] Thanks for the light.

JIM. You think it's a joke, do you? [*Throws down torch*] Well, you'll find out your mistake. You can keep the rest of it, but I'm goin' to have that figure out o' your foreground.

LAW. [*Aside*] Begins to be somewhat breezy. [*Gathering up brushes, etc.*] Squall coming up; I'll take in the canvas.

JIM. You stay just where you are.

LAW. I beg pardon.

JIM. You're not going to leave with that picture.

LAW. I'm not going to leave without it.

JIM. You've no right to it.

LAW. Well, considering I painted it—

JIM. You had no right paintin' a picture o' Possy. I'm goin' to marry her.

LAW. If you're going to take the model—why, I'll keep the picture. Do leave me something.

JIM. We're goin' to settle this right here. Thar's a meetin' at the car, and everybody's at it. Nobody round but just us two. Fork over that picture, or I'll throw you both into the gulch.

LAW. [*Aside*] I wish there was a back stairs here somewhere. I don't want to hurt this lunatic.

JIM. Are you ready?

LAW. No, not quite. You forget that freight for the up-local. Now let's talk this over.

JIM. No time to talk now.

LAW. Oh! We'd better talk now. We mightn't feel like it at the bottom of the gulch.

JIM. Don't trifle with me as you're doin' with your model.

LAW. What's that? [*Possy is seen at window listening*]

JIM. Oh! I've heern tell afore this o' painters fallin' in love with their models. It's no secret why you keep the picture. Mebbe you didn't fall in love with the figger in the foreground. Mebbe you're not foolin' with her till you gets tired and drops her at a way station like a empty box car.

LAW. [*Raising his hand. About to strike*] You lie!

POSSY. [*Strikes the sounder giving the call R Y*] All right, Sandy River, I'm comin'. [*Lawrence at sound of her voice gradually lowers his arm*] I thought that was my call.

LAW. [*Very quietly to Jim*] I'll excuse your wild talk on the ground of ignorance. Wonder what detains John. Ah, well! [*Takes picture. To Jim*] The next time you speak to me—of her, be a little more careful. [*Walks past him to L.I.E.*] You came very near being hurt. Good day. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

JIM. [*Starting after Lawrence, checks himself*] She's awaitin' thar. Well, I'll wait, too, till I get you where she ain't near-by. It's a sorry day for you, you ever come here, with your pretty talk and your fine ways, tryin' to rob me o' my gal. But you've gone too far this time. [*With difficulty refraining from following Lawrence*] Oh, why ain't she out o' the way? No matter! You've got the devil up in me now, and I won't rest till I pay you back. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

POSSY. [*Throwing open door, going up C., and looking after Jim*] There he goes. I hope he ain't going to make Mr. Hatton trouble. [*Looking after Lawrence*] How he did stand up for me. [*Chokes*] But I'll pay him—giminy crips—I will! I'll just give him that studio. Don't know how I shall do it. I've only got twenty-five dollars, and everybody round here's busted. [*Enter Addleton, L.I.E., quickly*]

ADD. Have you seen Miss Van Tyne?

POSSY. She's not been near the station for some time. Guess she must be at the meeting. [*Addleton starts out in disgust. Aside*] I wonder if he plays cards. [*Aloud*] Say, stranger, do you ever play?

ADD. Play cards? [*Possy nods*] Some—yes. Half the clubs in London were the scenes of my victories.

POSSY. [*Sarcastic*] Ain't you smart? You don't look it though. Bet you twenty-five to a hundred you can't play at all.

ADD. Dollars? Mean it?

POSSY. Certain I'll beat you in a straight game first time.

ADD. [*Looking at watch. Aside*] Oh, crumbs! Here's a chance for intoxicating bliss. [*Aloud*] I accept your wager gladly. Glad to accommodate a—*lady!* Let me run back to the car. I'll return in five minutes.

POSSY. No backin' out, stranger!

ADD. 'Pon honor. [*Aside*] Ah! Monaco, Baden, and Monte Carlo, where are you now? Oh, crumbs! [*Exit, R.1.E. Possy nods*]

POSSY. I'll clean him out—thirty miles an hour. How glad he'll be when I give him the money for the studio. [*Sounder gives R Y three times*] There she is! [*Rising*] That's my call. Rawson's Y. [*Touches key and answers call. Takes pencil, writes and speaks as follows*] "Ethel—LeRoy—Rawson's Y—Colorado—engagement—secured—in—Strange—Crime—Comb.—Come at once—Bagshot. New York." [*Reads message over quickly*] "Ethel LeRoy, Rawson's Y, Colorado. Come on at once, have engagement for you in Strange Crime Comb. Bagshot. New York." Who's Ethel LeRoy? Section master's wife has a kid named Ethel, but she's a Jones. [*Sealing up message and placing it in window*] To be called for. [*Enter Puddychump, R.1.E.*]

PUDDY. Are there any lost sheep here?

POSSY. The company don't ship cattle or sheep this time o' year.

PUDDY. I mean poor, lost lambs who would fain hear the shepherd's voice crying in the wilderness. I'm doing a little crying in the wilderness myself. Say, dear child, can you impart to me the cognomen of that estimable lady who dispenses earthly manna to the wayfarers in these mountains?

POSSY [*Perplexed*] How?

PUDDY. Can you tell me her name?—for my heart has gone out to her.

POSSY. Whose name?

PUDDY. I mean the estimable creature who presides over the festivities of the lunch counter.

POSSY. Oh! You mean Prairie.

PUDDY. Prairie. What a widespreading name, so suggestive of the goodly cities of the plain.

POSSY. She is rather plain, but she's as good as she can be. Her real name is Little Prairie Flower.

PUDDY. Little Prairie Flower. She is the sunflower of my heart and the hollyhock of my thoughts. I wonder if she holds any stock.

POSSY. Dad always said she came of good stock.

PUDDY. Will you, dear child, tell her there is a meeting on the palace car now progressing, and that I shall hold forth? Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Come, sinner, come.

POSSY. [*On platform*] Is it a *real* meetin' on the Cleopatra?

PUDDY. [*Points to poster*] It is so announced that he who runs may read.

POSSY. I'd rather read standin' still. Say, mister, will there be singin' and things?—a real meetin', where the people are still, and everything is peaceful and happy? I've read about it, but I've never been to a real meetin'.

PUDDY. Poor, poor lost lamb, dwelling in the bonds of iniquity and the flesh and the devil and the shadow of the valley of death, fly from the wrath to come; poor child, fly to Cleopatra. [*Changing tone*] Could I get earthly sustenance here?

POSSY. Oh, you mean sandwiches; help yourself! Little Prairie Flower's gone to meetin', but you can tell her afterwards what you had. [*Aside*] Now to win my bet. Before he catches the 9:35 express tonight, I'll catch eighty-five dollars from him. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

PUDDY. [*Having absently pocketed four sandwiches while eating two*] The laborer is worthy of his hire. But the mustard is hot as Gehenna. The son of Belial who spread that mustard should be forced to sell stock on a rising market. The Amalekites and the Hittites are as sheep going to the slaughter. The stock is worth thirty-three and a half on the street today, but when I had reasoned with them they were glad to sell at twenty-eight and a quarter. When we make the market boom, there will be some howling in this "wilderness"; I shall not hear that howl. I shall be a pilgrim and a stranger. [*Looking off, R.I.E.*] That dear woman approacheth. Why is it that in her presence my heart doth jubilate? Ge—e—e—ntle creature! Let me be coy. [*Retires to extreme of platform upstage. Enter Prairie Flower, R.I.E.*]

PRAIRIE F. He wasn't there, and I felt so upset, I thought I'd jes' come home. [*Seeing Puddychump*] Oh! Evenin', sir. I kinder suspected you'd hold forth on Cleo-pay-tree.

PUDDY. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak—three times a day. I had some sandwiches. How much?

PRAIRIE F. How many did you have? [*Puddychump holds up two fingers*] Two? Twenty cents. [*Puddychump gives the money*] Thanks. [*Counting*



*sandwiches on the tray*] Possy must have eaten four sandwiches. She's gettin' pious.

PUDDY. [*Suddenly placing his hands on his pockets*] Not her piety but my remissness is at fault. My poor memory! I unconsciously put them in my pocket. A weakness acquired in Wall Street. [*Returning the sandwiches*]

PRAIRIE F. Malary?

PUDDY. Yes, so many pools there. Great deal of the property nothing but water.

PRAIRIE F. Lands! If I'd 'a knowed you was sufferin' so, I'd 'a looked after you. Shall you be able to hold forth this evenin'?

PUDDY. I shall exhort before the meeting is over.

PRAIRIE F. I've sot under the most powerful exhorters for nigh onto thirty years. Wouldn't like to miss the chance o' settin' under you. I'll go back to the car till you come, and hear them singers you brought with you. I've been in the singin' seats myself, but I could never tetch *them*. They do choir beautiful. [*Exit, R.1.E.*]

PUDDY. Ge—e—ntle creature! I knew that choir would rake in the stock. [*Enter Colonel Jack, R.4.E.*]

COL. J. Hello, Puddychump. Thought you were holding forth to the lost lambs.

PUDDY. The spirit is willing, but the market is very weak.

COL. J. Haven't secured many shares?

PUDDY. I fell on the Amalekites and the Hittites as with fire and sword—in a figurative sense—and caused a great slaughter of stock. I told the farmers the bottom of the road had fallen out, and bought in small lots at twenty-eight and a quarter.

COL. J. How much have you sold short?

PUDDY. Thirty thousand shares.

COL. J. Great Scott! I say, Puddy, if by any possibility this stock were to take a sudden rise—

PUDDY. It would take me up with it. You see in a speculation like this, all depends on nerves. [*Enter Addleton and Possy, R.4.E.*]

ADD. Before we begin, let's see your money.

POSSY. Let's see yours. Put up or shut up.

PUDDY. Have you remarked what an uncivilized and heathen land this is? Oh, the depravity! But I've raked in more shares here than anywhere along the line.

COL. J. And you would recommend to the directors that the Branch Road be extended?

PUDDY. Not now! Oh, dear! Not now! Wait till the holders are a little more scared. When she touches twenty-two and a half, let her boom, and then unload.

ADD. Here's a go! Oh, crumbs! I'll teach her a lesson.

POSSY. If I don't rake in the pile.

PUDDY. [*To Colonel Jack*] Do stop this disgraceful business.

COL. J. Oh, let 'em play.

PUDDY. Poor lost creature! If I only had time to reason with her. [*Takes Colonel Jack's arm*] I'll tell you exactly how the market must be fixed.

COL. J. [*Apart to him*] I'm interested in this game.

PUDDY. [*Raises his hands in pious horror*] Oh, leave them to their iniquity and attend to business. Speaking of business—that reminds me—dear Little Prairie Flower awaits my coming. I'm sure she holds some share of the Branch Road stock. What a heavy burden for her to carry—all alone. I cannot stand by and see her struggle with it. No, I will take her stock and carry it for her. [*Exit*]

COL. J. [*Aside, watching the game*] A nature untainted by fashionable excesses! Pure as a mountain stream! I wish Lawrence were here now. Considering his horror of gambling, he'd enjoy this picture.

ADD. [*Throwing down cards*] Even the babies can gamble in the wild West.

COL. J. She's cleaned you out, eh?

ADD. Dear boy, any spare change about you?

COL. J. Plenty. Want to try again?

ADD. Oh, crumbs! No. She'd give Hoyle odds and beat him.

POSSY. [*Gathers up the money, putting it in her dress*] Square game, stranger?

ADD. Oh, certainly. Beaten by a little barbarian!

COL. J. Here's Dora.

ADD. Oh! Calamity! Jack, don't tell her.

POSSY. [*Aside*] Dora! I wish he would come, too. [*Addleton and Colonel Jack go up as if talking over the game. Music outside stops. Enter Dora, R.I.E.*]

DORA. [*To Possy*] Ah! You're here at last. Is there a telegram for me?

POSSY. No. There's only a message for Ethel LeRoy.

DORA. That's for me. It's to be my name on the stage.

POSSY. [*Getting Dora the telegram*] Stage don't run now since the Branch Road was opened.

DORA. [*Reading message eagerly*] The stage, child, the theatre. Strange Crime Combination! What a vulgar name for a play! However I shall soon

be playing Juliet. [*Gives telegram to Colonel Jack*] Now, Jack, what do you think of my prospects?

COL. J. You have my sympathy. [*Aside*] If this doesn't bring Lawrence to his senses, the little model—gambler—will. [*Enter Lawrence, L.3E.*] Ah, here you are! I want you to cast your eye over this. [*Handing him the telegram*]

PUDDY. [*Speaking off. Enter Puddychump, R.U.E.*] Quite right, Mrs. Prairie, put your stock away safe. [*Aside*] Markets can be rigged without it.

POSSY. Oh, my wish is come true. Mr. Hatton is here. Now I'll show that Dora what I can do for him. [*Chuckles. Takes out money, unseen by Lawrence, and counts it over carefully. Lawrence gives telegram to Jack*]

COL. J. Now you see how much Dora's future depends on you.

LAW. Jack!

COL. J. Return home with us—tonight. Forget this romantic nonsense; you've plenty of business talent, and as my partner the house of Hatton & Co. will stand second to none in Wall Street.

PUDDY. Oh, what a chance for a rising young man!

LAW. I told you yesterday when you proposed the scheme that I would have nothing to do with any such business.

PUDDY. Why, it's the most flourishing in Wall Street.

COL. J. Once for all, put away your fanciful scruples and—

LAW. Jack, you knew my father before he went near the whirlpool of speculation, where fortunes are won in a week and lost in a day. What did I care for the money wasted? The loss was in the courage, the manly fortitude, the business sagacity turned to superstition, leaving only a wreck that I knew was not my father long before we carried him to his grave; he died in Wall Street. From that time I swore I would have nothing to do with gamblers or gambling—

COL. J. Take care!

LAW. I hate it in any form, in any body. [*Singing, very plaintive, outside*]

POSSY. [*Aside*] Won't he be proud o' me before them all when I tell him I won the money for him. [*Puts her hands behind her and approaches Lawrence*] I'm so happy I don't know how to begin.

LAW. Well, my model, I'm glad to see your honest little face.

POSSY. Mr. Hatton—oh, dear! You can have your studio. See, there's the money—all yours.

LAW. Mine, Possy?

POSSY. Yes, from me. I want you to take it—a hundred dollars for the studio. [*Looks triumphantly at Dora*]

LAW. Where did you get it?

POSSY. It's all right. Square game. I knew I should win it, 'cause I was playing for you.

LAW. Playing? Won it? Speak the truth, child, where did you get the money?

POSSY. Why, I *won* it—at cards.

LAW. No! No!

POSSY. [*Innocently*] Yes, I did—for you. [*Lawrence looks at her a moment, then abruptly turns, walks to back of stage, and putting out his arm, grasps one of the switchrods and stands with his back to the others, quietly looking across the gulch. The light has almost faded from the scene*] Why, what's the matter? Have I done anything wrong?

DORA. The poor child!

COL. J. What else could you expect?

DORA. [*To Possey*] We hope some day that you'll be a better woman.

ADD. I wouldn't have played with you, if I'd known you were a professional gambler.

POSSY. [*Puts out her hands, as though to prevent his speaking*] Don't, don't you—be mad at me. I don't care for *them*, but if you say it is wrong—I never knew. [*Sobs*] I see the red light now. It's too late! I'm off the line. I'm off the line.

PUDDY. Poor, poor erring, sinful human creature, fly from—

LAW. [*Turning*] Hold your peace, Puddychump. [*Comes down between the others and Possey*] "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." [*Turns slowly to Possey. Lawrence extends his hand to her. She takes it and sinks down weeping at his feet. He regards her with tender pity. With the exception of a bit of red sunlight lingering on the top of the mountains at the back, the scene is now in deep shadows. Possey's sobs being heard through the soft plaintive singing without, as the curtain falls*]

## ACT III.

### THE FLYING SWITCH.

SCENE: *Same as in Act II. Moonlight, the mountains at back being especially lighted up. Station lights all lighted and lights on the switches. Several red lights seen on the track on the mountainside, and a red light at the trestle. Dim light burning in the telegraph window. In L.3.E. is seen end of a freight car with brake and steps practical. Possey discovered seated on the platform with her feet on the track, her banjo in her hand. At the end of the song, her*

*voice dies away into sobbing, as she cries very softly. Enter Sam, R.4.E., carrying a red lantern. He stops, C., and looks around.*

SAM. Whar is he now? Every turn I take I seem to run up agin him. And them stiddy eyes o' his 'pears to keep askin' me, "Whar's Broncho George?" Last time I looked out—I see him astandin' over thar—lookin' across the gulch. [*Coming down C., sees Possy, starts*] Oh, that you, little gal?

POSSY. Lookin' for anything, dad?

SAM. No, no, I thought you was that inspectin' chap.

POSSY. He went off down the line there a minute ago. Dad, what's he doin' 'round here? There he is now—don't you see him?—crossin' the track.

SAM. Goin' up towards the Y. And I've got to go up there to put a red light for that local freight to pick up this car. Wish he'd keep out o' my way. Thar! I clar forgot to mark the car. Seems to me everything's goin' wrong. [*Feeling in his pockets*] Seen my chalk, little gal?

POSSY. Just inside the window there. [*Reaches through window and gets the chalk*]

SAM. It'll be her last trip 'till she's fixed.

POSSY. What's wrong? [*Giving him the chalk*]

SAM. The brake's broke. Never found out 'till this afternoon. [*Writes on side of car and speaks*] Send to repair shop—brake broke. Nothin' in it to hurt. Lot o' peach jam and some other truck. Thar! When she's unloaded, she'll go to the repair shops and get that brake fixed.

POSSY. Dad, that train ain't due for a long time yet. Won't you come here a minute?

SAM. Yes, little gal, what is it? [*Sits on end of platform*]

POSSY. What made you to teach me to play cards?

SAM. I thought some day, little 'un, you mought have to earn your own livin'.

POSSY. Did nobody ever tell you 'twas wrong?

SAM. Yes, them 'ere meetin' folks.

POSSY. You was told it was wrong, and you taught me to play. [*With red lantern gives signal for stopping train*] You could save a train from danger, and you never swung a red light to stop me?

SAM. 'Tain't goin' to do no harm.

POSSY. The harm has been done. Mr. Hatton thinks it a low-down way o' livin', and he don't believe in me no more. [*Wipes tears from her eyes*] O, dad! Whyn't you never take me to a meetin'? Mr. Hatton's told me lots of stories he's heard at meetin's. There was one beautiful one. I've been thinking about it all tonight.

SAM. What were it?

POSSY. It was called The Prodigious Son.

SAM. [*Thinking*] The Prodigious Son? I don't seem to remember him.

POSSY. Well, you see, there was a man who had two sons and lots o' gold dust. And one o' the boys wanted his dad to divide. So the old man drew his month's pay and gave it to him. Well, sir, he took the cash, pulled out and left the home station, and went off on some road that didn't lead anywhere.

SAM. Got off the line?

POSSY. Yes, left the main line and lost everything he had and played cards. [*Sobs*]

SAM. Thar, thar, little gal! Quit keerds if it goes agin you.

POSSY. [*Eagerly*] Yes. Then he got so awful hungry he had to eat corn shucks. And that made him think. And he come to himself, got up steam again, opened the throttle wide an' made the old engine hum on the way back to his father's station. An' when the old man saw his headlight, he rushed and ordered lunch. And went out to meet the boy, for him that was lost had struck the main line and was in on time.

SAM. And were that all?

POSSY. What more do you want? Them that's lost are found at last—even if they gets a long way off the line.

SAM. No fear, little 'un, but you're travellin' a straight road.

POSSY. No, I've got to double back first just like the Prodigious Son, and I will, too. Go and put out the signal for the local freight, dad, and when you come back, I'll show you what I'm goin' to do.

SAM. All right, my gal, all right. [*Aside*] Now to meet that man. [*Exit, L.3E.*]

POSSY. I'm glad Mr. Hatton told me that story. It kinder points the way. Yes, I'll be a prodigious daughter. [*Exit, R.1E. Enter Addleton, R.4E., slowly, hands in his pockets*]

ADD. [*Dolefully and very softly*] The 9:35 came along and picked up the car. They thought I was in it. I wasn't. [*Takes out time-table*] Next train—11:45 A.M. Twenty-six hours! Oh! Calamity! I'm nearly famished. [*Enter Little Prairie Flower from station, R.3E.*]

PRAIRIE F. I thought I heard somebody talkin' here—as if—Land o' Goshen! If they ain't lef' that little spindle-legged sparrer behind 'em—why look here, sonny, ain't you—

ADD. Yes, I know I am. Don't say a word about it. [*Confidently*] Look here, is there no way I can get out of this blasted place till 11:45 tomorrow morning?

PRAIRIE F. Yes, there's the night express.

ADD. [*Pointing R.*] On this line?

PRAIRIE F. [*Pointing L.*] Yes, only it goes the other way.

ADD. Oh, think of some way, that's a good lady. I'll buy a whole pie from you.

PRAIRIE F. Lemme see. The local freight comes down the valley there pretty soon. [*Looking off, L. & E.*] There's the light for it to stop now. You can take that over the mountains, catch the express at Tin Horn at three o'clock in the morning, and strike your friends 'bout sun-up.

ADD. Oh, thanks—give me *two* pies.

PRAIRIE F. Come right this way. [*Aside*] Them pies is tougher 'n hack-metack. [*Stops on platform and turns to Addleton*] Now—er—what I've got for you ain't exactly manna in the wilderness.

ADD. Oh, don't mind, I could eat rocks.

PRAIRIE F. Then you're in first-rate condition for them pies. [*Enter Possy, R. & E.*]

POSSY. [*To Addleton*] I've been looking for you. [*Taking out money*] Sorry to trouble you. I want to return your money.

ADD. Knew you didn't play fair.

POSSY. 'Twas a square game, but I want you to have your money back.

ADD. Oh, crumbs!

POSSY. Will you take it?

ADD. Will I take it? My dear girl, I'm travelling cut rates. [*Enter Jim, R. & E.*]

JIM. Evenin', Possy. Hullo! What's up? Been havin' a game?

POSSY. Yes, Jim, the last I mean to play. [*To Addleton*] Here, mister, are the very bills I won.

JIM. What are you givin' the money back for?

POSSY. Because it isn't right for me to keep it. [*Addleton withdrawing timidly*]

JIM. It's that paintin' galoot that's put these notions in your head. [*To Addleton*] That money belongs to her. You fork it over to me.

POSSY. Go away, sir; he don't know what he's saying.

JIM. I do know, and I'll make him give it back.

POSSY. He shall go.

JIM. Who's to hinder?

POSSY. I will.

ADD. [*Who has been cowering as Jim's anger increases, the moment Possy places herself between him and Jim, straightens up proudly*] My good man, when the freight train comes, call me, will you? I'm going to supper. Little

girl, I thank you, and—[*Bowing with a flourish*] I'll not forget you. [*Exit, R.3.E.*]

POSSY. Now don't you make him one bit o' trouble. If you do, I'll not speak to you again.

JIM. Won't you? Well, I won't stand no more shiftin' around and gettin' on side tracks.

POSSY. I ain't.

JIM. Yesterday, you said I was too sudden. This afternoon you put me off again. Now this thing's got to be settled right here tonight.

POSSY. Do you think I'm goin' to chuck myself away like that? What's the trouble 'tween you and dad?

JIM. Nuff to *make* you come to me whether you want to or not.

POSSY. You've got to give me time—

JIM. You've had time enough—

POSSY. Suppose I don't love you?

JIM. No matter, I'm goin' to have you. Give me your promise or I'll—do you know, gal, what you're holdin' in your hands? You want time, do you? Well, listen, I'm goin' across the mountain with this train. When you see the headlight comin' 'round the curve, make up your mind. I shan't say a word, but when I moves the switch to let the train back up for this car—

POSSY. 'Tain't square dealin'. [*Going*]

JIM. Mind what you're doin'.

POSSY. I won't be driven to it, Jim Blakely, for shame! [*Exit into station, R.3.E.*]

JIM. [*Looking after her*] That painter's to blame for this. I wish I had him on the train tonight. By the time we reached the big trestle he'd find it mighty risky travellin'. [*Looking off, L.1.E.*] Why, that's him comin' now, curse him, comin' to see her. I told you there was an open switch ahead of you. It's risky foolin' 'round a track where there's wild trains runnin'. Some of 'em might run you down. [*Gradually withdraws behind car, L.3.E. Enter Lawrence, L.1.E., with light overcoat on. He walks thoughtfully to the switch light and takes a letter out of his pocket*]

LAW. This letter from Dr. Benson alarms me. I wish it had come before Dora left. [*Reads*] "Your mother is undoubtedly worse. Her ailment is beyond the reach of medical skill, yet easily treated if her son will consent to be the physician. Now, I'm an old friend, and ever since your boyhood"—[*Folding letter*] And so it comes from every quarter. Well, there's only one course to pursue. My mother's life is precious, and Possey—poor wanderin' little girl, what will become of you? The poet was right, "Men must work and women must weep," and the sooner it's over the better for all



concerned. Poor little Maud Muller of the railroad. I must say good-bye. The saddest words for you and me are these, "It *is*, and it could not be." [*Pauses*] I wish there was a man in the telegraph office. [*Goes to window, R.2.E., knocks and calls*] Possey! Anybody there, Possey! I wonder if she will care. [*Possey appears at window, R.2.E.*]

Possey. I thought I heard your voice.

LAW. Can I send a message at this hour, Possey?

Possey. Oh, yes, I can call up any of the city offices. [*Sits at the telegraph instrument*] Dictate, and I'll rush it through.

LAW. No, you'd better give me a blank. I want to be particular about the wording of this message.

Possey. [*Hands out blank*] Very well.

LAW. [*Prepares to write*] Thanks. Can you call up Sandy River Junction?

Possey. Yes, that office is open all night.

LAW. [*Writes as he speaks*] What time is my brother's train due there?

Possey. 10:48. Stops there twenty-five minutes.

LAW. Take long to get an answer?

Possey. [*Looks at clock in the office*] Train's in by this time. Ought to get an answer in a few minutes.

LAW. All right, call them up. [*Possey calls Sandy River Junction on the instrument. Lawrence finishes message*] Here you are. [*Giving message to Possey*]

Possey. It's to—Dora.

LAW. Yes, can you make it out?

Possey. [*Reads*] "Will—you—forget—past mistakes and—[*Hesitates*] and—"

LAW. I'm afraid it's rather indistinct.

Possey. [*Confused*] I can't—quite—'er—the last part—

LAW. [*Pointing out the words*] "Keep—the—old promise."

Possey. [*Forcing a smile and with difficulty controlling her voice*] Oh, yes—the old promise. [*Bends down over the telegram, counting the words to hide her feelings*] Two bits. [*Calls Sandy River Junction*]

LAW. [*Pays the money*] You'll be around when the answer comes? [*Possey nods her head without looking up*] I'll take a turn down the track. Be back presently.

Possey. [*Aside*] He shan't see how much it hurts me.

LAW. [*Aside*] Two bits! [*Sighs*] I wish that were all it cost. [*Exit, R.1.E. Sounder answers her call*]

Possey. He *does* love her. And I must give him her answer. He's goin' away to her and he's goin' to forget all about me 'cause I gamble. O dad,

you taught me to. You've shut the gates of Heaven with a pack of cards. [*She sends the message off. She is nervous. Works in haste. Enter Jim, L.2.E., looking after Lawrence*]

JIM. [*Aside*] Mighty pleasant sendin' messages at this hour o' the night. Had to lean over the paper 'till your heads were 'most touchin'. Wish I could 'a heard what you was talkin' 'bout. She loves him and she can't hide it no more. I settle with him first, then for her. [*He goes cautiously down the track and off, R.1.E.*]

POSSY. [*As Jim passes the window, looks up, rises and looks after him, then quickly lowering window, comes out on platform, and calls in a low, earnest tone*] Jim! Jim! How can I make him come back. He's looking! He'll think it's for Mr. Hatton—and—I know—the dance I used to do for him. [*Seizes a red and green lantern from within the window, sings a bar or two of dance music, and swings lights*] He sees me. [*Finishes the strain*] Yes, he's stopped. [*Orchestra takes up the air softly. Possy gives lantern dance. Constantly directing her looks off R.1.E., until Jim slowly enters, R.1.E., watching her. At that instant, the distant whistle of the train is heard at back*]

JIM. It's a long time, Possy, since you danced that for me. [*Taking white lantern from back of platform, and crossing to switches, L.3.E.*] There's the freight—your time's up.

POSSY. [*Aside*] But I saved him. [*Train is seen to cross the farthest cut from L. to R.*]

JIM. I saw you with him just now. I'll take your answer.

POSSY. I ain't ready to give it.

JIM. Then you'll risk your father's life.

POSSY. Dad's life! What are you talking about?

JIM. I'm talkin' about Broncho George, as was chucked over the dam.

POSSY. Killed? At Wing Dam Hollow?

JIM. I saw it from behind a pile of lumber, and if Sam hadn't got skeered and left, he'd 'a found me thar.

POSSY. [*Goes up to him*] If you say my dad done such a thing—you lie.

JIM. [*Looking about eagerly, off L.*] You'll see! Here! Look! See that figger in the moonlight lookin' up the Y? Do you know what he's doing here? [*Calls*] I say—

POSSY. [*Seizes his arm*] No! No! Jim!

JIM. Oh, you don't want to risk it?

POSSY. Do you call this love?

JIM. Love? Why, sooner than lose you, I'll go this minute and put my affidavit in that fellow's hands and before another night, Sam will be in the nearest county jail. [*Train passes second cut, from R. to L.*]

POSSY. No, dad sha'n't go.

JIM. It's in your own hands, and you've got mighty little time to settle it. The trains goin' to back down now. When I go away on it, I've got to take your promise or you take Sam's life. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

POSSY. Ain't there no help? Dad! Now I understand what ails you. And if Mr. Hatton knew it, he wouldn't even speak to me. I can't be his model any more! No answer yet. If she says yes—[*Train whistles nearer, signal to stop. Checking her tears*] I won't cry. He would be brave, and I'll try to be like him. [*The sounder calls Rawson's Y*] My heart! It's come! [*Goes to window and touches key, answering call. The instrument then spells the following message. Reading and writing word by word*] "Tell—station—master—Rawson's Y—to—forward—at once—last—lot of—peach jam." Only a road message about the freight. [*Enter Lawrence, R.I.E., overcoat on his arm. During the following, the freight train, off L., is heard to stop*]

LAW. Any reply?

POSSY. Not yet. It may come any moment.

LAW. There's no train east until that 11:45 tomorrow?

POSSY. No. [*Aside*] Is he so anxious to meet her?

LAW. [*Aside*] I could not spend another night here. [*Aloud*] When does the freight train start?

POSSY. Right away. [*The sounder calls Rawson's Y*] It's your answer.

LAW. Let's have it. [*Lays overcoat on platform. Possy touches key and answers call. The sounder then gives the following*]

POSSY. [*Reading*] "From—Sandy—River—Junction—October 17th—To Lawrence—Hatton—past—mistakes—forgotten—come—and—keep—the—old—promise. Dora."

LAW. [*Aside*] That settles it. [*Aloud*] Where shall I find the conductor of that train?

POSSY. They change conductors here. Jim has charge of it over the mountains.

LAW. Jim!—Oh!—[*Aside*] Lively prospect for me after our little confab this afternoon.

POSSY. You're going away tonight?

LAW. Yes, little girl, if they'll take me. [*Taking out pocketbook and writing note*] Will you kindly hand this with the money I will give you to my man in the morning? He is to pack up my traps and follow me. [*Enter Jim, L.2.E., with white lantern. Moves the arrow switch to L.3.E., and signals train to back up. Whistle gives signal to back, and the train is heard backing until the cars are heard to bump together and the end of the car in L.3.E. is seen to move back slightly; Jim goes out, L.3.E., behind car*]

POSSY. [*Aside*] If he goes on that train with Jim! [*Coupling pin heard to drop in its place, L.3.E.*] His safety and dad's both depend on it. [*Reenter Jim with white lantern, L.3.E.*] Jim, Mr. Hatton's goin' to leave here on this train.

JIM. Tonight?

POSSY. With you. Does he go safe?

JIM. If I goes with your promise.

POSSY. [*Gives her hand*] There it is. [*Enter Sam, L.3.E., with red lantern, which he places on back of car*]

LAW. [*To Jim*] It is important for me to start for New York tonight. I want to go on this train so as to catch the three o'clock express at Tin Horn.

JIM. All right! Broke the caboose on the down trip. Had to leave it at the repair shops t'other side of the mountains. Pick it up as we go by. Can you ride on the last car 'till then?

LAW. With pleasure. [*To Possy, giving her note in which he has wrapped money*] There, Possy, if you will be so kind.

JIM. [*To Sam*] It's all right, Sam. Possy and I have fixed it up.

LAW. [*To Possy*] You and Jim?

POSSY. Yes, Mr. Hatton. I'm goin' to marry him.

LAW. [*Offering his hand*] You have my heart's best wishes. Good-bye.

POSSY. [*Taking his hand*] Good-bye Mr. Hatton. [*Turns and sees Lawrence's overcoat. Takes it up.*]

JIM. We must be off. Climb up on the car, sir. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

SAM. Law! Be you goin'?

LAW. Yes. [*Shakes hands with Sam*] Good-bye. [*Climbs up on car*]

SAM. And, Possy, you've give your consent?

POSSY. Yes, dad—[*Aside*] to save you; Jim told me.

SAM. The coward!

POSSY. Don't worry. I said if the red light come, I'd be at your side. And I'm here.

SAM. My little gal! I'd 'a died rather'n bring this trouble on her. [*Possy goes close to end of car, presses her lips against Lawrence's overcoat. Aside*] Kissin' his coat. The gal loves him. [*Four short whistles, off L.3.E.*]

JIM. Engineer's callin'.

POSSY. Mr. Hatton, you'll need this goin' over the mountains.

LAW. Think so? The night seems a little oppressive to me.

POSSY. The night air's quite chilly.

JIM. [*Passing up the coat*] She's right. Wish I'd brought my coat. [*Swings lantern to start. The car begins to move off. Jim kisses his hand to Possy. Lawrence raises his hat*] Good night, Possy, I'll be down tomorrow at 4:13.

POSSY. Good night. [*To Lawrence*] Good-bye—and—good luck! [*The car disappears*] O dad!

SAM. I was watchin' you, gal. You love Mr. Hatton.

POSSY. I couldn't help it. [*Sobs on his shoulder*]

SAM. Thar! Thar! Don't cry. We got enough trouble, 'thout that! I don't ker for myself, little 'un; it's for you. But thar, the express will be along soon. I'll go down the line and see if all's correct. Here's the keys to the switches. [*Gives bunch of keys to Possey*] You shut 'em for me, up at the Y, that's a good gal. [*Aside, looking off, L.2.E.*] Most afraid to go down thar. Twice I've seen the light shinin' on the rails like the sun shined that afternoon at the Wing Dam. Somethin' in the air tonight feels like it did then. [*Exit, L.2.E. Sound of departing train grows fainter*]

POSSY. [*Turns the arrow-switch and locks it*] And I must marry Jim—and love, honor and obey him—all my life long—and I'm only seventeen. I wonder where my mother is now. Wonder if I'll ever go to her. I wouldn't care how soon it might be. And Jim—perhaps he'll be there, too, forever and forever. How cold it grows. I'm so lonely and tired. I wish I had died with mother. [*Looking off, L.3.E.*] There they go through the cut. Guess that's Jim goin' for'ard. That must be Mr. Hatton at the end of the train. Yes, he's put on his overcoat. Was he thinking of me? No use to watch him. It only hurts the more. I must go and close the switch, up at the Y. No, I can see him cross the big trestle from here. [*Takes her lantern and looks off, L.U.E.*] There he is. I can just make out the light coat; all by himself at the end, takin' his last look at Rawson's Y. Good-bye, dear heart! [*Music. Kissing her hand. Suddenly, she starts and bends eagerly forward*] Why, what's the matter? Train's parted! The car's run away. [*Swings lantern, giving signal for train parted*] Put on the brake! Put on the brake! Heaven is sending him back to me! [*Runs and looks off, L.3.E.*] Why don't he stop it? Ah, I remember, the brake is broken! The switch up at the Y's open. He'll dash into the siding. [*Moves arrow-switch quickly, then the switch, C.*] There! He is safe! The car'll run down past here, and out on the level 'till it stops itself. I've saved Mr. Hatton's life and it belongs to me. [*A long wailing whistle is heard down the line, R.*] My God! The express! They'll meet on this track! [*Waves the red light across track, C., then places lantern on platform. The rumble of the car heard, off L. She runs to switch, L.3.E., kneels beside it*] I never been to meetun', but Prairie says you'll get what you want if you ask for it. Help me! What shall I do? I love him! [*Long whistle, off R., nearer. She runs to main track and looks down the line, R.*] Oh, so many people! No, it ain't right. [*Turns switch, C., then rushes to switch, L.3.E., moves arrow-switch back, and turns the diamond-switch*]

Oh, my love, my love! Good-bye! Good-bye forever! I must take your life to save the train! My love! Good-bye! [*Terrific crash heard, off L. One short whistle, off R. Possey's last words die upon her lips as she staggers toward front and falls unconscious. Train heard to stop, R.1.E. Enter Prairie Flower from house, R.3.E.*]

PRAIRIE F. Land's sake! What's the express stoppin' here for? [*Seeing Possey*] Possey! Little gal! What's the matter? [*Kneels by Possey and chafes and slaps her hands. Enter Addleton, R.3.E., napkin around his neck*]

ADD. My train's gone! Left again! Oh, what's happened here? Bless my life! [*Going to Prairie Flower and Possey. The train is now supposed to have stopped. The steam is blowing in R.1.E., the glare of the headlight shining on Possey. Sam rushes on, L.2.E., in great excitement*]

SAM. The car is smashed and that white coat is under the wreck. [*Sees Possey and rushes to her*] My gal!

## ACT IV.

### THE GRAND JUNCTION. IN ON TIME.

SCENE: *Station master's parlor in the station at the Grand Junction. Neat substantial room fitted up in varnished wood, showing beams and rafters, something after the Eastlake style. Furnished tastefully and with an air of comfort. At back, R.C., a door, opening upon station platform; L.C., a broad window, through which a snowy exterior is seen. Large open fireplace for log fire, L.3.E., with crane and tea-kettle. Door, L.1.E. Archway with passage leading off, R.3.E. Backed rush-bottomed chair by fireplace. Log burning. Steam issuing from spout of kettle. Time, twelve o'clock of a winter's night. Snow seen falling through the window.*

SAM. [*Outside*] Hello, down on the branch there!

VOICE. [*In distance*] Hello—o—o.

SAM. Got them switches cleared out?

VOICE. Only one more.

SAM. Hurry up and fetch your men 'round on the main track.

VOICES. Aye, aye, sir. [*Sam passes window at back, then enters door, R.C. Has heavy overcoat on, and carries white lantern. Closes door and places lantern on floor beside door. Shakes snow off his overcoat*]

SAM. Awful night. [*Comes down and bends over fire*] Line blocked both ways. If it keeps on driftin' this way—[*Enter Prairie Flower, R.3.E. She is neatly dressed as though the family were a little more prosperous than in the previous acts. Startled*] Who's that?

PRAIRIE F. Land's sake, Sam Burroughs. Can't anybody come in a door 'thout you hoppin' 'round like a corn in a popper?

SAM. Only jes' my nerves, Prairie. They don't seem to be stiddy.

PRAIRIE F. I notice they ain't been stiddy for quite a spell back.

SAM. Prairie, do you think—stormy nights like this—ha'nts can come?

PRAIRIE F. Lands o' Goshen, man! You starts a blizzard right down my back. Ghosts!

SAM. Does they ever come on snowy nights?

PRAIRIE F. Merciful Moses, Sam! What put that in your head? What have we done to have a ha'nt skitterin' 'round us?

SAM. Nothin', Prairie, nothin'. I s'pects I'm all tuckered out wi' this 'ere storm.

PRAIRIE F. [*Preparing pot of tea*] Yes, ever since they carried the Branch Road through, and poor Rawson's Y got to be the Grand Junction, it's allers hurry and scramble.

SAM. For more'n two years, it seems to me, I ain't drawed a clear breath—ever since the night Jim was took away.

PRAIRIE F. Yes, and you're gettin' wuz every day.

SAM. I'm worried, Prairie, 'bout my little gal. She's so different. Nothin'll ever put that night out o' her head.

PRAIRIE F. Sam, the child done the best she could.

SAM. She thought all the time 'twere Mr. Hatton. The coat deceived her, Mr. Hatton lendin' it to Jim.

PRAIRIE F. My lands! 'Twas a narrow escape for Mr. Hatton. He'd no more'n given Jim the coat and gone for'ard when the train parted. Poor Jim!

SAM. He saw the light Possy gave him and stuck to the car, trustin' to her at the switches. He's a sleepin' now on the mountains yonder under the snow. It's most broke the gal's heart.

PRAIRIE F. She's not afrettin' over the one as came down the grade that night! It was the one that went up and never came back.

SAM. You mean Mr. Hatton?

PRAIRIE F. What made her try to improve herself every way she could? 'Cause, poor child, she knew 'twould raise her towards *him*.

SAM. And that's why she begged me to get her a governess. Bless her little heart!

PRAIRIE F. Most time the governess came for a cup o' my gunpowder tea. Well, it's all ready. [*Looking off, R.*] And I do declare, here's the governess ready for it. Come right in. [*Enter Puddychump, R. 3 E., in faded, half-shabby suit*] Here's your tea all ready.

PUDDY. The spirit is willing. And since I dealt in futures and bought on a rising market, the spirit is more willing than ever. Three lumps, please.

SAM. Any news o' that snowplow?

PUDDY. Verily, the engine draweth nigh and the track ere long will be swept and garnished.

SAM. I'll go out and look after Possy. Keep a good fire for her, Prairie. [*Takes lantern up, buttons coat, etc.*] If she gets in before I do, tell her I'll be back to say good night. [*Exit Sam*]

PRAIRIE F. [*At window, looking out*] Powerful heavy fall o' snow.

PUDDY. Ge-entle creature!

PRAIRIE F. Hope the child'll come in soon. Some o' them drifts 'most high as your head.

PUDDY. [*At fire, L. & E., sitting. Aside*] Verily, the wind bloweth where it drifteth. My heart has long yearned for that good and motherly woman. [*Aloud*] Mrs. Puddy—my soul anticipates—Mrs. Prairie.

PRAIRIE F. Mr. Puddychump.

PUDDY. I would hold sweet converse with you!

PRAIRIE F. More sweetin' in your tea?

PUDDY. It is my life I would have you sweeten.

PRAIRIE F. [*Sits by the fire*] You like your gunpowder tea sweet, Mr. Puddychump?

PUDDY. The laborer is worthy of his hire and the sweetening makes this hire particular tasty. [*Suddenly*] My heart burns within me.

PRAIRIE F. [*Raking the fire*] Yes, that's the lemon pie you ate. It's apt to give the heartburn.

PUDDY. It is another kind of fire that is burning and sizzling in my heart. A good woman, Mrs. Prairie, is a blessing unto all who know her. Her ways are chock full of pleasantness and all her paths desirable. She is more precious than rubies, than much fine gold. Lions have not seen her, neither hath the young unicorn found her. But I have.

PRAIRIE F. Mr. Puddychump, it does the heart good to hear you hold forth in your fluid style.

PUDDY. But ere I plead more, let me confess—on the occasion when I first met you, there found their way into my pocket—not altogether unknown to me—several sad and sinful sandwiches.

PRAIRIE F. Land's sakes, Mr. Puddychump! We're all liable to backslide at times. Don't let four pesky little sandwiches be a burden to you.

PUDDY. And you will give heed unto my cry?

PRAIRIE F. Well, I *thought* my heart was working because of your powerful exhortin'.



PUDDY. And you find it a more soothing sensation leading you on to take my hand in matrimonial felicity?

PRAIRIE F. Land o' Goshen! You come slap up on the pint, don't you? I ought to have a little time to consider.

PUDDY. Let us deal no more in futures. Why not consider now?

PRAIRIE F. When everythin' is upsot and the line blocked both ways?

PUDDY. My dear Mrs. Prairie—

PRAIRIE F. Mr. Puddychump, you must wait—till the road is runnin' reg'lar. [*Goes to window*] Why *don't* that child come home?

PUDDY. [*Aside*] The blizzard may endure for a night, but the temperature will rise in the morning.

PRAIRIE F. Here she be now, bless her little heart! [*Possy passes window and enters by door, R.C., which Prairie Flower opens for her. She wears a heavy wrap and carries a white lantern*] Lands, child! I thought you were lost in a snowdrift.

POSSY. [*Setting down lantern by door. Taking off cloak and hanging it up*] No, Prairie, I'm all right though I wondered how I *should* get *through*.

PUDDY. Any immediate prospect of the road runnin' reg'lar?

POSSY. It's clearing off. The wind is coming up lively. The snowplow has just arrived, with the westbound four hours late behind it. Switch is off below the station to let the midnight express pass. [*Sound of snowplow approaching, off L.U.E.*]

PRAIRIE F. There's the snowplow comin' along now.

PUDDY. I'll go bid it welcome.

POSSY. Eastbound is two hours and a half late. That'll have to switch off here, too, and lay over for the express. [*Sits at fire*]

PUDDY. [*Looking longingly at Prairie*] How many are laying over tonight, anxious for the road to clear! [*Exit, R.3E.*]

PRAIRIE F. The lunch counter's been waiting since eight o'clock. What a rush there'll be! [*Snowplow with heavy rumble passes window, L. to R. Shower of snow seen first, then cloud of steam mingling, through which flashes a white light on black ground, followed immediately with a red light and snow falling for a moment and then ceasing, as sound dies away*] My lands! That shakes the house enough to rattle the ham out o' the sandwiches.

POSSY. Where's father, Prairie?

PRAIRIE F. Gone to look after the westbound. Said he'd be back to say good night.

SAM. [*Outside, calls in terror*] Possy! [*Both start*] Possy! Possy!

POSSY. [*Rises quickly and starts toward door, R.C.*] That's father! What's happened? [*Sam throws open the door, R.C., and rushes in. Snow seen banked on the platform as though thrown by the snowplow*]

SAM. Where be you, Possey? Ah, my little gal! Gi' me your hand! Keep me from him!

PRAIRIE F. [*Closing the door*] Land o' Goshen, Sam Burroughs, what's got hold o' ye?

SAM. [*Shivering*] Prairie! Is that you? [*Goes to fire*]

PRAIRIE F. You're looking as cold as the north side of a January tombstone.

POSSY. Don't mind him, Prairie. Father's not well. Leave him to me. That's a good soul.

PRAIRIE F. Can't I lend a hand no ways, child?

POSSY. Not now, Prairie dear. If I need you, I'll call you.

PRAIRIE F. Just as you say, Possey. [*Aside*] Some burden, and the poor child's helpin' him to carry it. [*Exit, R.<sub>3</sub>E.*]

POSSY. You're tremblin' with the cold.

SAM. No, it's the sight o' *him* in the storm. He's come back to worry me.

POSSY. Now, don't take on so. There's nothing to worry you.

SAM. I told you 'twould happen some day. I seen him just as he looked when I threw him over the dam. His ha'nt has come back from the grave.

POSSY. Father!

SAM. I seen him ridin' on the engine as it rushed by the house. That inspector chap were with him. They've come for me.

POSSY. Quiet down, father. Give me my wrap and the lantern. I'll see about it.

SAM. No, child, it's not for you to face a ha'nt.

POSSY. Yes it is—if it comes troubling my father.

SAM. My gal! It'll freeze your heart as it did mine. There! There it is now! Don't you hear it? Callin' for me from the grave. O Possey! My little gal, save me! Save me! [*Crouches down beside her, holding her hand. Possey puts other arm around his neck. A low wailing moan is heard*]

POSSY. [*Listens, then smiles*] Why, father, it's the telegraph wires over our heads, singing in the wind. Now let Possey take care of you. Do just as she says, and our trouble will pass away. You go into my little workroom and lie down on the lounge, and try to sleep and forget. [*Leading him to door, L.<sub>1</sub>E.*] See, there's a nice fire burning.

SAM. What are you goin' to do?

POSSY. Never mind me. You only need a little rest and quiet, and I'm going to see that you get it.

SAM. Sweet little gal, every day you grow more like an angel! [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

POSSY. Poor father! He hears in the wind someone speaking from the grave! He thinks the dead come back. [*Wires sound again, low and plaintive*] Will my love ever come back to me? Now I have listened to the voice of the wires, and tried to think I heard *him* calling to me from his dear home way off yonder in the East. But they never speak a word to me. I wonder if he ever thinks of the little girl who posed for him—two long years ago? No. He went away to marry *her*, and he's dead to me. Oh, if my dead would speak! [*For a moment, presses both hands to her eyes, then checks herself quickly and puts on her cloak and takes lantern*] Possy, what are you doing? Just dry your eyes, my girl, take the lantern, go out to the snowplow, and see what this mystery of the inspector means. [*Exit, R.C. Sound of wires dies away. Enter Puddychump, followed by Colonel Jack and Lawrence*]

PUDDY. You're on the westbound?

COL. J. Yes, in search of Dora; she was to be at Naushontic Falls tonight. By this delay, we shall probably miss her.

PUDDY. She has met with no misfortune, I trust.

COL. J. Hasn't met with anything else, I think, since she went on the stage. Bless her heart, she quarrelled with everybody about going on the stage until even Lawrence's mother said that if Jack would bring her to reason, then she would fairly belong to Jack. I suppose we can telegraph.

PUDDY. I'll procure a blank. This apartment is sacred to the station master's family.

COL. J. You seem to be a member of the family, yourself.

PUDDY. Well, I have a little hope. In the old days, I was a lamb following the voice of the ticker. But the lamb was shorn.

COL. J. The Amalekites and the Hittites were all pretty badly clipped in that Branch Road scheme of yours.

PUDDY. We had no idea the road ran through mountains of carbonates.

COL. J. But it did, and stock is now selling at 212 and booming every day.

PUDDY. And I, the father of the scheme, am obliged to conjugate the verbs at four dollars a week and become telegraph operator for my board. [*Exit, R.3.E. Lawrence at the mention of his being telegraph operator turns quickly and looks at him; Colonel Jack observes*]

COL. J. [*Aside*] Ah, the former operator is not forgotten! I was afraid of it. [*Aloud*] Good many changes, Lawry, since you were here last.

LAW. Yes. [*Turns chair to fire*] Wonder if the same station master's here now?

COL. J. You mean the father of that foreground girl? Dare say his daughter married, and of course he'd go to live with his son-in-law.

LAW. You forget the girl's lover lost his life the night I left here.

COL. J. You don't suppose a girl like that would be a drug on the market long. [*Lawrence rises*] Bet you two to one she's married.

LAW. I—I don't bet. [*Goes to window, L.C. Enter Puddychump, R.3.E., with pencil and one blank*]

PUDDY. [*Aside*] Aha! I think my little pupil's verses will catch on. [*Offering pencil and blank to Colonel Jack*] The implements for the preparation of your message.

COL. J. Thank you. [*Looks at blank*] Why, what's all this? A lot of writing.

PUDDY. Oh, I drew that blank out of the operator's desk. I presume it is some of her scribbling.

LAW. [*To Puddychump*] You said you were the operator.

PUDDY. [*Aside*] The fish nibbles. [*Aloud*] The assistant operator.

LAW. [*Aside*] Then she is here.

COL. J. [*Looking at blank*] "Sometimes," etc.\*

LAW. [*Aside, sadly*] No.

COL. J. [*Aside*] If we don't raise the blockade soon, that young man will take another flyer in the operator market.

LAW. Why is it that I can't ask a straightforward question about her? [*Distant noise of train stopping*]

PUDDY. Ah, the eastbound has arrived! [*Colonel Jack writes message*]

LAW. [*Aside*] I will—[*To Puddychump*] From what you have been saying, I am led to infer that the—the person on whom devolved the duty of dispatching messages—

PUDDY. The operator.

LAW. [*Quickly*] Yes, of course—the operator. Is she the same as—when I was here last?

PUDDY. Oh, no, another girl altogether. [*Aside*] Thanks to my training.

LAW. Another girl. Then the little one who used to be here—

PUDDY. [*Aside*] He hath swallowed the bait. [*Aloud*] You're speaking of Possy?

LAW. [*Aside, thoughtfully*] Possy. Yes, that was the name.

PUDDY. You'll never see little Possy again.

COL. J. [*Aside*] Bless the blockade for that.

LAW. She's gone?

\* For the verses, of which Colonel Jack reads some part, see p. 55

PUDDY. Every trace of her. [*Aside*] The little god Cupid prevails. [*Aloud*] The operator who has succeeded Possy must be in the immediate vicinity. I'll call her.

LAW. No, thanks, I won't trouble you. I think I'll return to the car. The place seems rather cold to me.

PUDDY. Delay—you haven't heard—

LAW. Oh, quite enough, thank you. I really think I'll go back to the Cleopatra. [*Exit back*]

PUDDY. But he didn't get the whole truth. Possy's here.

COL. J. What! Now?

PUDDY. I conjugate the verbs for her. I have made her a lady. [*Moves toward door*] Let me explain.

COL. J. [*Stops him*] You'll do nothing of the kind. Here, get this telegram off as soon as you can. [*Gives him blank and money*] Never mind the change. Drop around to the Cleopatra if you have time. But, as you value my friendship, not a word to Lawrence of that girl. [*Exit, R.C.*]

PUDDY. To think of two loving hearts yearning for each other, and a poor backslider like me akeeping them asunder. How should I feel if someone tore me from my Prairie? Colonel Hatton! You have brought back the turmoil of Wall Street to this peaceful breast. I am about to betray your trust. It is a small backslide, but I shall slide. [*Looking off, R.3.E.*] By the Bulls of Bashan! This telegram will be delivered before it is sent. [*Puts telegram on mantelpiece. Exit, L.C. Enter Addleton and Dora at R.3.E. They come down timidly*]

ADD. I wonder what place this is. Come right in, Dora. Awfully good of the lunch lady to send us into this apartment.

DORA. [*Sits by fire*] Shall we be detained long?

ADD. Till that express behind us goes by.

DORA. [*Looking thoughtfully into fire*] It goes through to New York, doesn't it?

ADD. [*Also watching fire, mournfully*] Through to New York.

DORA. I wonder if we shall get through to New York?

ADD. Our tickets take us only to Sandy River Junction.

DORA. How much is it from there to New York?

ADD. Forty-five dollars.

DORA. How much have you left?

ADD. Fifteen cents.

DORA. Oh, if we had only raised the curtain tonight!

ADD. Dora, they couldn't raise the curtain to fourteen people. Shall I take off your overshoes—I mean, my overshoes?

DORA. My Ophelia dresses seized, my Juliet costume and my lovely Lady of Lyons wig, and I never wore one of them.

ADD. To say nothing of my Claude Melnotte uniform.

DORA. [*Rises, C.*] Think, Addleton, of being obliged to leave the theatre in the costume of the Strange Crime.

ADD. Oh, I was glad enough to get away, even in the dress of the Gentleman of Venice!

DORA. This is what they call the glamor of the footlights.

ADD. You ought to have allowed me to wire my banker.

DORA. Would he have kept the message sacred? In a week, all New York would have been ringing with our humiliation. I have some pride left.

ADD. I don't think I have anything at all left. A week ago, I wired Jack, "Meet us at Naushontic Falls with funds." Not a word has he answered.

DORA. Speaking to yourself, Addleton, or to me?

ADD. Only ruminating.

DORA. Miss Patty Perkins again?

ADD. Poor little Patty! To think we had to leave her behind.

DORA. She's forward enough sometimes; she ought to be left behind occasionally.

ADD. Dora, you are jealous.

DORA. Of that little monster?

ADD. If my soul didn't belong to the leading lady—[*Clasping hands and gazing at Dora*]

DORA. You would by this time have been engaged to the soubrette. Your mother will thank me when we get to New York. [*Enter Prairie Flower at R.*]

PRAIRIE F. Poor critters from the way they looked at the vittals. I don't believe they have the price of a doughnut between them. Most afraid to ask particulars. [*To Addleton*] Make yourself to hum. Set by the fire and toast your shins. You do look like Time in the primer.

DORA. Where are we now, my good woman?

PRAIRIE F. Land's sakes! You don't mean to say you don't know where you be? This is Grand Junction. Guess I'll have to turn 'em over to Possy. She knows how to handle these high-toned folks.

DORA. [*To Prairie*] My good woman, will you kindly send the station master to me?

PRAIRIE F. My child, guess you'd rather see his daughter. Now, hadn't you?

DORA. Thank you, that would be better. You see, I—that is—

PRAIRIE F. Now, don't say a word about it. The little girl I'm going to send to you will straighten everything out quicker than anybody this side

Chi—care—go. [*Aside*] Land o' Goshen. Just two babies in the woods. If there were any sparrers around, they would have 'em kivered up with leaves in no time. [*Exit, R.*]

DORA. Her face is very familiar.

ADD. I can't place her for the life of me. If the station master's daughter is as kind-hearted, we shall reach home without delay. [*Enter Possy, at R., with cloak and lantern as before. Places lantern on floor at door*]

POSSY. [*Aside*] It is Dora, and Prairie says they haven't a cent of money.

DORA. [*Rises*] I am extremely sorry to trouble you, Miss—[*Recognizes her*]

POSSY. Burroughs! Positive Burroughs!

ADD. [*Aside*] Oh! Calamity!

POSSY. No trouble at all. Prairie Flower told me you possibly might want supper. I still wait on the passengers.

DORA. Thank you. I hardly care for supper at this late hour.

ADD. Dora, you haven't had anything to eat since—

DORA. Never mind me, Mr. Spline. I haven't had any appetite for the past week, but if you feel like having a sandwich—

ADD. I insist on you having it.

POSSY. What's the objection to each of you having one? You came in on the eastbound? You must be ravenous. Just leave it to me. I'll get you a nice supper.

DORA and ADD. [*Quickly*] Oh, no!

DORA. Pray, don't. [*Aside*] Is the little wretch taking her revenge?

POSSY. [*Aside*] She hasn't a cent. I'll give her such a lesson. [*Louder*] Perhaps you'd like to communicate with your friends. You will probably be delayed a day or two more by the blockade east of here. Telegram to New York will be only two dollars. I am still the operator.

DORA. I'm glad to hear you kept your place.

POSSY. [*Sees telegram, takes it down*] Why, as I live! Here's a telegram for you. Dated tonight—and signed—Jack.

DORA. Jack Hatton! Here! Oh, now what shall I do?

POSSY. Why, don't you want to see him?

ADD. Colonel Hatton and Miss Van Tyne are not on good terms.

POSSY. [*Aside*] Miss Van Tyne! Not married! I could kiss her.

DORA. I'd rather meet any other person in the world than Colonel Jack Hatton.

COL. J. [*Opening door at back*] I thought I heard my name.

ADD. Oh! Calamity! [*Aside*] Oh, lor'! I'm so glad to see you.

COL. J. What, Dora! [*Dora throws herself in chair by fire. Colonel Jack offers hand to Addleton, nods to Possy*] Miss Burroughs, I believe. [*To Dora*] Well, this blockade is the most fortunate thing that ever happened on the line. Thought you were going West.

DORA. We have just closed a most successful season.

ADD. [*Aside*] From an artistic point of view.

COL. J. But your dresses. Is this the latest winter style in the West? [*Addleton begins humming and waltzing the "Carnival of Venice"*]

DORA. We were so anxious to catch the train that we left the theatre in a hurry.

ADD. Yes, we were so anxious to leave the theatre that we caught the train in a hurry.

DORA. Rather than be delayed, we determined not to put on our street dresses till we reached New York.

COL. J. Then you're on the way home now. Give me the checks for your baggage, and we'll have it transferred to the Cleopatra.

DORA. Let me see. [*Looks in handbag. Aloud*] Where did I put them? [*Addleton looks on in alarm*]

POSSY. [*Aside*] She has no baggage. [*Aloud*] Why not let your trunks remain where they are? The baggage master might not be able to get at them—before the express comes along.

ADD. Oh, I'm sure he couldn't find them. Better let the baggage go. [*Winking at Colonel Jack*]

COL. J. [*Aside*] That little Possy is trying to save Dora's feelings, but Dora must learn her whole lesson. [*Aloud*] I spent all the change I had a moment ago. Lend me your pocketbook, there's a good girl. You won't find it any lighter in the morning.

ADD. [*Aside*] Couldn't be much lighter!

POSSY. Oh, your pocketbook! [*To Colonel Jack*] I'm glad you spoke of it. [*Exit to table, L., takes pocketbook slyly out of her pocket while pretending to take it from basket, pushing it open. To Dora*] I'm sure you can't tell where you lost it. [*Laughing*] Well, perhaps you'll say we didn't have a cup of tea together. Perhaps you'll say you didn't lay your purse down on the table. Perhaps you'll say you didn't rush out to see the snowplow and forget it. At any rate, this is your pocketbook. [*Dora takes pocketbook*]

COL. J. [*Aside*] That little girl is a brick.

DORA. [*Having opened pocketbook, looks archly at Jack*] Now, Jack, how much?



POSSY. Why not settle it over supper? I ordered it served in here. [*Pushes open door, L.*] I thought Miss Van Tyne would prefer it in the dining room.

ADD. Superior! Oh, crumbs!

COL. J. Excellent idea. Addleton, go to the Cleopatra and get a bottle of sherry.

ADD. Gladly. [*Exit back*]

COL. J. Come, Dora, I have a thousand things to tell you. [*As he exits to door at L., Dora throws her arms about Possey's neck and kisses her, then goes out, L. Colonel Jack turns to Possey*] Little girl, I said some very harsh things to you once. [*Bowing respectfully*] I was mistaken. [*Exit, L.*]

POSSY. [*Looking after him*] His voice was like his cousin's then. [*Enter Sam*]

SAM. Colonel Hatton here again! He's the one that started that inspector on the search.

POSSY. Dear father, we can put away every fear now. I followed that snowplow down the yard—

SAM. You didn't see the ha'nt?

POSSY. [*Calmly*] I spoke to him.

SAM. Possey, child!

POSSY. And he answered me.

SAM. Done you no harm?

POSSY. No more than he will hurt you.

SAM. You don't know what you're sayin'.

POSSY. Father, sometimes those we think are dead come back again. [*Three distinct knocks heard at back*]

SAM. What's that?

POSSY. The proof of what I say. Don't be frightened, father. He's right there—come to lift the burden from both our hearts. [*Knocks repeated*] Yes, that's the signal. Now, to welcome the ha'nt. [*Opens door, disclosing Lawrence standing with a note in his hand*] Mr. Hatton!

LAW. I was told to give three knocks and deliver this note. Do I intrude?

POSSY. Oh, I beg your pardon—walk in. The surprise at seeing you—

LAW. Yes, naturally—I—how do you do? [*They shake hands*] I was coming with Puddychump from the other side of the station when we happened upon the famous road detective.

SAM. Then he is around.

LAW. It seems he rode in on the snowplow engine from some outlying district with his prisoner, Broncho George. The latter wanted some one to find the station master's daughter and give her this. So, I volunteered.

POSSY. Thank you.

SAM. Broncho George's alive!

POSSY. Jim saved him.

SAM. Then Jim lied to me.

POSSY. But he's not here to defend himself, and Broncho George gives you his written word that you were not to blame.

SAM. [*To Lawrence*] I ax your pardon. [*To Possy*] Possy, child, you can thank Mr. Hatton better nor me for bringin' this. Gimme the lantern; the through express will be along before you know it, for now the line's 'most clear. [*At door, back to Lawrence*] Oh, sir, you can't imagine how much happiness there was wrapped up in that piece o' paper. [*Exits back*]

LAW. Possy, may I tell you how much happiness there was wrapped up in that piece of paper?

POSSY. You will never know what it brought my father.

LAW. But I know it has brought me to you.

POSSY. [*Archly*] Are models so scarce in New York?

LAW. Well—yes. Such a model as I want, a man finds only once in a lifetime. As a figure in the foreground, Possy, you are a success.

POSSY. I was afraid by this time the figure had gone into the background.

LAW. Because by some blind mistake, the artist thought the model unsuited to his canvas. He tried to get the old effects with another model. The picture was rich in tone but it lacked feeling. It was only an impression. He painted it out. Then it was he realized the little figure in the foreground had become a part of his life.

POSSY. But while the artist was away, the poor model realized her own mistakes.

LAW. [*Picking up telegram left on table*] What if he learned from her friends that she used her mistakes as stepping stones to a life far better and sweeter than his.

POSSY. His life is full of pictures, music, and poetry—everything to make it beautiful. Hers is commonplace and dull. Not a trace of such things.

LAW. [*Reads*] "The Voice of the Wires."

POSSY. Oh, you mustn't read that! How came it here? Why, it's your cousin's telegram.

LAW. Then you wrote these verses? Let me hear them.

POSSY. It's only some thoughts that always come to me when the wires are singing in the night.

LAW. What do they say to you?

POSSY. I don't know—they say so much and mean so little.

LAW. Then read what you say to them.

POSSY. I—I'd rather not.

LAW. Please.

POSSY. [*Reading*] Sometimes upon the busy wires  
The winds breathe sweet and low  
As if they found them tuneful lyres  
On which to whisper as they go.

When wintry winds go roaring by,  
They stir to louder, wilder tones,  
Or, sinking to a murmuring sigh,  
Breathe out a message full of moans.

I cannot read it.

LAW. Oh, yes, go on!

POSSY. [*Reading*] The tones seem full of joy or woe  
Or bring to pain a sweet release,  
I listen as the wild winds blow,  
In hopes my heart may find some peace. [*Her voice*

*breaks*]

LAW. [*Takes paper from her hands. Reads*]  
I, listening, wait, if I may hear  
In all their tones one word more clear,  
One message meant alone for me:  
I come, dear heart, I come to thee.

Possy, do you hear the wires over our heads? Will you let me bring their message? [*Possy nods in silence*] "I come, dear heart, I come to thee." [*Possy looks up in his face, offering her hand*] My wife. [*Possy puts her hand in his and, rising, puts her other hand around his neck. Enter Prairie Flower, R.*]

PRAIRIE F. [*Seeing them*] Land o' Goshen! [*Raises her hands and turns away. Enter Puddychump, at R.*]

PUDDY. Oh, joy! My little slide has ended well.

LAW. Little Prairie Flower, shake the hand of a happy man.

PRAIRIE F. [*To Possy*] You blessed child, it's plain to see the finger of Providence in this yere pic. [*Enter Addleton at back with a bottle of sherry under each arm*]

PUDDY. [*To Addleton*] Are there any symptoms of the line being cleared soon?

ADD. Oh, blow the line! Cleopatra will take care of me now. [*Enter Colonel Jack and Dora, at L.*]

COL. J. Does anybody want to ask a favor of me? If so, now's a good time. I'll grant anything.

LAW. [*To Dora*] Welcome, Dora, I heard you were here.

COL. J. [*To Popsy*] Young lady, I shall never be able to express my gratitude for what you did tonight. There's one service I can render. [*Offers pocketbook*] This is your pocketbook. Perhaps, you'll tell me you didn't lose it; perhaps, you'll tell me how I found it. [*To Lawrence*] Lawry, that telegram I addressed to Dora—

LAW. [*Shows message*] Here it is, Jack.

COL. J. Then let me tell you, sir, that is a message from me [*Takes Dora's hand*] to my wife.

LAW. [*Turning over message and pointing to poem*] Yes, and that is a message [*Taking Popsy's hand*] from my wife to me.

ADD. Oh, crumbs! What's to become of me! Oh, I forgot! Here, somebody, give me a blank—[*Puddy hands him one as Sam enters at back with lantern*]

SAM. Line's clear both ways.

PUDDY. Prairie!

PRAIRIE F. Zerubby!

PUDDY. Ge-e-e-entle creature!

ADD. [*Writing*] To Miss Patty Perkins. [*Express whistle heard outside, R.*]

SAM. There's the express. In on time.

VOICE. [*Outside*] Grand Junction! Grand Junction!

SAM. [*Looks about*] Grand Junction! I should say it was a Grand Junction. [*To Popsy*] Why, Popsy, gal, what you been doin'?

POSSY. Fixin' the switches, dad. I was runnin' wild on a branch road till he gave me a red light, for I was clean off the line. And then, father, I knew I loved him, and his love led me on to peace and safety.

LAW. And we shall both go through to happiness and stations beyond along "The Main Line."

CURTAIN

THE WIFE  
*A Play in Four Acts*  
By David Belasco  
and  
Henry C. De Mille

## CHARACTERS

JOHN RUTHERFORD, *of the U.S. Senate*

MATTHEW CULVER, *in politics*

ROBERT GRAY, *attorney-at-law*

SILAS TRUMAN, *of the Produce Exchange*

MAJOR HOMER G. PUTNAM, G.A.R., *whose faint heart ne'er won fair lady*

MR. RANDOLPH, *Rutherford's private secretary*

JACK DEXTER, *"Columbia, '88"*

HELEN TRUMAN, *an only daughter*

LUCILE FERRANT, *from New Orleans*

MRS. S. BELLAMY IVES, *in charities*

KITTY IVES, *coming out*

MRS. AMORY, *junior member of Truman & Co.*

AGNES, *Helen's maid*

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: MRS. IVES'S VILLA, NEWPORT. JULY. THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS. THE OLD AFFAIR. "THE LOVER."

ACT II: RECEPTION ROOM AT SENATOR DEXTER'S, WASHINGTON. FEBRUARY. MRS. DEXTER'S BALL. THE QUARREL. "THE HUSBAND."

ACT III: LIBRARY IN RUTHERFORD'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON. SAME EVENING. THE INVESTIGATION. THE CONFESSION. "THE MARRIAGE TIE."

ACT IV: SAME SCENE. APRIL. THE ECLIPSE. THE MISSION TO ST. PETERSBURG. "THE WIFE."

## ACT I.

SCENE: *House of Mrs. Bellamy Ives, Newport. July. Evening. Enter Mrs. Amory, L.I.E., excitedly.*

MRS. A. [*Coming L.*] What can detain Agnes so long! Mme. Genet promised to have Nelly's wreath at eight o'clock, and it is already half past nine. [*Enter Agnes, R.I.E., hurriedly, out of breath*] At last!

AGNES. [*R.C.*] I hurried as fast as I could, Mrs. Amory. Mme. Genet was putting on the last orange blossom as I arrived. Am I in time?

MRS. A. [*C.*] Thank goodness, yes; the first act is nearly over and she wears it in the next. Take it to Miss Helen at once! [*Exit Agnes, L.I.E. Sinking on tête-à-tête, R.C.*] These private theatricals will be the death of me. I don't remember when I've been so excited. If Nelly had been obliged to act the bride without the wreath, the entire performance would have been ruined. [*Enter Silas, L.E.*]

SILAS. If ever I permit myself to be cajoled into quitting business again for a holiday, and wheat, choice red, going from 82½ to 83¾ and back again! [*Crossing, L.C.*] It's bad enough to be roused out of sleep by the boat's arrival at three in the morning, and thrust into the pleasures of Newport half awake—

MRS. A. [*R.C., on tête-à-tête*] Why, what's the trouble, brother?

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Trouble? Trouble enough. I have been ordered to go in front by Mrs. Ives and the rest of the committee. As if I didn't have a right to break through all the rules, with my daughter playing the leading part. Margaret, that ends it! The next time Mrs. Bellamy Ives gets into private theatricals, for the benefit of her widows and orphans, and calls on me to help her out—

MRS. A. You'll help her.

SILAS. I'll what? She may hire her widows out to some burlesque troupe for fairs before she gets another penny out of me.

MRS. A. Ha, ha, ha! It's a wonder you don't go home.

SILAS. What! And miss seeing Nelly appear as a bride! I wouldn't miss it for all the wheat in Dakota. Besides, I paid three hundred dollars for the dress and the bridal incidentals. I want to see my money doing the widows and orphans some good. [*Sitting, R.C., on tête-à-tête*] By the way, that re-

minds me, who do you suppose wants to make Nelly a genuine bride? Talked to me three hours about her on the boat last night.

MRS. A. [R.] Who?

SILAS. [R.C.] John Rutherford.

MRS. A. [R.] Senator Rutherford?

SILAS. [R.C.] If I hadn't known the man was in earnest, I'd have laughed outright.

MRS. A. I don't see why.

SILAS. Look here, Margaret—[*Crossing, looks out of door, L.*] That isn't Nelly's scene, is it? No. I don't want to lose a word. [*Returning, C.*] I would do anything in the world for John Rutherford, and I know he would for me. But when it concerns Nelly—

MRS. A. You couldn't choose a better man.

SILAS. What d'ye mean by "choose?" You talk of a husband as if I were about to buy a pony.

MRS. A. [*Crossing, L.C.*] That's all very well, Silas, but if John Rutherford asks Nelly to be his wife, I shall use every effort to induce her to accept him.

SILAS. [C.] Well, there's no need of losing your temper over it.

MRS. A. [L.C.] I am not.

SILAS. [*Going up, R.C.*] Well, I am. We can't settle the matter anyway; the girl herself has something to say about it.

MRS. A. [L.C.] Silas, you know that nothing would make you happier than to see Nelly married to John Rutherford. [*Ring music*]

SILAS. [R.C., *coming down*] That's what I'm afraid she will think; it isn't my happiness but *hers*, I'm looking after.

MRS. A. [L.C.] I'll trust her little head not to make a mistake.

HELEN. [*Outside, L.*] Call me, Agnes, when it's time.

MRS. A. She's coming. [*Silas goes up, R.C.*]

HELEN. [*Enter L.E. door*] Ha, ha, ha! Aunt Margaret, where's papa? The funniest thing happened just now.

SILAS. [*Coming down, R.C.*] Funny?

HELEN. [*Crossing to him, R.C.*] What, papa? Still loitering behind the scenes? Didn't you hear the order from the committee that you were to go in front and stay there? Now, don't appeal to me. As Major Putnam would say, [*à la militaire*] you've been ordered to the front, and to the front you must go!

SILAS. [R.] Now my own daughter orders me off the stage.

HELEN. [*Crossing, L.C. to Mrs. Amory*] What do you think, Aunt Margaret? In the scene just now with—



SILAS. [*Sits, R.C., on tête-à-tête*] With Gray—ha, ha, ha!

HELEN. [*L.C.*] When I find out that he has been faithless—you know, where I give the heart-rending cry, and wildly clutching the air with my hands, roll over senseless on the floor, what did that dear, ridiculous old papa do but seize a glass of iced water. He thought I'd really fainted. If the committee hadn't held him back, he'd have rushed on the stage. [*Crossing to Silas*] Ha, ha, ha!

SILAS. [*On tête-à-tête, R.C.*] Now, Margaret—now, Nelly!

HELEN. [*R.C., with arms around Silas*] Yes, you would, too. You wanted to throw cold water on my performance.

SILAS. Well, I plead guilty. I'm an old dunce.

MRS. A. [*L.C.*] No, you're not.

SILAS. [*R.C.*] I say I am!

MRS. A. Well, then you are!

SILAS. [*Rising and crossing to C.*] Eh? What's that?

MRS. A. [*L.C.*] I simply agreed with you.

HELEN. You spoil him as much as I do. [*To Silas, throwing her arms about his neck*] You dear old stranger, I've been so busy preparing for tonight I haven't had a moment to look at you. [*Kisses him*] I'm so excited and so happy.

MRS. A. [*L.C.*] Did you tell your father about Lucile?

HELEN. [*R.C., to Silas*] Oh, Lucile Ferrant is here.

SILAS. [*C.*] What! Daughter of the late Colonel Ferrant, of New Orleans?

HELEN. She's been in Newport nearly a week—visiting the Putnams.

MRS. A. [*L.C.*] She's here tonight.

HELEN. Oh, I forgot to ask you this morning, did you bring the music I wrote for? [*Silas, sitting R.C., slaps his knee*] Now, you don't mean to tell me you forgot it?

SILAS. [*R.C.*] No, no! But I left it on the boat.

HELEN. [*R.*] Oh, that's why you've been so quiet about it.

SILAS. [*R.C.*] No, I remembered, only—I forgot it.

MRS. A. [*Going up, L.C.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, don't you be as bad as he is, and forget your next scene.

HELEN. [*Crossing, L.*] Agnes will let me know.

MRS. A. And mind you speak loud; and, when you fall, don't hurt yourself. [*Exit, L.U.E., up steps*]

SILAS. How many falls are there in this play?

HELEN. [*L.*] My conception of my part is to fall at the end of every act.

SILAS. [R.C.] Oh, you come down every time with the curtain. Well, how long before your next tumble?

HELEN. [Looking off, L.] Oh, about five minutes.

SILAS. Then there's a little matter of business I want to get off my mind.

HELEN. [L.] Business, papa?

SILAS. [R.C.] Yes, Nelly, come here. Do you know who is head over ears in love with you?

HELEN. [Crossing, C.] Who, papa?

SILAS. [R.C.] John Rutherford.

HELEN. [C.] Mr. Rutherford!

SILAS. [R.C.] That's what brought him here. Before he leaves Newport, he'll ask you to be his wife. But I want you to know my feelings in the matter before he speaks to you. [Rising, taking her hands] When the time comes for you to leave your own home, nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see you enter Rutherford's. But, if there is anyone else that you prefer and that little head of yours tells you that he'll make you happy, don't let any mistaken desire to please me, influence you! [Going up, L.C.]

HELEN. [Still holding his hand] You crusty old merchant—and this is what you call business.

SILAS. Well, you wouldn't call giving away your only daughter pleasure, would you? [Going up steps, L.C.] I recognize only two things in life, business and pleasure—and what isn't pleasure must be business. [Exit, L.U.E., upstairs]

HELEN. [Up at stairs, L.C.] It was all I could do to keep from telling papa about Robert—[Enter Gray, R.U.E., from conservatory]

GRAY. [R.C.] Nelly! Here alone?

HELEN. [R.C.] All alone.

GRAY. At last we have a moment to ourselves. Ah, the audience little thought just now how real our lovemaking was. [Puts his arm about her] My darling!

HELEN. [Drawing away downstage to R.] Well, they soon will know if you are not more careful.

GRAY. Ah, well, Nelly, let them know. As soon as the play is over, I mean to speak to your father.

HELEN. Robert, I just spoke to papa, and he said—

GRAY. What! Did he refuse?

HELEN. He said my choice would be his.

GRAY. Ah, then he consents.

HELEN. No; he was speaking of someone else—

GRAY. [Crosses, going down, L.C.] Oh, there's someone else, is there?

HELEN. [*Coming to him, C.*] Why, Bob, you stupid boy! [*Turns him to face her*] My choice is here. You know that. I've never loved anyone in all the world but you. Can you say as much?

GRAY. I never knew what love meant until you taught it to me. But there! I'm forgetting all about the play. [*Crossing, R.U.E.*] I must be off. O Nelly! There's one thing I forgot. [*R., up. She crosses to him at R.C. Looking around, then steals a kiss*] this—[*Exit, R.U.E., into conservatory*]

HELEN. [*Up R.C.*] If anything should come to break my faith in you—[*Crosses front of ottoman, R.C.*] what am I thinking of? And your words of love still sounding in my ears. I wonder if papa guessed the truth when he spoke to me just now! Mr. Rutherford will ask me to be his wife! [*Music. Crossing, R.*] Oh, I'm so sorry! [*Kitty rushes on from L.U.E.*]

KITTY. [*Crossing to L.U.E., at end of speech*] Nelly! Nelly! Did anyone pass through here?

HELEN. [*R., on ottoman*] Yes, papa just went into the audience.

KITTY. [*Going to R.U.E.*] No, I mean did you see anyone come out?

HELEN. [*R.C., front of tête-à-tête*] No!

KITTY. [*Coming down behind double chair, R.C.*] So glad I haven't missed him. I saw him leave the parlor and I dodged around by way of the conservatory, to meet him. You know whom I mean. You introduced him to me this morning in the water.

HELEN. [*R.C., seated*] Mr. Dexter?

KITTY. [*Turning face away*] Yes, Jack.

HELEN. [*Turning Kitty around*] Jack?

KITTY. Oh, yes, we're well acquainted now. Meeting a gentleman for the first time in a parlor is one thing, but meeting him in the surf is very different.

HELEN. So it appears.

KITTY. You see, just after you introduced us, there came a great big wave and upset us both. I hollered. He caught me and kept me afloat and—well, there was a bond of sympathy between us right away.

HELEN. I suppose that gives *him* the privilege of calling *you*—

KITTY. Oh, yes.

HELEN. Kitty!

KITTY. M—m.

HELEN. Quite a romantic introduction, wasn't it?

KITTY. That's just what Jack said when we were sitting together on the life buoy. [*Going up steps, L.C., crossing to and looking off, L.U.E.*] There he comes. [*Enter Agnes L.U.E.*]

AGNES. Miss Helen—they are calling for you.

HELEN. [*Crossing, L.*] Yes, I'm coming, Agnes. [*Exit Agnes, L.I.E.*]

KITTY. [*On steps, up L.C.*] Don't go away—that is, don't go *far* away! If you'll just go in the next room and play propriety—mama will be *ever* so grateful.

HELEN. [*L.C. Laughingly*] Well, Miss Mischief, I'll leave Agnes to play propriety for you—but remember, Kitty, if mama asks me where you are, I shall have to tell the truth. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

AGNES. [*Outside, L.*] Miss Helen, will you please—

HELEN. I'm coming, Agnes. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

KITTY. [*Looking off, L.U.*] He's coming. [*Coming down steps*] I'm so nervous. [*Going to L.I.E., calling off*] Nelly! She doesn't hear. [*Crosses to C., quickly*] After getting accustomed to a gentleman in his bathing suit—it's rather awkward meeting him in his clothes. [*Gives quick glance toward L.U., around the stage, and then runs behind screen, R.U.E., in conservatory. Enter Jack hurriedly down steps, L.U.E., with newspaper in his hand. Music*]

JACK. This is a burning shame! [*Goes to L.I.E.*] I wonder if Bob Gray is on the stage; no, [*Turning and going on, R.C.*] he must be in the dressing room then. The idea of Bob going back on any girl! This is a libel, that's what it is. [*C.*] Bob's a friend of mine, and if he wants anybody's head punched, I'm just the fellow to do it for him. [*Going towards R.I.E.*]

KITTY. [*Her head appearing above screen*] Me—ow—ow!

JACK. [*R.C., looks about*] Pst! Pst! [*Crosses to C.L.*]

KITTY. [*Hidden behind screen*] Me—ow—ow!

JACK. [*Looks toward R.U.*] Where is the cat? [*Goes into conservatory in front of screen*]

KITTY. [*Coming from behind screen, darts up steps and hides behind curtains, L.U.E.*] Me—ow—ow!

JACK. [*Coming from behind screen. Crosses down R. of ottoman*] Why, she's in distress. Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Where can it be? [*Ad lib. till Kitty puts her head through curtain on landing*]

KITTY. [*Poking her head through curtains*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

JACK. [*Crosses front to C.L.*] Hello!

KITTY. [*On landing, L.C.*] Hello!

JACK. Been having lots of fun up there, haven't you?

KITTY. Um-um. It's rather strange our accidentally happening to meet here tonight, isn't it?

JACK. Yes, come down and talk to a fellow.

KITTY. Oh, no.

JACK. Oh, come on.

KITTY. Mama doesn't wish me to talk to you.

JACK. Oh, pshaw! Just because your mother and mine happen to be social rivals is no reason why we shouldn't be good friends.

KITTY. Well, since you insist upon detaining me, I'll sit here. [*Sitting on top step*] Besides, I can command a view in both directions.

JACK. [*Sits on bottom steps, then goes up and seats himself one step lower than Kitty*] This lay's way over the life buoy.

KITTY. Yes, it's not so rickety.

JACK. Funny we never met before.

KITTY. I heard all about you from Jessie Rawlinson.

JACK. Oh! Yes. That little brindle-haired girl from Rutgers. She's Araminta in the play tonight. She a friend of yours?

KITTY. We often swap confidences.

JACK. She tell you all she knew about me?

KITTY. Um, um!

JACK. You don't think any the less of me, do you?

KITTY. No. But I'm afraid you're awful fickle.

JACK. Oh, I know my own mind now. I'm going to graduate next year.

KITTY. Are you? I'm coming out this winter.

JACK. I could have taken my B.A. last spring, but the faculty took a liking to me and kept me with 'em another year.

KITTY. [*Finger raised*] I know! You didn't pass your examinations.

JACK. Oh, yes I did. I was made stroke oar. O Kitty! You ought to see me at college.

KITTY. Reciting Greek?

JACK. No, giving the stroke to the crew. [*Sings*] "Here's to our Alma Mater, Long may she live and rise—" [*As Jack sings, Kitty rises in alarm and anxiously looks off, R. and L., at the same time quieting Jack*]

KITTY. Hope nobody heard you. Shouldn't like mama to come and catch me.

JACK. [*Down to foot of steps*] Is there any immediate danger of your mother seeking you?

KITTY. Well, there would be if she knew where I was. [*Sits on landing, L. end*]

JACK. Make yourself comfortable, Kitty; take an apple. [*Comes down and takes two apples from dish on table, up C.*]

KITTY. Oh! Don't touch those.

JACK. Why not?

KITTY. They're to be used in the play.

JACK. Well, I'll take my share now. Catch! [*Throws Kitty an apple. Sits on her R.*] Now there's your mother—

KITTY. [*Rising in great alarm, looks again*] Where?

JACK. [*Continuing*] She devotes most of her time to charities, doesn't she?

KITTY. [*Slowly resuming her former position, sits at his L.*] You thought that was funny, didn't you?

JACK. Well, doesn't she?

KITTY. Jack, if mama should come, you run that way—[*Pointing R.*] and I'll run this. [*Pointing L.U.*]

JACK. All right—your mother is in charities, isn't she?

KITTY. [*Eating*] Um-um. Widows and orphans.

JACK. I wonder if I were an orphan if she would take me in. My mother's in literature. Wish you belonged to our set. We have loads of fun when mother reads a paper.

KITTY. I wish you belonged to our set. I have lots of time to myself, when mama's doing committee work. [*Kitty drops her apple*]

JACK. Take a bite of mine. [*Kitty takes Jack's apple, continues eating. Business of Jack looking at it*] I tried all last winter to meet you. So I thought I'd just cut Lenox this summer and come to Newport. As it was, I had to strike you in the surf. I tell you what it is, Kitty, fate has been keeping us apart.

KITTY. [*Romantic*] Just like Romeo and Juliet. They had to go and meet in a drugstore.

MRS. IVES. [*Outside, L.I.E.*] Oh, very well, very well! I'll go in front and watch the performance!

KITTY. [*Terrified, rises on landing*] Mama!

JACK. [*Equally alarmed, rises down foot of stairs*] Great Caesar!

KITTY. Oh! Let me down.

JACK. I'll go up. [*Kitty first comes up steps as Jack comes down. Kitty turns and comes down as Jack goes up; they meet, and Jack in his embarrassment catches her in his arms, at the same time holding himself by the balusters. At that moment, enter Mrs. Ives, L.I.E. Sees Kitty in Jack's arms on landing, stands horrified*]

MRS. I. [*L.C.*] Kitty!

KITTY. [*Hesitating, laughing nervously*] Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. I. Go and wait for me in the parlor.

KITTY. [*Very meekly*] Yes, mam, I'm going. [*Starts slowly up steps. Jack descends steps, unconsciously taking another apple, and stands R.C.*]

MRS. I. Do you hear me, miss? [*Turns L.*]

KITTY. [*Quickening her pace*] Yes, mam, I'm going. [*To Jack, aside*] Why didn't you run? [*Mrs. Ives at foot of stairs follows Kitty with her eyes; Kitty is about to exit L.U. Jack throws a kiss to her. Mrs. Ives turns; Kitty*

*throws a kiss to Jack and runs off; Mrs. Ives turns to Kitty, Jack throws another kiss; Mrs. Ives turns, face to Jack]*

JACK. [*Crosses to her*] Have an apple?

MRS. I. Sir!

JACK. [*Back down front of ottoman*] I beg your pardon.

MRS. I. [*C.L.*] How is it, Mr. Dexter, that I find my daughter in such an extraordinary position?

JACK. It *was* rather awkward, wasn't it? I never was caught so before—fact is, Kitty—Miss Ives, I mean she fell—up the steps and I was trying to—get her down.

MRS. I. Well, as you go on very soon, perhaps you will be good enough to put on your uniform.

JACK. With pleasure—just as soon as the perruquier glues on my moustache. [*Mrs. Ives eyes him sternly; Jack good-naturedly approaches her*] You're sure you don't want an apple? [*She glares at him*] Don't say another word; I'm off. [*Goes, R.I.E.*]

MRS. I. [*Crosses R., front of ottoman*] If I had my way, you should never have taken part in my theatricals. But as your predecessor threw up his part at the last moment, we were obliged to ask you. [*Jack exits R. Enter Lucile, L.U.E., down steps*] Ah! Miss Ferrant! Not watching the performance?

LUCILE. [*L.C.*] Yes, I have been until now.

MRS. I. [*R.C.*] Then you saw the love scene?

LUCILE. [*Crossing down, C.L.*] Yes, they have just finished. I waited for that.

MRS. I. [*Sitting, R.C.*] My choosing Helen and Mr. Gray for those two parts was an inspiration, wasn't it? Oh!—I forgot; you came here from New Orleans so recently, of course, you wouldn't know.

LUCILE. [*Crosses to R.C.*] Know what?

MRS. I. Well, it isn't generally known, but there isn't a doubt that their engagement will soon be made public.

LUCILE. Are they engaged?

MRS. I. Well, not exactly, but Robert Gray is desperately in love with her.

LUCILE. [*Half fainting*] Ah!

MRS. I. [*Alarmed, rises, going quickly to her*] Miss Ferrant! Why, what's the matter?

LUCILE. [*Recovering*] The same feeling that came over me in the room just now. [*Sinks on ottoman, R.C.*] That is why I left. [*Enter Culver and Mrs. Amory, L.U.E. steps*]

MRS. I. [*To Lucile, at her L.*] I'm so sorry. Ah, you will excuse me, dear—the curtain is down.

CUL. Mrs. Ives, Miss Truman at the end of the act was positively enchanting.

MRS. A. Beautiful! They called her out three times.

MRS. I. Oh! I'm so delighted.

MRS. A. I hope that last fall didn't hurt her. I must go and see. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

MRS. I. Will you excuse me?—while I go and receive the congratulations of the audience. [*Exit, L.I.E. up steps*]

CUL. [*To Lucile, at her L.*] It is rather awkward that you and Gray and I should meet under the same roof tonight. [*Agnes enters, L.I.E., crosses, gets dish of apples and workbasket, C., exits, L.I.E.*]

LUCILE. [*R.C., on ottoman*] Matthew Culver, the most unfortunate hour of my life was when I first met you.

CUL. [*R.C.*] You didn't think so until you nursed Robert Gray through that fever at New Orleans.

LUCILE. All my misery I owe to you.

CUL. How unjust you women are! When I saw your affection gradually becoming alienated from me, did I upbraid you? No! With good wishes for you both, I withdrew, as any man of honor should. I never stay where I'm not wanted; it is one of the rules of my life. It was simply the irony of fate that brought Gray to the orange grove the night we parted forever.

LUCILE. I would have gone on my knees to have kept his love; but with words of reproach and contempt, he left me.

CUL. For all of which I am held duly responsible. [*Looks R.I.*] I see that Gray is coming! I will leave you and give you the opportunity of asking him a question.

LUCILE. [*Rises*] What question?

CUL. Whether he is engaged to Helen Truman. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

LUCILE. Oh, why did I come here? [*Looking off, R.I.E.*] The sight of him again brings back all my love. I can't bear the thought of giving him up to another. No—never. [*Crossing, R. upstage. Enter Gray angrily, R.I.E., with paper in hand*]

GRAY. [*Crossing, L. front, not seeing Lucile*] Matthew Culver is responsible for this article. Nelly will hear of it, but she will believe me when I tell her it is a lie. [*Starts, R., seeing Lucile, who drops down R. of ottoman to front of it*] I beg your pardon—I didn't know you were here.

LUCILE. [*R.C.*] Robert, ever since I have been at Newport you have avoided me.

GRAY. [*L.C.*] Had I been at liberty to leave, I should not have remained an hour after you arrived.



LUCILE. Am I then to be shunned by you?

GRAY. For your *own* sake, yes.

LUCILE. Because you hate me now?

GRAY. My only feeling is regret.

LUCILE. Oh, how merciless you are!

GRAY. Merciless? [*Showing her paper*] Have you read this?

LUCILE. What?

GRAY. An accusation against me in Culver's paper—how I cruelly abandoned a woman that I had asked to be my wife. He has graciously spared the mention of your name. I will bear the stigma of this lie rather than exonerate myself at the expense of your reputation.

LUCILE. Then you have some little regard still left for me?

GRAY. I will shield you with my silence. But since the night I discovered that I shared your heart with another—

LUCILE. Oh, I was breaking from a past out of whose darkness your love had lifted me.

GRAY. I saw you as you were—a heartless coquette.

LUCILE. But I loved you. [*Culver appears from behind screen, R.U.E.*]

GRAY. This discussion can serve no purpose now; why begin it?

LUCILE. Because I want to know the truth. Are you engaged to Helen Truman?

GRAY. [*Going L.*] Pardon me if I decline to answer.

LUCILE. You shall! [*A step to him*]

CUL. [*Coming down, R.C., R. of ottoman*] I hope I am not interrupting a pleasant little tête-à-tête. [*Aside*] I think I have let them go far enough for the present.

LUCILE. [*Crossing R.C., L. of ottoman*] Not at all, I was only complimenting Mr. Gray. He plays the part of a lover so well. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

CUL. [*R.C., L. of ottoman*] Just as charming as ever, is she not, Gray?

GRAY. [*Coming to L.C.*] Are you responsible for that article?

CUL. Oh, you allude to that article in yesterday's paper. Only giving you a little of your own physic. Your speeches kept me out of Congress—my editorials, I hope, will keep you out of the office of United States District Attorney. You see how frank and open I am.

GRAY. Failing to secure the office by fair means, you resort to foul.

CUL. Oh, you don't like my bringing up that little New Orleans affair, eh? Well, whether you were right or wrong in your treatment of our pretty little Lucile, I didn't stop to consider. I made that article tell against you, and that's what I wrote it for.

GRAY. It was cowardly.

CUL. Oh, I didn't mention the lady's name. Gray, let us understand each other; you and I are both trying to secure the office of United States District Attorney. With Senator Rutherford on your side the chances are that you'll defeat me. Now I mean to win, too, if I can, just as I shall endeavor to obtain possession of Miss Truman's heart. It is not my fault that your past entanglement will pop up at the wrong moment. I have a perfect right to use it against you. I should expect you to do the same by me.

GRAY. I would not try to defeat an opponent with what I knew to be a lie.

CUL. No? I wouldn't give you the chance. I always do my work thoroughly.

GRAY. [*About to strike him in the face with the newspaper*] If we were not the guests of Mrs. Ives—

CUL. Oh, come, come, Gray, you needn't lose your temper. [*Gray crosses to L.I.*] You see I haven't lost mine, and you've said some rather harsh things, too. Personally I feel no animosity against you. In private life, I am positively fond of you.

GRAY. [*Crosses to C.*] You took good care to choose for your editorial a subject about which, from consideration for Miss Ferrant, I am forced to be silent.

CUL. Rather clever, eh? [*Gray to L.I.*] But that needn't make us enemies.

GRAY. Were I to justify myself, no man knows better than you, how much Miss Ferrant would suffer. Were you and I contending for the highest office in the land, I would be ashamed to obtain it at such a price. We fight with different weapons, Mr. Culver. In the present contest, let us see if the efforts of an honorable man cannot defeat the schemes of a political trickster. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

CUL. [*Crosses, L.C.*] I'll take you at your word, Mr. Gray. I will pull you down at any cost—even if I don't secure an appointment for myself. I'll make this past entanglement shut you out of Miss Truman's heart. I am just as competent to spend old Truman's money as you are. Besides—I—I am half ashamed to confess the weakness, but I positively love that girl. A few more spicy editorials and our peppery little Ferrant together will about finish Gray, I think. [*Enter Mrs. Ives, L.U.E., with a sigh of resignation*] I suppose I must see the rest of this damned play. [*Crosses, R.C.*]

MRS. I. [*L.C.*] O Mr. Culver! What is that about the play?

CUL. I was just remarking to myself that the parlors are jammed with people to see the play. How long before the curtain goes up?

MRS. I. [*C.*] Only five minutes.

CUL. [R.C.] That means half an hour.

MRS. I. [C.] Oh! Mr. Culver!

CUL. Oh, I've attended private theatricals before.

MRS. I. So like you.

CUL. You'll excuse me. [*Crosses up R.U. Aside*] That was a narrow escape. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

MRS. I. Nice fellow! He's so popular with my widows. I've been dying to get a chance to look over my accounts. Every chair occupied and the audience in ecstasies. [*Sits, R.C., and takes out small leather notebook and pencil*] Let me see how my accounts stand. Two hundred and eight tickets at ten dollars each—[*Computes it aloud*] naught—eight—naught—two—two thousand eighty dollars. The last time Mrs. Oliver Dexter took her waifs down the bay for an airing, she had only six hundred dollars to do it with. Now let me see how my widows will fare. Expenses—[*Turning page*] Notebook, red morocco, ivory-tipped pencil for keeping accounts, \$4.75. Parlor for private theatricals, donated by Mrs. Bellamy Ives; flowers for decorations, ditto for ditto reasons; luncheons, teas, and suppers before and after rehearsals, also nothing, thanks to the charitable heart of my committee. Carriages for use of committee at various times, one hundred dollars. Preparation of scenes, two-fifty; stagehands, forty; costumes, five-sixty; to changing soubrette's dress for one she liked better, twenty-five dollars. Flowers for performers, one hundred and twenty-five. Music and calcium, seventy-five each. Satin programmes, fancy border, widow in gilt holding silver orphan on front cover, one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Incidentals, three-ninety-one, sixty-two. Quite correct. Sum total—let me see—[*Turning page*] What did I make it? [*With an air of great satisfaction*] Only eighteen hundred and six dollars and thirty-seven cents. That leaves for my widows and orphans—[*Figuring, the smile of satisfaction gradually giving way to one of alarm*] Good gracious! [*Slowly repeating*] Only two hundred and seventy-three dollars and sixty-three cents. [*Enter Silas, L.U.E., with programme in his hand*]

SILAS. If I can find some member of the committee—[*Seeing Mrs. Ives*] Ah, the chairman! Mrs. Ives, I see by this programme that Major Putnam is to sing.

MRS. I. Will you never spare the dear major?

SILAS. Does he ever spare me? Three times tonight I've caught him in a corner practising "The Warrior Bold." Now, I can stand almost anything in the way of noise, but hang me, if I want to pay ten dollars for a seat to hear Putnam sing.

MAJOR. [*Outside, R.*] Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da.

SILAS. There! He's at it again. He came to my house this afternoon and tried on the uniform he's going to wear in the play tonight. Woke me up out of a sound nap to ask me how I liked it.

MRS. I. You must admit that the major knows how to wear a uniform.

SILAS. On the field of battle, yes. But he doesn't look natural in one that hasn't three or four bullet holes in it. Now if he'd only wear his fighting uniform for the benefit of your widows and orphans tonight and sing out a command or two in his old army voice, why he'd be a howling attraction. As it is now, he's a blot, and ought to be wiped out.

MAJOR. [*Outside, angrily*] I tell you, it's my turn next, sir. My turn. What's that you say, sir? Nothing of the kind, sir. How dare you? Where is the committee? Where's the committee? [*Enter R.I.E.*] It is an outrage. Where is the committee? [*Seeing Mrs. Ives*] Oh, Mrs. Ives, the chairman—Mrs. Ives, pardon me for disturbing the tranquillity of this most auspicious occasion, but I have a complaint to lodge.

SILAS. [*Sitting, L.*] I've lodged one already, and it concerns you.

MAJOR. [*R.*] Well, mine does not concern you.

MRS. I. Major, you have not finished dressing yet.

MAJOR. I shall not finish dressing until I have made up my head and face. I have been waiting an hour for the perruquier to finish with young Mr. Dexter.

MRS. I. [*R.C.*] Yes, yes, but you go on before he does.

MAJOR. [*R.*] That's what I told him.

MRS. I. And what does he say?

MAJOR. "Go jump on yourself!" [*Goes up R. and down C.*]

MRS. I. O major.

SILAS. Ha, ha, ha! [*Lying back on sofa; Major glares. Conceals face quickly with programme*]

MAJOR. Another moment and your committee would have been skirmishing for someone to take his place. I've been stormed at, shot at, thrust at, talked at, but it's the first time during my long and checkered career that I have ever been invited to perform that impossible feat of jumping on myself.

SILAS. [*Rises, crosses down, L.*] Serves you right. The idea of masquerading in a fancy rig at your time of life.

MAJOR. [*Crossing to Silas*] My time of life. What do you mean by *my time of life*? I am in the heyday of life. How dare you make such an assertion in the presence of a lady whom I esteem so highly. Mrs. Ives, pay no attention to the jibes of this man of straw, of oats.

SILAS. [*L.C.*] What's that—you old man-of-war?

MAJOR. [*C.R.; crosses to him*] If that old Connecticut schoolteacher hadn't walloped you for something I did—fifty years ago—

SILAS. There! You admit yourself that it was fifty years ago.

MAJOR. I can stand you up, put on the gloves, and knock you out in one round. [*Aside*] I wouldn't have had it said before her for anything in the world. [*Crossing, R.*]

MRS. I. [*Down C.*] Mr. Truman, you are a very naughty man to tease the dear old major so.

SILAS. [*L.C. Laughing, aside*] Old major!

MAJOR. [*Turns quickly, approaches her*] What's that you say, Mrs. Ives?

MRS. I. Believe me, major, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago.

MAJOR. [*Pleased, smiles*] Do you really think so?

MRS. I. I do, indeed.

MAJOR. [*With a broad grin*] Ah, you have lifted a weight from my heart. [*Sighs*]

SILAS. [*Aside, laughing*] He'll be singing "The Heart Bowed Down" next.

MRS. I. [*Crossing R., coquettishly*] Your heart, major?

MAJOR. From my heart! My heart is as young as my body. [*With hand on right side*] In fact I may say that my heart—my heart—

SILAS. Is on the *other* side of your body.

MAJOR. [*Dumbfounded*] Truman!

MRS. I. Oh, no, no, no! Mr. Truman means to say that your heart is in the right place.

MAJOR. [*Smiles again, C.*] O Mrs. Ives, your remark comes like a zephyr and scatters the chaff of this grain elevator. [*Mrs. Ives to R.C.*]

SILAS. [*L.C., rises*] Eh, what's that?

MAJOR. [*Crosses to him*] Grain elevator!

SILAS. [*Angered*] Homer, I'll stand almost anything from you, but I'll be hanged if I'll be called a grain elevator.

MAJOR. Then don't you fellows raise and lower the price of grain so often.

SILAS. You needn't complain. You got out all right last week.

MAJOR. [*Crossing, R.*] Well, I wouldn't have though, if I hadn't slid out on lard.

MRS. I. Oh, yes, I heard how lucky you both were last week, and—[*Crossing, C., upstage*] Oh! that reminds me, gentlemen—I am in such a predicament.

MAJOR and SILAS. [*Together, putting their hands in their pockets and approaching her*] How much?

MRS. I. [*Smiles from one to other*] So like you! But our expenses are very heavy.

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Put me down for fifty dollars.

MAJOR. [*R.C. Glares at Silas*] Put me down for sixty.

SILAS. [*Quickly*] Eh, what's that?

MRS. I. The major donates sixty dollars.

SILAS. Put me down for seventy-five. [*Turns L.*]

MAJOR. [*R.C., aside*] I'll be hanged if I'll be outdone by Truman. Mrs. Ives, I'll send you a check in the morning for one hundred dollars. [*To R.*]

SILAS. [*L., aside*] Hang me if the old war horse shall gallop over me like that. [*L.C., aloud*] One hundred and twenty-five dollars, madam, and if you'll agree to omit Putnam's song, I'll make it a hundred and fifty. [*Turns L.*]

MAJOR. One hundred and seventy-five, and Putnam sings. [*R.C., aside*] I'll not be beaten by you, if I have to go into partnership with an Italian and roast chestnuts on some street corner.

SILAS. [*Bidding*] Two hundred to buy new frocks for the widows.

MAJOR. [*Both glare at each other, walk R. and L.*] Two hundred and twenty-five to put the orphans in pants.

MRS. I. [*Who has been marking down figures rapidly*] If this continues, my widows and orphans will be in clover. [*Major and Silas turn rapidly to Mrs. Ives and glare at each other as though each is waiting for the other to speak. Mrs. Ives, book and pencil ready, looks from one to the other*]

SILAS. Do you still insist on warbling?

MAJOR. I do. Put me down for—no, I bid last. [*Going R.C.*]

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Two fifty—

MAJOR. [*R.C.*] Two seventy-five—

SILAS. [*Hand raised*] Two—

MAJOR. [*Crossing to him, pulls down his bidding hand*] Oh, let up! Let up! Don't forget you're on the Produce Exchange. I'm only on a pension.

MRS. I. [*C.*] Well, gentlemen. I'm waiting. [*Crosses down, R.C.*]

MAJOR. [*Continuing to Silas, quickly*] I'm bidding to catch the widow, and I'll do it if it takes every penny I've got. Don't try to ruin me.

SILAS. Ha, ha, ha! Why the devil did you not say so before?

MAJOR. [*Turns, face red*] Twenty-five dollars more, Mrs. Ives. [*Silas about to speak. Quickly, aside*] If you open your mouth, I'll put my foot in it. [*Retires, up C.*]

SILAS. [*L.C.*] I give up. The major's last offer is more than I can swallow.

MRS. I. Ah! Major! [*Major drops down at her R., ever victorious*] Five Hundred dollars, and all through you. Really, major, there's no resisting you. Will you excuse me, while I go and report your generosity to the com-

mittee? [*Going up steps, L.C., on landing*] And as a reward, major, my hand is yours—

MAJOR. [*R., foot of stairs*] Oh, madam—

MRS. I. For the first dance after the play. Ta, ta! [*Exit, L.U.E. Putnam's face from a smile changes into a broad grin as he turns and looks at Silas, then gradually chuckles*]

MAJOR. [*Proudly*] In the language of my old comrade: she came, you saw, I conquered. [*L. Crosses down, C.L.*] Truman, you shall be rewarded for this night's work.

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Then don't sing.

MAJOR. What! You know I'm down on the programme to sing "The Warrior Bold." You've heard me sing "The Warrior Bold," and you know how well I do it. And you're trying to "queer" me with your diabolical jibes. My future happiness depends upon this night's work. [*Up foot of stairs, looks after Mrs. Ives*]

SILAS. [*L.C.*] You expect your singing to make an impression on the widow?

MAJOR. Silas Truman, I'm a coward.

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Stop right there. The man that calls Major Homer Q. Putnam coward, I'll knock down.

MAJOR. [*L.C.*] Then knock me down and sit upon me. I have loved that woman for twenty years. It has been the dream of my life to marry her. When I was ordered to the field, I carried next to my heart a little bit of ribbon that had been worked by her own fair hands. When I returned, I called upon her, determined to pop the question, and I'll be hanged if I wasn't greeted at the door by her child. During my absence she'd married a man named Ives.

SILAS. [*Approaches a step*] She jilted you?

MAJOR. No, it never got as far as that—I never told her that I loved her.

SILAS. Well, you old idiot!

MAJOR. [*Weakly*] I didn't have the courage. And that's what's the matter now.

SILAS. What! The man that led the assault at Manassas Junction, afraid of a woman?

MAJOR. Now more than ever.

SILAS. Why, man, you have faced the cannon's mouth.

MAJOR. Well, her mouth isn't a cannon's mouth. [*Weakly, pleads*] I say, Truman, advise me, can't you?

SILAS. Well, if you can't speak to her like a man, write to her like a schoolboy.

MAJOR. Write to her? Letters. See here—[*Pulls out package of seven envelopes in seven different colors*]

SILAS. What's that?

MAJOR. I've written one every day for the past week.

SILAS. [*Taking them, smells them*] Fancy envelopes. And scented, too. Why did she send them back?

MAJOR. No, I never sent them to her. They are a perfect nightmare to me. Truman, help me out.

SILAS. [*Starting toward L.U.E.*] You want me to deliver them?

MAJOR. [*Catches coat tail, detaining him, and taking back letters*] No, no, no!

SILAS. [*L.C.*] Well, what do you want me to do?

MAJOR. [*C.*] Well, I want you to break the ice as it were—find out what my chances are—you needn't tell her who it is—you know—but—pave the way.

SILAS. Pave the way. All right, Putnam, I will do that for you at once. [*Enter Lucile, R.U.E. Silas crosses down L. of ottoman*]

MAJOR. Sh! [*Crosses R., puts letters in pocket*]

LUCILE. [*Crossing to C., downstage*] Ah, Mr. Truman, have you forgotten me?

SILAS. [*C.L.*] Oh, no. I shall never forget the happy Christmas you spent with my Nelly. Do you remain long in town?

LUCILE. My aunt and I have accepted an invitation to spend the winter with Major Putnam's family. [*Front of ottoman*]

SILAS. [*At her L.*] True, you are a protégée of the major's, are you not?

MAJOR. Her father and I were old comrades. [*Enter Mrs. Amory, L.I.E., crosses, L.U.E., foot of stairs*]

MRS. A. Everything is ready. The curtain is just going up. [*Exit, L.U.E., stairs*]

MAJOR. And I appear in this act. I shall never be made up in time.

SILAS. Putnam—I'm going in front. If I can possibly endure it, I'll witness your set-to with "The Warrior Bold." Ha, ha! [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

MAJOR. [*Crosses, R.I., to arch. Lucile sits, R.C.*] I wonder if that young Dexter has finished primping yet. Why, Lucile, what are you waiting for? Now see here, I've been observing you. You have found out that Gray is in love with Helen Truman.

LUCILE. [*Sitting, R.C. Angrily*] I have.

MAJOR. Unless you are more careful, I shall ask your aunt to take you away from here. Love? Bah! He's a monster that drives us into every act of folly and is forever gnawing at our vitals. [*Aside*] I ought to know. He has



been having a regular picnic off of me for twenty-five years. I wonder if this little excitement has ruffled my voice. [*Lucile crosses up to window, R.C.*] Da, da, da, da, da—[*Voice breaks; he stops in great alarm*] Heavens! I've split on G. [*Tries again, and as his scale runs successfully, look of alarm gives way to a smile*] All right. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

LUCILE. [*Crosses down, C.*] Does Robert Gray think I'll calmly see him marry another? [*Starting to her feet. Looking off, L.I.E.*] There they are now. Oh, they play the lovers well. She is in his arms. [*With rage*] Oh, even in the play I cannot stand it. Come what may, I'll separate them. [*Exit, L.I.E. Enter Kitty, L.U.E.*]

KITTY. [*Crosses down, C.*] I couldn't stay away. If mama should catch me again—but she's so busy with the orphans she doesn't give me a thought. I had to come back to see if there was anything left of Jack. [*Looking off, R.I.E.*] Jack. [*Looks off, R.U.E., then L.I.E.*] Jack—oh, Jack—where are you? [*Jack enters briskly, R.I.E., dressed as a young English officer, singing as he marches across stage*]

JACK. [*Crosses, C.*] "When I first put this uniform on," etc.

KITTY. [*L.C. Rushes towards him*] O Jack!

JACK. [*Holding out both arms to ward her off*] Look out! You'll break me up.

KITTY. Oh, if you haven't got a moustache! Let's see. [*About to touch it*]

JACK. [*Crosses to R. Drawing back his head and holding her off*] Please don't. It'll come off.

KITTY. [*Walking around and admiring him from a distance, again at his L.*] You are just the loveliest thing I ever saw. You don't care for any other girl, do you? [*Jack absorbed in adjusting monocle*]

JACK. [*Turning to her with face distorted in his effort to keep glass in his eye*] Hey?

KITTY. Oh, don't look like that when I ask you if you care for me. I was afraid you and Jessie Rawlinson might be making it up again.

JACK. Just because we happen to be acting together.

KITTY. I heard about you and her at rehearsal. I'm wise.

JACK. Kitty, that is slang. Don't use it.

KITTY. You just want to avoid the subject.

JACK. [*Taking out yellow-covered playbook; several leaves drop out*] This book says—

KITTY. O Jack, how hard you must have been studying.

JACK. The book says: "Duke embraces." [*Pronounces "dooke"*]

KITTY. Oh, Jack, don't say that—

JACK. [*Pointing*] Why, there it is —duke—DUKE—duke. [*Spelling and still mispronouncing*]

KITTY. Duke. [*Pronounces "deuke"*]

JACK. [*imitating*] Duke. How's that?

KITTY. That's right.

JACK. "Duke embraces Araminta effusively." Now what does "effusively" mean, I'd like to know.

KITTY. You didn't seem to know. I was told you had to go over it often enough.

JACK. Why didn't you play Araminta yourself?

KITTY. Mama wouldn't let me.

JACK. Why not?

KITTY. Oh, she says it's all very well for other people's children to appear in private theatricals. But she's not going to allow her own to make an exhibition of themselves. Jack! What! [*Jack looks offended; Kitty continues nervously*] Well, no, Jack, she didn't say that exactly—she said—that is—she didn't say it in that way—she said—she said—

JACK. Come now, don't stammer. What did she say?

KITTY. She said—she said—

JACK. Go on—go on—

KITTY. Well, she said she was afraid you'd ruin the whole performance.

JACK. Oh, don't you be afraid, Kitty. I'm going to make a hit with your mother tonight. There's only one thing in the way.

KITTY. What's that?

JACK. In my scene I've got to be fierce. Now how can a fellow be fierce—  
[*Drawing a very small sword*] with a darning needle like that?

KITTY. [*Admiringly*] Oh! What a pretty little sword.

JACK. [*Disgusted*] That's it. They'll say I'm a toy soldier. Now, there's the major's—[*with both arms extended*] why, Kitty, it's that long. If I had that sword—

KITTY. Well, why don't you get it?

KITTY. [*Both look at R.I.*] What?

KITTY. You wouldn't lose a chance of capturing mama, would you?

MAJOR. [*Off R.*] That'll do! That'll do, I tell you! [*Kitty crosses R.I.*]

JACK. [*R.C. Starts*] Now, why did I start?

MAJOR. [*Off R.*] Pull the portière aside. [*Portière is pulled aside*]

KITTY. [*Looking off R., then checking laughter*] Oh, what a funny sight! Come here, Jack. [*Jack crosses to her L.*]

JACK. [*Looking off in amazement*] Is that the major? [*After watching a second, they both turn suddenly at the same instant and dart across L., stand*

close together, watching the Major's entrance. Enter Major, made up as "The Warrior Bold." Gorgeous uniform, fierce moustache and eyebrows, very long sword]

MAJOR. [*As he enters, R.I.E.*] I shall be late. [*Struts across to L.C., stops suddenly at sight of Kitty and Jack, both laughing heartily*] What are you laughing at?

JACK. [*Stepping forward*] Well, you see, major—

MAJOR. Retire, sir. [*Jack startled, bobs back*] I was not addressing you, sir. You have already caused me annoyance enough—[*Theatrically*] I spoke to the maiden. [*Jack explodes. Major glares at him. Jack stops laughing, and moves round back of stage, his eyes on Major who turns entirely round following him with a stony glare. As he faces audience again, aside*] Popinjay! "Go jump on myself!" [*Kitty and Jack exchange a glance and smother laughter. Major gives a slight start without turning his head. He then turns and starts toward Jack, R. Kitty, endeavoring to restrain her laughter, gives comic squeak. Major quickly stops and looks at her. She suddenly puts on very demure look. Jack gives loud smothered laugh through his fingers. Major quickly looks at him. Jack pretends to be adjusting his eyeglass. Major walks deliberately to him, Kitty showing alarm lest the Major should do him bodily harm*] "Tention! [*Jack pays no attention. Louder*] Attention, sir.

JACK. [*Turning quickly with monocle adjusted, voice and manner of the Duke*] Aye, aye, sir.

MAJOR. "Aye, aye, sir." I should think it was "aye, aye, sir." Take it out of your eye, sir. Do you think you're on shipboard? Pretty soldier you make. [*Starts L.*]

JACK. What ought I to say?

MAJOR. Nothing, sir.

KITTY. [*Frightened*] Major, he didn't mean anything.

MAJOR. [*After surveying Jack from head to foot*] I spare you at the maiden's prayer. [*Crosses, L.C., stops, turns. Kitty, laughing, crosses behind Major. To Jack*] Remember, sir, there is war between us. It must be getting nearly time for me. I shall be late.

JACK. [*Aside*] Oh, that sword. [*Draws his own sword, looks at it mournfully*]

KITTY. If Jack only had that sword. [*Crosses, R.*]

MAJOR. [*At door, L.2.E.*] Ah!—a moment longer. [*To Jack*] Don't think it is nervousness that made me rebuke you. Nothing of the kind, sir. [*Seeing Jack's sword*] What is that?

JACK. My sword.

MAJOR. Your what, sir?

JACK. My sword.

MAJOR. That puny bodkin? [*Putting his own alongside of it*] Look at that, sir.

JACK. I have been looking at it.

KITTY. So have I, major.

MAJOR. [*Putting it back into the scabbard*] You ought to go on the stage with that, sir. [*Turning, L.C.*]

JACK. [*Aside*] I will.

MAJOR. Ah—it must be getting nearly time for me. [*Growing very nervous, puts sword under his arm, with the hilt projecting behind. Pulls out lemon. Jack motions to Kitty to go and speak to Major. She goes to him, L.*]

JACK. [*Suddenly to Major*] Major—

MAJOR. Don't bother me now, I'm busy. [*Sucks lemon*]

JACK. [*As if by accident, knocks his arm and causes lemon to fall*] Oh, I'm so sorry, major.

MAJOR. Don't talk.

JACK. [*Meechly*] No, sir. [*As the Major stoops for lemon, Jack cautiously hooks his own sword on the major's belt and takes hold of the hilt of the Major's sword. Kitty gives Major lemon. He sucks it hurriedly*]

MAJOR. I shall be late—I am sure I shall be late. [*Exit, L.I.E., leaving sword in Jack's hand*]

JACK. At last!

KITTY. [*Suddenly alarmed*] O Jack, what will become of you when the Major discovers it?

JACK. O Kitty, it's my next entrance.

KITTY. Well, don't get nervous.

JACK. I shall not be able to talk. This glue is hardening. [*Nervously twirling moustache*] I feel as if I had a front awning on my lip. [*Enter Silas quickly L.U.E., looking back and coming down*]

SILAS. No wonder Putnam always routs the enemy. He sings for them. The sight of him in that uniform, struggling with "The Warrior Bold," sent me into convulsions.

JACK. [*anxiously*] Is the major on the stage?

SILAS. I saw him open his mouth, and I left. I should say you meant to reap the honors of the evening with that scythe.

JACK. It is the major's sword.

SILAS. How did you come by it?

KITTY. He hooked it. [*Silas laughs*]

JACK. I just took hold of the hilt and the major went off and left it. [*Silas, laughing heartily, sinks back on window seat*]

JACK. [*Pulls off one side of his moustache*] Oh!

KITTY. What's the matter, Jack? [*Running to door L.I.E.*]

JACK. [*With an agonized expression*] It's come off. [*Starts toward R.I.E.*]

KITTY. You haven't time to fix it now, Jack; they are calling you.

JACK. My cue?

KITTY. Quick! Quick!

JACK. [*Moustache in one hand and sword in other*] I can't ask 'em to wait a minute?

KITTY. But the audience are clapping for you.

JACK. Well, come and fix it for me.

KITTY. [*Running over to him*] Good gracious! You mustn't take a stage wait. I'll fix it for you. Come along. [*Takes moustache and in her excitement sticks it on near Jack's ear, at same time talking excitedly; then, with Jack, rushes towards L.I.E.*]

JACK. Oh, thunder.

SILA. Is the major off?

KITTY. He's coming now. [*Terrified*] O Jack! [*Jack turns quickly and darts up, concealing himself behind chair, R.C. Enter Mrs. Ives, L.U.E., excited*]

MRS. I. [*Coming down and crossing, R.*] Mr. Dexter! Mr. Dexter! There is a stage wait. [*Jack raises his head above table, agonized look on his face*]

KITTY. The major!

MAJOR. [*Outside*] Where is he? Where is he? [*Jack bobs back again. Enter Major, L.I.E., in a towering rage. Struts across stage flourishing Jack's sword*] Where is he? Where is he?

MRS. I. [*Entreatingly*] Mr. Dexter.

MAJOR. [*Turning completely round, flourishing his sword above his head*] I'll tickle him with his puny bodkin.

KITTY. Nelly and Mr. Gray have just gone on.

MRS. I. [*Crossing*] Kitty. [*Kitty rushes off, L.U.E.*]

JACK. [*Aside*] They've cut out my scene.

MAJOR. Mrs. Ives, I beg you to retire I'll make a pincushion of him. [*Flourishing sword*] "Go jump on myself," eh? [*Jack crawls off into conservatory*]

SILAS. Putnam, how did you get along?

MAJOR. I was not long—I fell short.

MRS. I. Deplorable!

SILAS. [*Laughing*] Of course it was.

MAJOR. It was an accident.

SILAS. It always is when you set your war-whoop to music, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Truman, don't laugh. I had just reached the fifth bar—

SILAS. No wonder there was an accident—

MAJOR. When with the sweep of a warrior I was about to draw my sword. I found it gone. And this thing in its place. My notes left me, my voice left me, the words left me. Everything left me, and the audience roared.

SILAS. Hereafter, you'll take my advice.

MRS. I. Dreadful. I wonder if the committee have seen about the bouquets. There were five of them for you, major.

SILAS. Five?

MRS. I. For I expected you to make such a triumph.

SILAS. Ha, ha, ha—

MRS. I. But I hope this will not interfere with your favorite quadrille after the play.

SILAS. Going to dance, too? Haven't you disgraced yourself enough tonight?

MRS. I. Dreadful, that you should make such a fiasco. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

MAJOR. [*With a loud groan of despair*] Oh! That I should live to be called a fiasco—and by her.

SILAS. [*Rising and crossing, L.*] Serves you right. Now that you've slaughtered the Warrior Bold, go out and bury him.

MAJOR. Truman—

SILAS. Da, da, da, da. Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Truman, come out and make mincemeat of me.

SILAS. Oh, no. I always said that you could fight—but you can't sing. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

MAJOR. Then I will take that young friend's advice and go jump on myself. [*Rushes off, R.I.E. Enter Helen, L.I.E., with part*]

HELEN. I don't go on now till the next act. I'll just run over the words till Robert comes. [*Enter Lucile L.I.E.*] Oh, is that you, Lucile? Is Mr. Gray off the stage?

LUCILE. Not yet.

HELEN. I want to run over the next scene with him. Oh, dear—I'm so nervous and excited.

LUCILE. [*As she crosses. Aside*] Robert Gray spurns me—I'll make Helen Truman despise him. [*Aloud*] Helen, did you know that Mr. Gray and I were old friends?

HELEN. You have met him before?

LUCILE. Yes.

HELEN. Oh, I remember he spent some time in New Orleans. But he never spoke of you. Yet he has heard me speak of you.

LUCILE. Helen, will you think it strange if I ask you something?

HELEN. Why, how you look at me!

LUCILE. Is there anything between you and Robert Gray?

HELEN. I don't mind telling you, for you have always made a confidante of me. He has asked me to be his wife.

LUCILE. The coward!

HELEN. Lucile!

LUCILE. If you become the wife of Robert Gray—

HELEN. Well?

LUCILE. What is to become of me?

HELEN. You? What have you to do with Robert Gray?

LUCILE. Everything. If there is one spark of manhood left in him, he will keep his promise.

HELEN. What promise?

LUCILE. To make me his wife!

HELEN. Make you his wife!

LUCILE. Oh, Helen, turn your face away.

HELEN. Ah!

LUCILE. Don't shrink from me.

HELEN. Lucile—you have told me so much—tell me the rest.

LUCILE. [*Speaking with subdued excitement*] It was after you and I bade each other good-bye at school, you to return to a happy home, where loving arms were waiting to receive you, I to a lonely plantation, a mother's grave, the memory of a father buried on the field of Manassas. Robert Gray was attentive to me. Is it any wonder that my hungry heart should turn to him? The fever broke out—you remember it went among us like a scourge—Robert was taken ill. They tried to force me to leave the city. He might die. He told me of his love. His words had set my blood on fire. I would not go. Day after day I watched by his side. And he recovered. He asked me to be his wife. And I was so happy—so happy.

HELEN. My poor Lucile!

LUCILE. I need not tell you the rest. His gradual coldness—his neglect. I forced him to tell me the truth. He said that he had deceived himself and did not really love me. Oh, I wish I were dead. I wish I were dead.

HELEN. [*Rising*] Lucile, dry your eyes. He is unworthy of your tears, Lucile; compose yourself. Someone will be coming.

LUCILE. [*Rising*] You do not hate me for what I have said?

HELEN. No, Lucile, God pity us both. Go, leave me now. [*Crossing, L.*] My heart is breaking.

LUCILE. [*Up R.U.E., aside*] Robert Gray—I will bring you back to me—no matter what the price. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

HELEN. Lucile's words burn like fire into my brain. In the sight of heaven she is his wife. I never want to see him again. In the next scene he will hold me in his arms. Oh, how shall I endure it? [*Enter Gray, L.I.E.*]

GRAY. [*Approaching her with outstretched arms*] Well, Nelly, here I am at last. Why, how lovely you look! It isn't fair that I should love you for two whole acts of the play and lose you in the last. Do you know, Nelly, as I see you in that wedding-wreath, I can't bear the thought of giving you up to another, even in the play. [*About to embrace her*] My darling!

HELEN. [*R.C. Retreating from his embrace*] Don't!

GRAY. [*C., greatly surprised*] Helen!

HELEN. [*Faces him*] May I ask one question?

GRAY. What is it?

HELEN. Were you engaged to be married to Lucile Ferrant?

GRAY. She has *told* you—

HELEN. Of the promise you have never kept.

GRAY. An infatuation that for a time darkened my life, only to show me the value of a true woman's love. That love *you* brought into my life.

HELEN. Can you *deny* what Lucile has told me?

GRAY. I cannot, but listen to me—

HELEN. What right have I in your heart beside the memory of your *broken vows*.

GRAY. [*Going to her and speaking rapidly*] Nelly, you must hear me—I love you. Why should this woman come between our lives? And you love me. Don't deny it. I see it in your looks. I feel it in the touch of your hand. [*Takes her hand*]

HELEN. You have no right to speak such words to me. [*Draws hand away*] You left Lucile Ferrant with such words as a woman never forgets. Fresh from your broken vows to her, you come with love to me.

GRAY. She was *unworthy*—

HELEN. For shame! It only needed that word to make me despise you.

GRAY. You mean to tell me we must part?

HELEN. Yes.

GRAY. A moment ago when I saw you dressed as a bride, lost to me even in this play, I felt what it would be to lose you in reality. And now that you tell me we must part—the thought that some day you'll be another man's wife—the sight of that wedding-wreath—My God, I cannot stand it—I will



not live to see—[*Snatches wreath, drops wreath L. of ottoman; Rutherford appears, L.U.E., and Culver, R.U.E., Culver remaining R.C.*]

HELEN. Mr. Rutherford! [*Sinks on ottoman*]

CUL. [*At arch*] The cyclone has struck.

RUTH. [*Coming down, L.C.*] I hope I am not interrupting a rehearsal.

GRAY. [*C., to Rutherford*] No, Mr. Rutherford, it is over. I—I'm afraid I lost myself in the scene. The fact is, I haven't been myself since Mr. Culver's paper was handed me this evening.

RUTH. Oh, you allude to that editorial. Rather a serious charge—the New Orleans part of it—asking a woman to be your wife and then deserting her.

HELEN. [*R.C., aside*] It is known to the world!

RUTH. But those who know you, know it to be a falsehood. If you mean to serve your country, you must prepare for all sorts of calumny and abuse.

GRAY. [*Crosses, L.*] The article angered me, I confess.

RUTH. [*L.C.*] Well then, give it no further attention. The Culver faction have not secured the appointment of their man yet, and I think you stand as fair a chance as anyone.

GRAY. Mr. Rutherford, your support in the present contest is but one of the many acts of kindness you have extended me. Believe me, if the opportunity ever offers, I will prove my gratitude. Miss Truman, I hope you will pardon me. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

RUTH. [*Crosses, L.C., looks after Gray*] What an impulsive fellow Bob is!

CUL. [*Coming down, L. of Helen*] Yes, isn't he? Ha, ha, ha! I attended the dress rehearsal of this play—[*Picks up wreath, hands it to Helen*] but I didn't see him tear the wreath from Miss Truman. He seems a little upset tonight.

RUTH. [*Crosses to Culver*] Not without good cause, Mr. Culver.

CUL. [*C.L.*] Senator, if the New Orleans part of my editorial is not true, let Mr. Gray deny it. I always prefer to deal in facts. It is one of the rules of my life. Miss Truman, you are simply divine tonight. [*Crosses, L. Aside*] I think I've settled Gray. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

RUTH. Helen, your little friend, Miss Ives, has just taken from me the music your father left on the boat. I was fortunate enough to find it. I must apologize for its having been opened. The fact is, I placed it carefully on my desk in the library, and my sister thought it was for her and this afternoon I found her practising it. [*At this moment is heard a sweet plaintive melody on the piano, off R.U.E.*] I trust she hasn't deprived it of all its beauty.

HELEN. I think not. Listen—Kitty is playing it now.

RUTH. Helen, it is an odd time, I confess, for what I am about to say. But since I came here tonight, I have received an important telegram that neces-

sitates my leaving for New York before the performance is over. As I came to Newport only to see you, I take the only opportunity I may have to speak to you.

HELEN. [*Rises, half inaudibly*] Mr. Rutherford.

RUTH. Like the rest, you imagine that nothing ever occupies my mind but appointments and debates and the affairs of state. My life, though devoted to these, does not draw its inspiration from them. It seeks to triumph in its work that it may share the pleasures of success with another. I have waited only to make sure that the woman I had found could be made happy by my life, as mine can by hers.

HELEN. And such a woman—you have found?

RUTH. Such a woman I have been watching with growing faith, until now I—I have decided to *speak* to her.

HELEN. And you—speak to *me*?

RUTH. [*At her L.*] Yes, for, Helen, I *love* you. [*Helen turns away*] It may seem strange that I speak with apparent calmness on a subject that most men approach in quite a different manner? It is my custom to act promptly when I have considered well. But I assure you that when I first faced the Senate of the United States I did not feel the trepidation that I now feel in the presence of one frail light-hearted girl.

HELEN. [*Faces him with an effort*] Mr. Rutherford, believe me, I am deeply honored by such an offer from such a man. I—I—cannot answer now.

RUTH. Do not try to answer me tonight. I would have you wait until you fully realize how much depends on what you say. Only one thing I shall ask you to tell me. It would relieve my anxiety to know that your heart is free. Otherwise, I would not have you give a moment's thought to what I have said.

HELEN. [*With an effort*] Mr. Rutherford—my heart—is free. [*Rises*]

RUTH. Thank you. [*Crossing, L.U.E.*] I have already apologized to Mrs. Ives for leaving so unceremoniously. I have a few messages to send before I go. I'll return to say good-bye. [*Exit, L.U.E. Helen raises her head and looks in the direction Rutherford went off, then turns and looks L.U.E. Then gazes before her, as though undergoing a terrible mental struggle, then pauses for a moment stifling her tears, her hands clutching her bosom, then with a heart-broken cry sinks on chair, R.C., with her face buried in her hands, sobbing aloud*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: Reception room at Mrs. Dexter's, Washington. February. At rise of curtain a waltz is heard, off R.U.E.

KITTY. [*Outside*] Just wait for me in the ballroom, Alec. I won't keep you long. [*Enter Kitty, R.U.E., in a dress with a train. Surveying train*] My first! And I felt so awkward during the waltz, it came near being my last. What a difference coming out makes to a girl's feelings. Just elevates her to a woman's dignity at a clip—sort of bodyguard, too. Keeps the men at a proper distance. Oh, what a shame! Somebody tore it. [*Going R.*] Now, I've got to go upstairs and have it fixed. This is Jack's dance, too. I'll pretend I forgot it. He's been dancing around Jessie Rawlinson enough tonight. Now he can dance with her. I'll show him. [*Pinning up supposed rent in dress*] This ball of Mrs. Dexter's beats our theatricals all hollow. If mama heard me say that! Next dance, Alec Robinson. I mustn't keep him waiting. [*Culver appears, R.U.E. Crosses down, C.L.*] Jack hates him. I hope I won't upset again. [*Crosses up, C. Goes up to L.U.E., runs into Culver*]

CUL. My little one, did I startle you?

KITTY. Almost a collision, wasn't it? I'm in such a flutter tonight. Hope you'll excuse me. [*Exit, L.U.E., looking back at train to see if it is coming*]

CUL. Rutherford will meet the president tomorrow. The appointment will go to the Senate at once. He is to meet Senator Dexter and Judge Rawlinson here in ten minutes. If they don't succeed in winning him to our side—confound it!—that fellow, Gray, may beat me after all. I'll try and see Dexter and Rawlinson before they meet Rutherford. Whatever is done must be done tonight. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

MAJOR. [*Outside, L.I.*] Let me know the moment a messenger appears. [*Enter, L.I.E., stops and speaks off*] What kind? Any kind! Man, boy, or woman! If anybody comes here with a letter, inform me at once. [*Coming C.*] For the past six months—ever since the night of those private theatricals, I have been trying to approach her. This afternoon, in a moment of madness, I wrote a letter to her declaring my passion. That it might attract her attention, I addressed it in red ink. [*Sitting, L.C.*] I charged them at the messenger office to send the letter precisely at eleven o'clock. As the hour drew near, I repented of my rashness. I rushed to the telephone, ordered them not to send the letter. For the first time on record, they were ahead of time. The messenger was on his way. I offered them double money to capture him. If that letter reaches Mrs. Ives tonight, I will go and sit on the Potomac flats and catch malaria. [*Rises, looking off, R.U.E.*] Ah, there she is! How lovely she looks! [*Enter Jack, L.U.E., with letter in his hand. Crosses down, L.*]

JACK. I've written to Mrs. Ives telling her I love her Kitty. Couldn't find the black ink anywhere, so I wrote it in red ink. I haven't dared to speak to her since that night at Newport. Thought I'd take advantage of her being present at my mother's house—if I can only get this letter to her. [*Starts up C.*]

MAJOR. [*Who has been looking off, R., crosses down, C.R.*] Letter! Give it here! [*Seeing who it is, turns away disgusted; aside*] The little joker! Another shock like that will unlimber my battery.

JACK. [*C., who, on hearing Major's voice, turns around quickly and puts letter behind his back*] Major, I feel rather cut up about the trick I played on you that night at Mrs. Ives!

MAJOR. [*Crosses to R.*] You *would* have been cut up if I had reached you!

JACK. [*C.L.*] I was obliged to have that sword, major. I wanted to make an impression on Mrs. Ives.

MAJOR. [*Staggered*] What? My rival! [*Aloud to him*] You? You?

JACK. [*L.C.*] I love her daughter.

MAJOR. [*Aside*] Oh, I thought you were talking about the mother.

JACK. [*Offering hand*] Will you?

MAJOR. Take your hand? No, sir, never! [*Slaps his hand*] You have put me back six months. Get out of my sight! I am in no humor to parley with you. [*Crosses up, R.C.*]

JACK. [*C.L., looking off, R.2.E.*] Ah, here comes Mrs. Ives!

MAJOR. [*Drops down R.C., looks eagerly, R.2.*] Eh?

JACK. If I can only get this letter into her hands. [*Exit, L.2.E.*]

MAJOR. If I can only keep my letter out of her hands! Truman is with her, paving the way. What between Truman's raving and that letter, I've stumbled into a pretty pitfall. I cannot stop Truman's raving, but I'll try to intercept the letter. [*Retires into room, L.U.E., behind curtains. Enter Silas and Mrs. Ives, R.2.E.*]

SILAS. [*Catching sight of Major as he disappears. Aside*] There goes Romeo!

MRS. I. [*R.C.*] Did you ever see a happier bride than Nelly appears tonight?

SILAS. [*Crossing to C.*] I don't care if I am her father. Rutherford is a lucky man!

MRS. I. [*Sitting, R., on sofa, looking over dance card*] Four months married and not out of their honeymoon yet.

SILAS. [*L.C., aside*] Now that I've got her on the subject of matrimony, I'll keep her there until she O.K.'s Putnam.

MRS. I. Mr. Truman, this is the fourth time you've brought me here tonight. I shall begin to think there's some plot afoot.

SILAS. There is. [*Aside*] If he runs away again, I'll throw up the job. [*C., aloud*] I've undertaken a very difficult task. Sort of a street contract—to pave the way. [*The Major shows his disapproval by agitating the curtain behind*

*which he stands. Pounds curtain violently. Silas shows he knows the Major is there]*

MRS. I. [*Puzzled*] To pave the way?

SILAS. Yes, madam, to your heart!

MRS. I. [*Misunderstanding*] My heart! Oh, this is very sudden!

SILAS. I thought I'd startle you. Six months ago, I undertook the job.  
[*Major has some business behind the curtain. Kicks it violently*]

MRS. I. Job, Mr. Truman?

SILAS. [*Embarrassed by interruption of Major*] No, no, I don't mean job. The truth is I haven't discussed the subject of love for many years. I'm afraid that I'm a little rusty. You'll excuse any business terms that may drop into the conversation. [*Goes C., slightly, looks towards Major*]

MRS. I. [*Going aside*] He's proposing.

SILAS. [*Approaching her*] Now, as I'm a man of very few words, perhaps the sooner we settle the matter, the better.

MRS. I. Well, this is the oddest method of love-making I think I ever saw.

SILAS. What I wish to convey is this. You are wildly, passionately—I may say insanely—worshipped.

MAJOR. [*Aside, looking out*] Did you say I was insane?

MRS. I. [*Rises and catches sight of Major at back, aside*] The major is there!

SILAS. The account is of very long standing, dating previous to your marriage to Ives. [*Silas backs up few steps, points to Major*]

MRS. I. [*Aside*] Has he loved me so long? Poor man! And I must reject him! [*Crossing to L.C.*] If it were only the major! He's there! Listening! I'll tease him a bit.

SILAS. [*Observing Major, aside*] Ah, the old bullet-riddled war horse is in ambush! I'll make him jealous! [*Crossing L.C. to Mrs. Ives*]

MRS. I. [*L.C.*] Really, Mr. Truman, this avowal is so unexpected that I hardly know what to reply.

MAJOR. [*Aside, looking out*] What did she say?

SILAS. [*Taking Mrs. Ives's hand, pets it*] Your first venture was made at a very early age, and though you have a daughter of sixteen, you look more like her older sister than her mother.

MRS. I. What nonsense!

MAJOR. [*Aside, looking out*] He needn't get so damned close, to pave the way!

MRS. I. Mr. Truman, I always knew you had a deep regard for me. [*To L.*]

SILAS. [*Looks at her dumbfounded*] Eh?

MAJOR. [*Aside, looking out*] He's paving the way for himself!

SILAS. [*Aside, going R., drops her hand*] Hang me, if she doesn't think I've proposed to her!

MRS. I. [*Turns, facing C.*] But when you speak of matrimony, what shall I say?

MAJOR. [*Who has worked himself up into a rage*] Nothing, madam! [*Comes down, C., between them. As he comes down, he runs his fingers through his hair, causing it to stand on end. Shakes his fist at Silas*] Judas! [*After a slight pause*] Mrs. Ives, pay no attention to that man—when he was making his avowal to you, I thought he was doing it in behalf of—

MRS. I. Whom, major?

SILAS. Tell her, major!

MAJOR. [*Aside*] I'm betraying myself. [*Goes up C.*]

SILAS. Mrs. Ives, there has been a slight misunderstanding here. [*Starting to go, R.2.*] The major will make matters clear. [*Mrs. Ives sits, L.C.*]

MAJOR. [*Crosses down quickly to Silas*] Truman! Don't go! [*Seizes his wrist and holds him fiercely*] Stick by me, and I promise never to sing again.

SILAS. [*Aside*] Oh, no! Warble one of your love ditties to her. If she survives, she's yours. [*Exit, laughing, R.2.E.*]

MAJOR. [*R.1., calling after him*] Truman! Silas, Silas! [*Aside*] It only requires that letter now to finish me!

MRS. I. [*Sitting, L.C., aside*] So, Mr. Truman was proposing for the major? [*Laughs*]

MAJOR. [*Crosses to C., bashfully*] Ah, Mrs. Ives, when I think of that man going away in that cowardly manner and leaving us alone together—

MRS. I. Don't be afraid, major; I won't hurt you.

MAJOR. No, I suppose not. [*Stumbling through speech*] Your charitable heart—is shaking in my boots—when memory takes from—the shelf of time—affection—to be warmed over—to sit at the second table with my heart in your hand—standing, as it were, looking ahead—standing—ahead—looking—standing on my head—

MRS. I. [*Who, during the Major's speech, has been encouraging him, now starts to her feet*] Oh, major, I beg of you!

MAJOR. I hope I make myself clear?

MRS. I. [*As she turns*] Oh, yes, major, I understand you perfectly.

MAJOR. [*Aside, going down, R.C.*] I wonder if I have proposed to her. I don't know what I'm talking about. A tug of war is nothing to a tug of love. [*Crosses up, C.R. Enter Jack, L.1.E., hurriedly. Crosses to L., to Mrs. Ives*]

JACK. Servants all busy so I thought I'd bring it myself. [*Thrusts letter into Mrs. Ives's hand. Crosses to R.*]

MAJOR. [*Up C., aside*] My letter! [*Starts for Jack, who avoids him and exits quickly, R2E.*] That young fiend is my Nemesis.

MRS. I. Good gracious—a letter addressed to me in red ink. [*Sits, L.C.*]

MAJOR. [*R.C., aside*] It only required to be written on blue paper to express my feelings exactly.

MRS. I. [*Who has broken the seal and is about to read*] Will you excuse me, major?

MAJOR. [*Crosses to C.L.*] Mrs. Ives—Mrs. Ives—I beg—I implore you—do not read that letter.

MRS. I. Why not, major?

MAJOR. [*With a stupid look of inquiry*] Eh?

MRS. I. Why not?

MAJOR. [*Stumbling along hesitatingly*] Well—er—the fact is, I could never bear—to see a lady—read a letter—by gaslight.

MRS. I. What a strange fancy—some superstition?

MAJOR. You see, I had a maiden aunt who used to read letters by gaslight and then blow out the gas. [*Mrs. Ives looks at him incredulously as Major continues apologetically*] To be sure, she never did it but once—but, out of respect to her memory, do not pain me by reading that letter.

MRS. I. Major, this is a subterfuge. There is something in this letter that you don't wish me to see.

MAJOR. There is!

MRS. I. Oh, then you know its contents!

MAJOR. I do!

MRS. I. And its author?

MAJOR. My wretched self.

MRS. I. You, major?

MAJOR. Yes. In a moment of frenzy, I dashed it off.

MRS. I. In red ink.

MAJOR. My heart's blood!

MRS. I. Well, after that, major, my curiosity must be satisfied. [*Reads*]

MAJOR. [*Aside, going over to sofa, sinks on same*] Oh, for some quiet spot where I could lie me down and die!

MRS. I. [*Aside*] It's from you, Dexter. [*Laughs as she reads*] Well, this is the most ridiculous thing! Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. [*Aside*] She's laughing! I'll pretend I was joking. [*Rises, coming C., gives a forced laugh*] Ha, ha! Funny, isn't it?

MRS. I. Very—the silly boy! Ha, ha!

MAJOR. Yes, the silly boy! Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. I. At his time of life, too.

MAJOR. Yes, at my—I mean—his time of life, too. Ha, ha, ha! [*Enter Randolph, L.1.E.*]

RAN. I beg pardon, Mrs. Ives, but while I was waiting to see Mr. Ruth-  
erford, a messenger came with this letter. [*Hands it to her and exits, L.E.*]

MRS. I. [*Rises*] Another letter? Also addressed in red ink?

MAJOR. [*Staggered, almost falls, but gradually recovers himself, supports himself on sofa, R.C.*] I must have written two. Oh, I've got 'em! [*Hand to head*]

MRS. I. [*Reading, laughs*] Major, *this* letter is from you.

MAJOR. [*Laughing hysterically, goes C.*] Yes, oh, yes! There'll be some more along presently. Ha, ha, ha! Is that one as idiotic as the other? Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. I. You mean Mr. Dexter's?

MAJOR. [*Suddenly sobering up*] Mr. What-ster's?

MRS. I. Why—Jack Dexter. [*Holding up Jack's letter in left hand, Major's in the right*] This letter is from him—and this one is—

MAJOR. Mine? [*Taking it from her and desperately putting it in his pocket and buttoning up his coat, goes R.C.*]

MRS. I. [*Goes C.*] O major!

MAJOR. Pardon me, pardon me, Mrs. Ives. You laughed at that one; but this one would paralyze you. You'd never recover from it.

MRS. I. But his was a proposal of marriage.

MAJOR. [*Quickly*] So is mine.

MRS. I. Yours?

MAJOR. [*Very rapid, one breath*] I have loved you for twenty years and I never knew how to tell you. If I only knew how to do it, I'd ask you to be my wife—at this present moment.

MRS. I. [*Who has commenced to weaken when Major commences his speech, now with a long sigh falls into his arms; Jack's letter still in her right hand*] O major! [*As Major catches her, he takes hold of her right arm, and, his hand shaking with fear, continues to agitate her hand having the letter as long as it "takes"*]

MAJOR. [*Nonplussed*] I don't know how I did it but I've done it.

MRS. I. [*Tenderly*] Homer!

MAJOR. She calls me "Homer"!

MRS. I. [*Sighs*] Where am I?

MAJOR. [*Sighs more deeply*] Here—with your Homer!

MRS. I. [*Straightens up*] How very strange!

MAJOR. Yes, it is rather strange, but we'll get accustomed to it. [*Getting R.C. a little*] Now, I see—



MRS. I. See? I thought Homer was blind?

MAJOR. He was—but never to your charms—[*Bows to her*]

MRS. I. Major, if I ever marry again—mind, I say *if*—he shall be a soldier—but he must be brave.

MAJOR. [*Starts up, R.*] There's no chance for me then.

MRS. I. [*Quickly recalling him*] Oh, I didn't say that, major!

MAJOR. [*Comes to her*] You said a *brave* soldier.

MRS. I. And *you* are brave—in everything—but—love.

MAJOR. [*Holding out hand to her*] And you will teach me that?

MRS. I. [*After hesitating, then gives her hand. Major places his arm in hers*] Yes, major. [*Going, R.2., with him*] I must find Kitty. Do I appear confused?

MAJOR. Only more angelic by a lovely tinge of heightened color. And you will name the happy day? And you will make it soon?

MRS. I. Yes, major.

MAJOR. As soon as possible?

MRS. I. and MAJOR. [*About to exeunt, R.2.E. Enter Helen and Silas, R.2.E. They circle about each other*] Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt*]

SILAS. Ha, ha, ha! See the conquering hero goes!

HELEN. [*Crossing to C.*] And you brought them together, papa?

SILAS. [*R.C.*] A Herculean task, but it looks as if I had accomplished it, doesn't it?

HELEN. Judging from the triumphant look the major gave you as we passed. [*Enter Rutherford, L.1.E.*]

RUTH. Well, this is a happy meeting. [*Ring music*]

HELEN. John!

RUTH. I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Rutherford. It is long since we met. [*To Silas, R.*] A man may as well be in another city as in the same ball-room with his wife. I haven't had a chance to speak to her in—

HELEN. Two hours.

RUTH. She has been, as the major would put it, besieged by a perfect army of admirers.

HELEN. The penalty of being a popular senator's wife.

SILAS. Or a senator's popular wife. I have seen her in Washington before.

HELEN. Ah, but this is my introduction into Washington life, as one of our lawmakers, papa.

SILAS. Yes, you senators' wives *do* think you rule the country. [*R.C.*]

HELEN. Well, our term of office is six years while the president's is only four. [*Crosses R.C.*]

RUTH. [*Crossing R.C., to Silas*] Ha, ha, ha! Truman, surrender!

SILAS. I do. I never could get the best of that girl. I know what I'll do. I'll go and take it out on Putnam.

RUTH. That's a good idea—I would. [*Exit Silas, R.3.E. Rutherford, coming down to her*] My darling, you don't know how proud I am of you tonight!

HELEN. As I am of my husband!

RUTH. You don't know how I like to hear you speak that word. I am yours and you are mine—heart and soul. By the way, dear, you'll be pleased to know that Bob is well enough to be here tonight. He arrived a moment ago.

HELEN. [*Business, almost totters*] John, won't you open the window a little?

RUTH. Certainly! [*Goes into room, L.U.E., and opens window*]

HELEN. [*Aside, crosses to R.*] We shall meet. Perhaps it is better. It had to come sooner or later.

RUTH. [*Coming down, C.*] I am afraid the excitement of Washington life is too much for you.

HELEN. You think so?

RUTH. I've noticed it for some time.

HELEN. And in the midst of all your work, have you found time to think of my trifling indisposition?

RUTH. What could, for one moment, put from me the thought of my wife? [*Enter Gray, L.1.E.*] Ah, here is Bob now! [*Stop music*]

GRAY. [*Bowing*] Mrs. Rutherford!

RUTH. Well, Bob, I trust you have entirely recovered. Now, see here, while you are in Washington, we hope to see a great deal of you. [*She sits*]

GRAY. I only came from New York to express to you personally what I could not, after all your kindness, convey by letter. I shall make no further attempt to secure the office of United States District Attorney.

RUTH. Why not?

GRAY. I am about to leave for Europe.

RUTH. But you'll return soon?

GRAY. I may not come home for some time.

RUTH. Why, Bob, do you know what you are saying? You forget how far things have progressed.

GRAY. I am sorry they have gone so far. I must withdraw.

RUTH. Your reason?

GRAY. [*Exchanges looks with Helen*] I dare not risk the danger of remaining.

RUTH. Oh, I see, you are a little despondent after your recent illness. We'll see what a little rest will do. I was just on my way to meet Senator Dexter in

reference to this very appointment. I am to have an interview with the president tomorrow morning. You must not leave the fight now, Bob, because I've pledged myself for you, and it is imperative that you remain and defeat Culver now. You must indeed! [*As he starts to go, Helen follows and moves as though to stop him. To Helen. Warn music*] Now, don't be afraid that I shall allow politics to keep me away long. Besides, dear, you haven't seen Bob for some time, and you must have a great deal to say to him. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

HELEN. I beg of you, in all sincerity, not to sacrifice the future that may be yours to the sad mistake of the past.

GRAY. [*L.C.*] Am I the only one that has made a mistake?

HELEN. I have no regret for what I have done.

GRAY. [*Turning to her*] You do not love John Rutherford?

HELEN. [*With quiet dignity*] You are speaking to his wife.

GRAY. [*With deep sincerity, turning away, L.*] I ask your pardon. [*Turning to her*] When you became his wife, I determined not to see your face again until I could take your husband's hand and hear him call me friend without feeling the lie in my heart. I cannot do so yet. The same power that drew me to you at first has brought me here tonight. It is no use trying to deceive myself. I cannot forget—I cannot tear this love out of my life. Feeling as I do, is it right—is it honorable—that I should accept this or any favor at your husband's hands? No, don't speak of any future! [*Crossing to R., turns; she goes L.C.*] I must go away. Anywhere—so long as it is away from you. I only hope that sometime in the future you may realize the extent of the wrong you have done me.

HELEN. [*L.C.*] You speak of wrong as though I were to blame. Do you know what it is for a woman to see her first ideal that she has worshipped with a devotion of all her soul, destroyed at a blow—shattered to pieces at her feet? I believed you to be all that was manly and honorable.

GRAY. [*R.C.*] In what have I been dishonorable?

HELEN. [*L.C.*] Can you ask me that?

GRAY. I can, and demand an answer in all sincerity.

HELEN. Then why have you not atoned for the wrong you did Lucile Ferrant?

GRAY. [*R.C.*] Wrong?

HELEN. [*C.*] Why is she not your wife in name, as she is—

GRAY. My God! Helen, you don't believe—

HELEN. She told me so herself.

GRAY. [*R.C.*] She told you so! [*Coming, C., to her*] Then she lied!

HELEN. Is it not true?

GRAY. As heaven is my witness, *no!*

HELEN. Oh! [*Faints*]

GRAY. [*Catching her*] Helen! [*Lucile appears, R.2.E., places bouquet on stand, C., crosses and exits, L.U.E. Helen recovers and crosses to R.C.*]

HELEN. [*R.C.*] Robert, we have both been cruelly deceived. You are right. You must go away. We must never see each other again. [*Crosses to R.*]

GRAY. [*C.*] You believe that I was sincere?

HELEN. [*Coming to him and offering her hand*] With all my heart.

GRAY. [*Taking her hand*] Thanks. This is the bitterest and happiest moment of my life. [*About to kiss her hand; she checks him, turns and exits, R.2.E., quickly. Gray stands looking, C.R., after her. Goes to R.2.E., still looking off, and speaks with emotion*] Good-bye, Nelly! Good-bye, my love, forever! [*Starts to go, L.*]

LUCILE. [*Enters, L.U.E., and comes down, C.*] Robert!

GRAY. [*R.C.*] You!

LUCILE. Is that all you have to say to me?

GRAY. What else can I say that would be pleasant for you to hear?

LUCILE. Is it then so easy to forget?

GRAY. [*Looking off, R.*] Forget? No, I wish it were! [*Crossing to Lucile*] I have just heard the cruel lie by which you separated me from the woman I loved.

LUCILE. [*C.*] Your neglect drove me mad. I could not see you married to another. [*Gray turns from her, crosses down, R. Fiercely*] You *shall* hear me! No, no! I don't mean that! [*Faces her*] I—I, Robert, whatever I have done has been because of my love for you. Blame me as you will, it was my love. You see how I humiliate myself. Have you not one tender word for me—not one?

GRAY. [*Crosses to her*] If I forgive the blow you struck at my life, it is because I cannot forget the services you rendered me during the long weeks of that maddening fever. It was only when you learned I loved another that you sought to keep me to a promise almost wrung from my delirium.

LUCILE. Oh, you *do* remember that I saved your life?

GRAY. [*Going up, R.2.E.*] I also remember that you well-nigh wrecked it.

LUCILE. Robert Gray, beware!

GRAY. [*Angrily turns upon her*] Of what?

LUCILE. This very humiliation to which you are driving me. I risked everything to bring you back to me. Speak to me one kind word—now—before it is too late, or to the extent that you have humbled me, so far will I repay you!

GRAY. [*Crosses to her, pointing off, R.*] As far as you have placed me away from her, so far do I cast you out of my life.

LUCILE. [*With a half-stifled cry, shrinks from him. Then, facing him angrily*] I'm not sorry for what I've done. For every throb of pain you have caused me I have paid you back.

GRAY. Then the debt between us is ended. [*Bows and exits, R.2.E.*]

LUCILE. [*Stop music*] Not yet. Neglect, humiliation, everything I suffer. [*Crossing to R.C.*] And yet, God help me, I love him! What right has she to him now? [*Crossing to L.C. and sitting*] But for her, he would come to me. Oh, I hate her! I hate her! [*Enter Culver, L.U.E.*]

CUL. [*Coming down, R.C.*] So, Rutherford means to support Gray. Well, the president has not made the appointment yet. The fight now begins in earnest. [*Going up, C.*] Ah, Lucile? What!—in trouble? Oh, come, come! I told you once what an ungovernable steed the heart is, and I tell you now if you only give it too much rein, it's sure to throw you. Now, what a difference there is between us. Look at me. I loved Miss Truman with all my heart. The day she married Rutherford, I took brandy and soda, lit a cigar, and after a spin around the park, the whole thing was over.

LUCILE. You don't know what love is. [*Rises*]

CUL. [*Following her with his eyes*] I know what it is likely to prove to you. Once more, I beg of you to let the past go.

LUCILE. And leave him to her?

CUL. Oh, pshaw! [*With a slight laugh goes up to table, C.*] You forget she is no longer Miss Truman. [*Takes up bouquet and pulls a rose from it, replacing the bouquet on the table*]

LUCILE. He loves her. He will not give her up. But this moment, I saw her in his arms. [*Lucile crosses, R.2*]

CUL. [*Turns quickly, down C.*] What! You saw her—[*Gives a low whistle of astonishment, looking off, R.2*] Oh, no, no! [*Aside, intensely, as thought strikes him*] By Jove! [*Laughing. The laugh suddenly ceases. A keen expression comes over his face as he gradually looks out, R.2., speaking quickly*] You wouldn't say that if you were not angry.

LUCILE. [*R.C., turns*] He was here with her this moment, speaking words of love.

CUL. [*C.*] Are you su—Oh, no, you are impulsive—you may be mistaken.

LUCILE. [*Approaching him*] I am sure.

CUL. [*Half to himself*] If I thought that—

LUCILE. [*Turning quickly to him*] Well?

CUL. [*Changing his manner*] You see how my sympathetic heart runs away with me. I was actually becoming excited, wasn't I? But how can I help feeling for you, particularly when you've been so deeply wronged.

LUCILE. [*Crossing to R. and sitting on sofa*] I will punish him!

CUL. Revenge is a very wicked passion, very unbecoming in a woman's gentle nature. In your case it is even unnecessary, for, if what you tell me is not the fancy of a jealous woman, you can win him back. [*Gets L. of sofa*]

LUCILE. From her? How?

CUL. Well, if our worthy senator were to know the truth—

LUCILE. It would ruin Robert Gray.

CUL. It might cost him the senator's friendship, but it would separate him from Helen Rutherford.

LUCILE. [*Eagerly*] Separate? Then you advise—

CUL. Oh, I wouldn't assume the responsibility of advising. I merely suggest.

LUCILE. I dare not tell John Rutherford.

CUL. Well, you might say that rumor is busy with the name of his wife. But, of course, if you do not approve—

LUCILE. [*Rising and crosses to C.L., firmly*] No!

CUL. [*R.C.*] Well, perhaps you are right. Ah! What charming resignation! Not one woman in a thousand could so forgive the man that jilted her— [*Lucile winces*] and actually hold in her hands the means by which to crush him. [*Crushes rose in his hand and throws leaves on the floor. Lucile turns quickly to him. Culver going R.E., aside*] She'll think it over. I'll go and start this rumor myself. [*Exit, R.2.E. Enter Jack, R.U.E.*]

JACK. [*C.*] Confound it! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Ferrant. Have you seen anything of Kitty? This is my dance and she's eloped. There's a set incomplete. Won't you help us out?

LUCILE. [*L.C.*] With pleasure.

JACK. I suppose she's with that freshman, Alec Robinson. She's jealous because I was polite to Jessie Rawlinson. I hate a jealous woman, don't you? If I had a jealous wife— [*Enter Kitty, L.U.E. Crosses past Jack*] Well, I'd like to know where you were during this— [*Music*]

KITTY. Sir! [*Sweeping by him*] Don't speak to me!

JACK. [*At her L.*] But this is my dance.

KITTY. [*Coming up to him*] Is it? [*Scratching his name from her dancing card*] I don't think so!

JACK. Kitty, that's not right.

KITTY. [*Drawling*] It's my way, don't you know. [*Going to R.2.E.*]

JACK. Where are you going?

KITTY. To find Alec. [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

JACK. When a woman wants to keep a man in hot water, she can think of more ways and heat the water hotter— [*Enter Major, R.2.E. Extending*

*hand*] How do you do? [*Major crosses to Lucile without noticing Jack. Jack goes R.2. arch, looking after Kitty*]

MAJOR. [*R.C.*] I thought you were dancing.

LUCILE. [*C.*] No, the heat of the ballroom affects my head.

MAJOR. Send that boy into the ballroom. I want to speak to you. [*Aside, crossing to L. Lucile goes up C. a little*] Culver has just informed me of a rumor that has reached his ears.

JACK. I beg your pardon—Miss Ferrant—I'll wait for you there, and if that old—[*Major turns and Jack exits R.2.E. very quickly*]

LUCILE. [*Drops down, R.C., to face him*] Well?

MAJOR. Lucile, are you sure the heat doesn't come from the fire in your heart?

LUCILE. I *thought* it was a scolding.

MAJOR. [*Crosses to C.*] You caused the separation between Gray and Helen Truman. Now, you needn't deny it—but this time your jealous anger has carried you too far!

LUCILE. In what way?

MAJOR. Culver has just told me of a rumor affecting the good name of Mrs. Rutherford. Now, how *much* of this rumor are *you* responsible for?

LUCILE. I suppose you allude to the story connecting Robert Gray and Helen Rutherford?

MAJOR. I believe it is the result of your careless remarks.

LUCILE. Let people say what they please. I am not called on to the defense of Helen Rutherford. If this rumor is not true, why, then, prove it false! [*Crosses to R.C.*]

MAJOR. [*Follows to R.C.*] Lucile!

LUCILE. [*Turns upon him*] And if this woman, who seems to have fascinated you all, is so immaculate—

MAJOR. Stop! I'll not hear another word!

LUCILE. [*Crossing down, R.C.*] Then let me alone!

MAJOR. Promise me—

LUCILE. [*Turns*] I will promise nothing!

MAJOR. You shall not leave this room until you—[*Enter Jack, R.2.E.*]

JACK. [*R.*] Did you call me, Miss Ferrant?

LUCILE. [*Crossing to R.C.*] I'm quite ready, Mr. Dexter. [*Helen appears, R.U.E., picks up fan from mantel in room upstage and comes down, C.*]

MAJOR. [*To Lucile*] Lucile!

LUCILE. Well?

MAJOR. [*Seeing Helen*] I hope you'll enjoy your dance.

LUCILE. [*To Helen*] You'll find the major in a very original humor this evening. He has actually been taking me to task for speaking the truth.

HELEN. Indeed! About what?

LUCILE. I'll leave him to tell you that. [*Exeunt Jack and Lucile, R.2.E.*]

MAJOR. [*Crossing to R.*] That little she-devil will spread this rumor from one end of Washington to the other. Gray must nail the lie at once. Where can he be? [*Exit, R.2.E. Enter Rutherford, L.U.E. Helen goes toward sofa, front of it*]

RUTH. [*Crosses down, C.*] Ah, Nelly!

HELEN. [*Turning quickly to him*] Oh, John, I'm so glad you've come! [*Culver enters, R.U.E., and comes down L. of Rutherford*]

RUTH. Well, dear, I haven't been ten minutes. Only long enough to put a quietus on Mr. Culver.

HELEN. [*R.C. Seeing Culver*] John!

RUTH. [*C.*] What, dear? [*Seeing Culver*] I beg your pardon, Mr. Culver.

CUL. Oh, don't disturb yourself, senator; you see it doesn't disturb me. [*Aside, coming down L.*] He'll be devilish sorry for that yet. [*Aloud to them*] I'm sorry to separate husband and wife, but, Mrs. Rutherford, I believe I have the honor of the next dance.

HELEN. Yes, Mr. Culver, I know it is yours.

CUL. [*Crossing to her*] Senator—[*Turning to Helen*] I know you'll pardon me. [*To Rutherford*] Mrs. Rutherford is creating quite a sensation here tonight.

RUTH. There, Mr. Culver, you touch me on a tender point. [*Warn music*]

CUL. [*Aside*] Yes, I will, before I'm through. [*Exeunt Culver and Helen, R.2.E. Enter Mrs. Ives, R.U.E., comes down, C.*]

MRS. I. Ah, senator, I'm so glad to have this opportunity of speaking with you. Candidly now, tell me how you think this ball of Mrs. Oliver Dexter's compares with my private theatricals?

RUTH. [*L.C.*] Well, Nelly made such a triumph that night that I am rather prejudiced in favor of the widows and orphans.

MRS. I. [*C.*] Oh, you noncommittal man! So like you! [*Laughs. Rutherford crosses to L. Enter Jack, R.2.E.*]

JACK. Just my luck. The set was filled. Hello! Kitty's mother!

MRS. I. [*Crossing to L.*] That young Dexter!

JACK. [*Aside*] If I ask her to dance, I wonder if the crew will lose their stroke oar. [*Crosses up, C.R. Rutherford crosses to R.C.*]

MRS. I. What is he looking at me in that way for?

JACK. [*C.*] Senator—

RUTH. Well, Jack?



JACK. Senator, do you mind if I ask you to—to—well, the fact is I'm going to ask Mrs. Ives to dance, and I want plenty of room.

RUTH. [*Laughs*] Oh, I understand you perfectly, Jack. [*To R. of Jack*] Mrs. Ives, I think Mr. Dexter has something of importance to say to you. So, if you'll excuse me—[*Laughing, exit R. & E. Mrs. Ives turns and looks at Jack, who breaks into a winning smile. Mrs. Ives sits, L.C. Jack meditates a moment, then goes quickly to her*]

JACK. How do you do? I don't like this ball as much as I did your theatricals. [*Aside, going R.*] Oh, that was a master stroke!

MRS. I. How can you say that when the poor little duke, overcome, I suppose, by bashfulness, or burdened with a sword heavier than he could carry, omitted his one scene and ignominiously retreated home in a cab.

JACK. [*Aside*] That was a corker! [*Aloud*] Most unfortunate occurrence, wasn't it? And I never apologized!

MRS. I. There was no apology you could have offered.

JACK. That's just what I said.

MRS. I. There's nothing you could have said to explain your conduct.

JACK. That's the reason I said nothing. Knowing that you would be at my mother's tonight, I left my studies at college—don't be alarmed; I've done it before.

MRS. I. I don't doubt it.

JACK. For the express purpose of paying my respects to you.

MRS. I. To me? To me? Over two hundred miles, I think it is, from New York—on purpose to see me!

JACK. Yes—just think of it! I know you've been annoyed by my attention to your Kitty.

MRS. I. Miss Ives—if you please.

JACK. Yes, that's what I mean. But there is no further occasion for alarm. Oh, did you get that letter from me?

MRS. I. Well, considering that you delivered it yourself, of course I did.

JACK. [*Crushed*] Of course! Well, please consider it not given. All is ended between us. We barely nod to each other now. Now, to show that there is no ill-feeling between us—that is, that you cherish no animosity against me, I thought I'd ask—that is, beg, implore you to—to—

MRS. I. To—to?

JACK. To dance with me.

MRS. I. To dance with you? Well, since you put it that way, I—don't see how I can very well refuse.

JACK. Thank you.

MRS. I. [*Looks over dance card*] What dance would you prefer?

JACK. Oh, put me down for anything. You dance all equally well. [*Knowingly*] I've watched you. [*She looks down at him*]

MRS. I. Oh, have you really? [*Laughing, good-naturedly*] Oh, come, come. You're not such a bad boy after all, are you? [*Playfully tapping him under chin with her fan*]

JACK. No. [*Aside*] I've caught her.

MRS. I. Number 14—the Lanciers. [*Jack writes his name down on card and offers his arm*] No, no, no. It is some time yet.

JACK. [*Offering his arm*] Do you mind if we promenade?

MRS. I. [*Going R. with him*] With you? Certainly, with pleasure. [*Enter Rutherford and Lucile, R. & E.*]

RUTH. [*To Jack*] You have been successful, I should judge.

MRS. I. [*Still going R. with Jack*] Oh, yes. This silly boy will insist upon my dancing with him.

JACK. [*Aside to Rutherford, turning toward him upstage*] I'll be in her arms before I get through. [*Exeunt Jack and Mrs. Ives, R. & E.*]

RUTH. Oh, Jack, Jack! [*C., to Lucile*] Surely you are not going to leave Washington already?

LUCILE. [*Coming down, L.C., slightly*] We should have left yesterday, but that I wanted to render a service to a friend.

RUTH. I trust you have succeeded.

LUCILE. I regret to say, no.

RUTH. I hope that in your very brief visit you've not become involved in politics? [*Stop music*]

LUCILE. I am afraid I should make rather a poor lobbyist. For, though the need that detained me is most imperative, involving even the life—happiness—of a friend, I have not dared to undertake what I know ought to be done.

RUTH. Something in which you cannot enlist my aid? Have you consulted Nelly?

LUCILE. [*Turns away quickly, earnestly*] No.

RUTH. Miss Ferrant!

LUCILE. Unless I act quickly I may not be able to avert the danger. Yet if I speak—Oh! you have the strength and skill to deal with a crisis in which a blunderer like me would only fail.

RUTH. My services are at your command.

LUCILE. It touches the reputation of a woman.

RUTH. A woman? [*Lucille turns away in agitation*]

LUCILE. She has been compelled by circumstances to meet a man she knew before her marriage. And the strong bond of friendship between them has served to feed the tongue of slander.

RUTH. A case, unfortunately, of too common occurrence.

LUCILE. That man is your friend!

RUTH. Mine?

LUCILE. Mr. Gray!

RUTH. [C.] Robert Gray? Something unusual for Bob to be connected with a scandal. *I have heard nothing of it.*

LUCILE. There is every reason why you should *not* hear.

RUTH. I don't understand you.

LUCILE. And I am almost sorry I began to speak.

RUTH. Since it concerns Robert Gray, I am more than ever anxious to be of service.

LUCILE. Then do something to stop the insinuations concerning his name with that of—[*Slight pause in which Rutherford stands perfectly rigid, waiting for her to finish the sentence*] Must I speak her name?

RUTH. And why not?

LUCILE. Because it is—Helen!

RUTH. My wife?

LUCILE. [*Low*] Yes. More than once it has been hinted in that room to-night.

RUTH. [*For an instant losing his composure*] No! [*Recovering*] It is hard to believe that people can so lightly take upon their lips the name of that woman.

LUCILE. Yet more than once I have heard them say—

RUTH. [*Checking her*] Pardon me. For the motive that prompted you to make this disclosure, I thank you. But I prefer to treat the rumor with the contempt that it deserves. [*Gets to L. & E. Lucile goes up, R. C. Enter Major, R. U. E.*]

MAJOR. [*Aside*] Gray is in possession of the facts. [*Seeing Lucile*] Hello!

LUCILE. [R.] Ah, major, again we meet here. [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

RUTH. [*Coming to C.*] Major!

MAJOR. [*Still looking off after Lucile*] John!

RUTH. Have you heard this rumor concerning Robert Gray?

MAJOR. John!

RUTH. Connecting his name with my wife?

MAJOR. [*Coming to him quickly*] My God! My boy!

RUTH. Answer me!

MAJOR. Rutherford, I beg—

RUTH. You are my friend, and as such I ask you to tell me the extent of this lie.

MAJOR. How did this story reach you? [*With sudden thought, pointing R.*] That woman told you.

RUTH. Yes.

MAJOR. She did it for revenge.

RUTH. Revenge for what?

MAJOR. Gray was engaged to her—you remember—when he was ill in New Orleans. When she came North, her jealous anger at finding him in love with another woman—

RUTH. The other woman was—

MAJOR. Why—of course—you know, as well as I, that Gray was in love with Helen before you married her.

RUTH. I did *not* know.

MAJOR. John!

RUTH. What is this rumor?

MAJOR. [*Turning and looking off, R.*] Oh, that little she-devil!

RUTH. What is this rumor?

MAJOR. John, I have faced the enemy without a tremor—

RUTH. And now that you face a friend, will you refuse to do your duty, will you forget a soldier's duty? [*Indicating the badge of the Grand Army which the Major wears on his breast*] The badge that you wear is also on my breast. [*The Major takes Rutherford's hand. Rutherford lays his other hand on the Major's*] Now, speak!

MAJOR. They say that your wife married you to gratify her ambition.

RUTH. [*Half to himself*] My God!

MAJOR. [*After a slight pause, placing left hand on John's shoulder*] That in doing this, she broke Robert Gray's heart. [*Pause*] To atone for which she has influenced her husband in behalf of the man—she—really—loves.

RUTH. That was the hardest task, old comrade, you were ever called upon to perform. I never realized how brave a man you really were. [*After a pressure of the hand, goes L.*]

MAJOR. John—where are you going?

RUTH. To send for a carriage, that I may take my wife away from this place. [*Exit L2.E.*]

MAJOR. [*Going toward L1.E.*] If the ambulance were within call, I'd ring for it. [*Enter Gray, R2.E. with forced calmness, approaching Major*]

GRAY. Major, major!

MAJOR. Be careful—

GRAY. The thought that perhaps something I had done had given color to what they say! I had to tear myself away from their midst, or my eagerness to shield her would have made matters worse.

MAJOR. Sh! Your face will betray you! [*Gray crosses to downstage. Culver and Helen enter, R.2.E. Helen joins Major, C. upstage. Mrs. Ives and Jack are seen to enter room, R.2.E. Mrs. Ives sits on sofa. Culver comes down, C.*]

CUL. [*Crosses to C., to L.*] I trust, Gray, though we are rather severe with each other in public, it will not prevent good feelings on an occasion like this. While we are fighting, you know, all is fair—but tonight we are not fighting, are we?

GRAY. [*L.*] No, I hope not.

CUL. Oh, come, come, Gray. I'll not be put off so. You do me an injustice. If you only knew how thoroughly I sympathize with you.

GRAY. Sympathize?

CUL. Well, it may not have come to your ears, but twice this evening I have defended you.

GRAY. I am perfectly competent to defend myself.

CUL. Oh, yes, yes. But when a woman's good name is called in question.

GRAY. By what right do you become her champion? [*Jack leaves Mrs. Ives, goes to Helen and takes her to Mrs. Ives. They sit on sofa, Jack standing and talking to them in dumb show. Major comes down, L.*]

CUL. [*R.C.*] I thought I had as great a right as you. I may be mistaken. Now see how you misjudge me, Gray. Only day before yesterday certain of my friends—naturally your enemies—tried to persuade me to use this little matter against you. Of course, if Senator Rutherford knew, it might injure your chances of the appointment. But I said, "No, Mr. Gray is an honorable gentleman and I will never consent to the use of such degrading means for his defeat."

GRAY. I do not thank you, for you know Senator Rutherford would place but little reliance on what he heard from you.

CUL. He would probably question you both.

GRAY. Well, Mr. Culver, suppose he did?

CUL. Well, Mr. Gray, you know best, of course, how you would answer him. [*Mrs. Ives and Helen rise, exeunt R.2.E. Jack's attention is arrested by the loud words of Gray and Culver. Jack stops, R., after escorting ladies*]

GRAY. [*About to strike him with glove he has in his hand. Hotly*] You—  
[*Gray goes up, C.*]

CUL. [*To Gray*] When you know me better, you will appreciate me more.

JACK. [*C.*] Politics! Pa's going to make a politician of me. Guess I'll pick up all I can.

MAJOR. [*L.*] Surely you two are not going to take this wretched slander seriously.

GRAY. When he tells me to my face—

MAJOR. Helen is there!

CUL. My dear fellow! You wouldn't have me talk behind your back, would you?

JACK. [*Coming R.*] Anything private? If it is, fire me.

GRAY. [*Crossing in front of Culver, to Jack, taking his hand*] Ah, Jack, I'm glad to see you! How is everything at college?

CUL. [*Approaching Gray*] You are wrong to avoid the question in that manner. It fastens the truth upon you at once. [*Gray, whose back has been turned to Culver, faces him angrily. Jack catches him by the arm*]

JACK. [*R.C.*] Why, Bob, what's up? [*Enter Lucile, R.U.E., comes through the door leading to R.2.E., and comes down, R., apparently unconcerned, back of sofa*]

MAJOR. Gentlemen, I beg of you. Rutherford will be here in a moment.

CUL. [*Aloud*] Of course, I only speak as you would have me speak before the world. Between our two selves I don't blame you. You sought an influence that no man could resist.

GRAY. [*Enter Helen and Mrs. Ives, R.U.E. They come to C.L. and join Major*] What do you mean?

CUL. Simply that you're a cleverer man than I am. I went to the husband direct, while you obtained his support through his—

GRAY. Don't you dare say it!

CUL. Oh, come, come, Gray. You're not playing in private theatricals now. Besides you might be overcome again and I have no wedding wreath convenient. [*Rutherford enters, L.1.E.*]

GRAY. [*Snatching rose from Culver's coat and dashing it into his face. Everybody's attention attracted. A dead silence*]

RUTH. Why, gentlemen, is it possible that you have so far forgotten yourselves as to bring a political quarrel into the presence of ladies? [*Tenderly approaching his wife*] Helen! Helen! [*Joins Helen, C., upstage. Mrs. Ives exit, R.U.E. Lucile goes up and exit, R.U., through door leading from R.2.E. to R.U.E. Jack up*]

MAJOR. [*Coming down, apart to Culver*] I see through your scheme, Matthew Culver. Sooner than use such means to defeat an enemy, I'd have my body riddled with bullets.

CUL. [*Apart*] You mean, Major Putnam—

MAJOR. That you are a damned scoundrel!

CUL. It is unfortunate that the laws of our country prevent you from receiving an answer.

MAJOR. Thank God they do not prevent my wielding a cowhide.

CUL. You are an older man than I am, disabled by—bullets. [*Major, with a sign of contempt, goes L.*]

JACK. [*Who has gone up slightly, R., crosses behind and comes down L. of Culver*] Well, I am a younger man, and the fellows would be ashamed of me, if I didn't take up the fight of one that has grown gray fighting for us. [*Major, without a word, extends his hand to Jack who grasps it warmly. They retire up C. Culver goes L.*]

RUTH. [*Leading Helen to R.2.E.*] Helen, will you join Mrs. Ives in the next room?

HELEN. John, why don't you tell me—?

RUTH. Now, don't ask any questions, but do as I say. [*Helen exit, R.2.E. Rutherford comes C.R.*] It is not difficult to understand what subject animated you two gentlemen just now. But, there is a limit that even the most implacable *adversary* should respect. No man has the right to invade the sanctity of private life. When he does, the venomous lie should be traced to its source and the offender punished. [*During this speech Lucile enters, R.U.E., and goes up, C., apparently unmindful of what is going on*]

CUL. Certainly an investigation is always to be commended, that the lie may be proven or the offender justified.

RUTH. [*With a steady look at Culver*] He shall have full justice, rest assured. You have been so eager to defend me, come to my house, and together we'll investigate and fasten the lie where it belongs.

CUL. Tomorrow at any time you name.

RUTH. Tonight.

CUL. The sooner the better, and to avoid answering the questions that may be asked in the ballroom, I'll withdraw. [*About to go, L.*]

RUTH. Quite unnecessary, Mr. Culver. Helen, Helen, dear! [*Helen and Mrs. Ives enter, R.2.E. Rutherford goes C. with Mrs. Ives. Jack goes to her. Both exeunt, R.U.E.*]

HELEN. Yes, here I am.

RUTH. Let me see your card. The next dance! [*Reads*] Major Putnam!

MAJOR. [*Comes down. Rutherford gives him a meaning look*] Yes—if you will excuse me. I—[*Bowing*] Thank you. [*Back of sofa*]

RUTH. We cannot leave, dear, until you've had at least one dance with Robert. Bob! [*Gray at R. of sofa. To Helen*] Go, dear, will you? [*Helen, about to speak, catches the Major's eye. He raises his finger to his lips as Gray offers his arm. Helen and Gray exeunt, R.2.E. Lucile starts to her feet, is about to follow, is confronted by the Major*] Now, when you are questioned, give them my answer!

## ACT III.

SCENE: *Library, Rutherford's house, Washington. Two hours later. Fire burning, fire screen, L. of fireplace, so arranged as to hide the blaze but not conceal the glow. Through the windows is seen the pale blue moonlight on the ice and snow. Droplight from chandelier burning very low. Just before curtain rises, church clock heard to strike two. Music for rise. Hall clock, off L.I.E., strikes the hour followed by distant sound of church clock. Lights up with chandelier. Enter Randolph, R.U.E., with letters in his hand and three sheets of legal cap. He turns up the droplight and places letters and papers on table, C.*

RAN. It must surely be near time for them. I'll ring for Agnes. [*Going, R., and touching button, returning to desk and arranging letters at back of it*] The senator's father fastened upon me the habit of doing our work at night. His son has endeavored for five years to correct what he maintains is a life-robbing method. I agree with the son, but I can't shake off in a moment the habits of my senatorial career of twenty-two years with the father. [*Enter Agnes, R.I.E., rubbing her eyes as though just aroused out of a nap*]

AGNES. [*Crossing to R.C.*] Have they come, sir?

RAN. No, but I thought you had better have everything ready.

AGNES. I was afraid the bell had rung, and I hadn't heard it.

RAN. [*Looking over papers on desk*] Been taking a little nap, eh?

AGNES. Yes, I was reading Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and went fast asleep.

RAN. I don't blame you. You should read the Congressional Record.

AGNES. Who is it by, sir?

RAN. It is a paper, child. It gives the doings of all the congressmen.

AGNES. Oh, that must be interesting. Does it tell everything they do?

RAN. [*Putting his hand to his mouth to check laugh*] Well—er—move the screen from the fire, Agnes, please.

AGNES. Yes, sir. [*Crosses to L. and moves screen away from fire*]

RAN. I think I hear them coming. [*Crosses to L.I.E.*] Yes, the front door is opening now. [*Agnes hurriedly crosses to R.*] I'll meet them, Agnes. See that there's a bright fire in Mrs. Rutherford's room. [*Exit Agnes, R.I.E. Randolph crosses to table. Enter Rutherford, L.I.E., holds the portière open for Helen who enters, bows slightly to Randolph, and sits before fireplace, after placing fan on mantel*]

RUTH. [*At door, L.*] Why, Randolph, you up?



RAN. Yes, I thought I'd copy the notes of your speech that you left on your desk.

RUTH. [*Crossing to table and taking up sheet of paper*] Why, I told you that they were sufficiently clear.

RAN. Oh! It wasn't any trouble, sir. Bless you, your father used to say he'd lose half his inspiration if his notes were not copied in my hand. [*Retires into room, R.U.E.*]

HELEN. [*Rising, about to take off wrap*] John, something is troubling you.

RUTH. Let me help you, dear. [*Removes her wrap which he places on back of armchair before fireplace. Helen comes down, C.*]

HELEN. Something unfortunate happened at Mrs. Dexter's tonight.

RUTH. Don't speak of it now. It is late and you are tired.

HELEN. [*Sitting in chair before table*] During the whole evening, all through the dances, and while people laughed and chatted around me, a feeling of oppression seemed to come upon me. I can't tell you how glad I was when you said it was time to come home; and now that I'm here alone with you—[*Breaks down before table in library chair, C., burying her face in her hands on table*]

RUTH. [*Tenderly raising her up*] Come, Helen, Helen!

HELEN. I don't know why I'm crying—

RUTH. Why, you need rest, dear. [*Light knock heard, R.I.E.*] Come in! [*Enter Agnes, R.I.E.*] Here's Agnes!

HELEN. Take my things upstairs, Agnes. [*Agnes crosses and gets wrap from chair and fan from mantel. Helen has risen and hands her gloves, etc. Exit Agnes with same, R.I.E.*]

RUTH. Now you get to sleep as soon as you can and tomorrow you'll feel better.

HELEN. [*Starts to go, R., slightly, gets R.C., turns*] Aren't you coming?

RUTH. [*Looking at Ms. he has picked up from table*] No, I shall be busy here for some time.

HELEN. And I've heard you scold Randolph so often for working late at night.

RUTH. Now—don't worry and don't lie awake and think.

HELEN. Good night, John.

RUTH. Good night. [*Exit Helen, R.I.E., slowly. Rutherford stands motionless, looking after her as though lost in thought. Randolph enters, R.U.E.*]

RAN. [*After a slight pause*] Mr. Rutherford.

RUTH. [*With a slight start*] Ah! Randolph! I was going to call you. [*Sitting at desk, C.*] I shall do some work tonight.

RAN. [*Coming forward*] Work? Two o'clock in the morning?

RUTH. How cold this room is!

RAN. [*Looks at blazing fire, then in quiet amazement at Rutherford*] I am afraid you are not well, sir.

RUTH. [*Listening*] The sound of a car!

RAN. [*Starting to go, L.*] Isn't it something I can attend to? You know what an old owl I am.

RUTH. I expect Mr. Culver and Mr. Gray. When Mr. Culver comes, ask him into the reception room and inform me. Let Mr. Gray come to me at once. Of course the servants have all retired? Will you kindly open the door for them when they come?

RAN. [*Going, L.*] Certainly!

RUTH. And put on the light in the reception room. And—er—Randolph—will you be within call?

RAN. Yes, sir. [*Exit, L.I.E. Rutherford rises, goes up and looks out of window at back, then to R.U.E., pulls cord attached to hanging lamp in room, R.U.E., raising the light, then closes the R. portière, R.U.E. Enter Robert Gray, L.I.E.*]

GRAY. I saw when you left and followed as soon as I could.

RUTH. You are sure Mr. Culver knows nothing of your presence here?

GRAY. I did not mention it to a soul, and dismissed my car at the door.

RUTH. Thank you. [*Looks out of window at back*] Ah! you were just in time. He is here. Step into my private room—[*Gray comes to R.U.E.*] and no matter what you hear, I want you to be silent, and under no consideration enter this room until I bid you. [*Randolph appears at door, L.I.E., and looks at Rutherford as though awaiting his command*] Ask Mr. Culver here. [*Exit Randolph, L.I.E.*] Remember, no sign that you are there, until I call you. [*Exit Gray, R.U.E. Rutherford closes portière, returns and stands R. of desk, C., looking at a paper he picks up. Enter Culver, L.I.E. Rutherford looks at watch*] You are punctual.

CUL. One of the rules of my life.

RUTH. [*Indicating chair, L. of desk*] Will you be seated?

CUL. Thank you. You are very kind, I'm sure. [*Sitting in chair, L. of table*]

RUTH. [*Seating himself, R. of table*] Now, Mr. Culver, that we are not in a ballroom, you may speak freely.

CUL. Well, that's hardly fair to Mr. Gray.

RUTH. I will not offend your delicate sense of honor by keeping from him one syllable of what you may say to me.

CUL. Well then—the truth of this rumor—

RUTH. Let us first find the source. That may prove a guarantee of its truth or its falseness. I found you and Mr. Gray quarreling. He did not begin that discussion.

CUL. Why should you insinuate that I so far forgot myself as to start a quarrel where it must breed mischief?

RUTH. That was your design!

CUL. [*Indignantly*] Mr. Rutherford!

RUTH. To breed mischief; to make the matter public that it might reach my ears.

CUL. For what purpose?

RUTH. Whom else could it benefit? Whom, in all the world, but Matthew Culver?

CUL. Really, Rutherford, I protest.

RUTH. If it did not originate with you, you must have received it from someone. From whom?

CUL. Why, it was the common talk of that room tonight.

RUTH. From whom did *you* hear it?

CUL. Well, that is hardly a fair question.

RUTH. Indeed! You yourself proposed an investigation; yet at the very threshold you place an obstruction to my inquiries.

CUL. Oh, yes, but when the matter is given to you in confidence—

RUTH. It should be guarded sacredly and not made the subject of a public quarrel in a crowded ballroom. Refuse to reveal the name of your informant, and I shall hold *you* responsible!

CUL. Then, if you *must* know, it was from the same one that told *you*.

RUTH. Oh, the person that confided the matter to *me* also informed you.

CUL. Yes.

RUTH. From your words, I infer that you believe it.

CUL. You will pardon my not answering that question.

RUTH. You evidently place more reliance upon the word of your informant than I do.

CUL. I see no reason to doubt her word.

RUTH. [*After a slight pause*] Then *she* must have given you proof.

CUL. Again you will pardon my not answering.

RUTH. A woman sometimes has a motive for such a statement.

CUL. Oh, yes, yes! But what possible motive could Miss Ferrant have?

RUTH. [*Rising*] And how did *you* know that Miss Ferrant was my informant?

CUL. Why—I—

RUTH. You need not answer. I see now that Miss Ferrant was acting for someone else. The purpose of this investigation is accomplished. We have fastened the lie where it belongs.

CUL. Mr. Rutherford, you compel me to tell you the truth.

RUTH. Mr. Culver, I never knew you to tell the truth except under compulsion.

CUL. Oh, indeed! Under compulsion, then, I will speak. Robert Gray and your wife were lovers. Rumor says they love each other still. Is it any worse for me to use what I know to be the truth, than for Robert Gray to use the influence of your wife to defeat me?

RUTH. What—you *know* to be the truth?

CUL. Yes.

RUTH. Take care, man!

CUL. Oh, I repeat it!

RUTH. You say this behind Mr. Gray's back.

CUL. I've told him to his face.

RUTH. Would you tell him in *my* presence?

CUL. Yes. [*Rutherford goes up, draws the portière, R.U.E., and Gray, livid with passion, steps forward, his eyes on Culver. Culver gives a slight whistle of astonishment*]

RUTH. [*Coming down, C., slightly*] I warned you at the beginning of this interview that every word would reach him.

CUL. And I told him, at the *end* of this interview, that I would repeat to him in your presence every word.

GRAY. [*Starting towards him*] You miserable dog!

RUTH. [*Checking him*] If I listen to this man's words with patience, so must you! [*Gray comes down, R.*] Understand, Matthew Culver, it is not to vindicate my wife that I permit her name to be used in this discussion; it is to vindicate the honor of my friend.

CUL. [*L.C.*] Then I stand by what I say. Mr. Gray is in love with your wife. The old tie between them justifies every word of what you are pleased to call a slander.

RUTH. [*To Gray*] In justice to yourself, I give you the opportunity to answer him.

GRAY. [*Walks deliberately to Culver*] Then I say to him that once tonight, for daring to breathe what he has this moment uttered, I struck him in the face. No second blow is needed to stamp there the word—liar!

CUL. [*Rutherford with a look, R., makes a motion as though to quiet them*] What! Don't think that I mean to pass lightly by the rude treatment to which you have subjected my poor rosebud tonight. Of that hereafter. But

the word that you insist on placing upon my forehead is already shining with greater significance upon your own.

GRAY. I will kill you!

CUL. Then you'll hang and the appointment will go to somebody else.

RUTH. Not one word on this subject must pass the lips of either of you after tonight. This quarrel ends here. [*Gray goes and stands before the fire*] Your charge that he enlisted the efforts of my wife to obtain my support, I know to be false. [*Culver goes up to L. of table, slowly, and turns quickly on "I place my own"*] The light in which I view the rest, you can best understand when you hear me pledge my word to support by my voice and by my vote the man on whose honor I place my own! Now Matthew Culver, for the slightest breath in the future—you will answer to me. [*Calls, coming down, R.C.*] Randolph! [*To Culver*] You understand me, sir.

CUL. I am powerless since I cannot assert myself at the sacrifice of a woman's reputation.

RUTH. If I had any doubt before of your unworthiness of the high honor to which you aspire, tonight's work would convince me. [*Enter Randolph, L.I.E. To Randolph*] Randolph, will you kindly see if Mr. Culver's carriage is waiting? [*Goes up to R.U.E. Culver gives him a look—then at Randolph, who, with a grin on his face, turns, sees Culver and exits quickly, looking very grave*]

CUL. Very considerate, I'm sure. [*Culver, C., turns and looks at Rutherford and Gray, whose backs are turned to him, laughs, then goes up a little*] Before we conclude this delightful meeting, it might be as well for Mr. Gray to explain why he put my rosebud to such an angry use tonight, when I merely complimented him upon his skill in private theatricals. He seems to have a passion for tearing flowers to pieces. At one time it is a simple rosebud, at another, a bridal wreath! [*Rutherford makes a slight movement. Slight pause. Crosses to L.I.E., turns, looks from one to the other*] Good night. [*Exit, L.I.E. Rutherford comes down in front of table, C.*]

GRAY. [*Slowly turning around*] Mr. Rutherford!

RUTH. Well, Bob?

GRAY. I have lied to that man. [*Coming down, L.C.*] But—I will not hide the truth from you. I—I—

RUTH. You need not say it! I knew when I asked you to come here.

GRAY. What can I say?

RUTH. Simply answer me. At the time I married my wife—you loved her?

GRAY. Yes.

RUTH. Some misunderstanding separated you?

GRAY. Yes.

RUTH. You love her still?

GRAY. Yes—but she—

RUTH. [*His hand on Gray's shoulder*] Only yourself, Bob. That is why you left New York when we were married?

GRAY. Yes.

RUTH. And you returned—

GRAY. To see her once more. It would have been for the last time.

RUTH. And I compelled you to remain. [*Gray drops his head in silence and goes L. a little*] A grievous mistake has been made. I shall endeavor to rectify it. In the new field of responsibility to which you will be called, I wish you success from the bottom of my heart.

GRAY. Mr. Rutherford! There is—something—more. [*With a convulsive sob, sinks into chair, his head buried in his hands. Sobs. Recovers himself and rises*] I beg your pardon, sir.

RUTH. You need not, for I can understand.

GRAY. Is there anything else you would like to say to me?

RUTH. Nothing.

GRAY. [*Crossing to L.I.E.*] Good night, sir.

RUTH. Good night—[*Gray turns and extends his hand*] Mr. Gray. [*At the words "Mr. Gray," Robert gives a slight start, drops his hand which he has extended towards Rutherford, and slowly exits, L.I.E. Bunch light, L.I.E. out. After a slight pause, Rutherford slowly turns and looks at door, R.I.E.*] It only needs her now to complete the revelation. As it is slowly unfolded, each hope to which I clung has faded away. There is but one left—and that one—oh! for tomorrow's light! And yet tomorrow may bring me only darkness! [*Enter Randolph, L.I.E. Rutherford turns quickly to table, takes up papers to hide his emotion. Ready lights*]

RAN. [*Going to C.*] Both gentlemen have gone, sir.

RUTH. Randolph, will you put out the light in my room and go to bed?

RAN. What! Before you? [*Lights down with chandelier*]

RUTH. Oblige me, please. [*Randolph goes into room, R.U.E., is seen to turn out the light. At the same time, Rutherford comes up, C., turns down droplight and stands at back, buried in thought. The room in darkness. Only the moonlight seen streaming through the windows, and the glare of the firelight falling on the hearth*]

RAN. [*Outside*] Good night, sir.

RUTH. Good night, Randolph. [*Exit Randolph, R.U.E. Slight pause, then Helen enters, R.I.E., in robe-de-chambre, and pauses, surprised, at the darkness and stillness of the room. As Helen enters, R.I.E., the yellow calcium is put on, not too strong and glaring. A strong bunch light is generally as good*]

*as the calcium. This light must be kept on Helen as she comes on to John, and when they go up to the fireplace, direct it on them. It remains in that position during act. Warn music]*

HELEN. [*In a low voice*] John! [*Slight pause*] John! [*Half frightened, but still very quietly*] Where are you? [*Sees him at back*] John!

RUTH. [*Comes down, L.C.*] Why, what brings you downstairs?

HELEN. I left you just now because you bade me, but I have been waiting for you to come and tell me what is troubling you—waiting, until the room grew so lonesome and you were so long that I could not stay away from you another moment. What is the matter, dear? [*During this speech Rutherford and Helen have turned around so that Rutherford is C. and Helen, L.C. Rutherford sits by table. Helen kneels before him*]

RUTH. A terrible sorrow is threatening to cast its shadow on my life.

HELEN. I knew it. My heart told me that you were suffering. That is why you are alone and in the darkness.

RUTH. Yes.

HELEN. Alone? And I, your wife, so willing to share it with you. Tell me!

RUTH. I have been thinking how to do so.

HELEN. Ah! There is only one way—with my arms clasped tight around your neck, my eyes looking up into yours. John, why do you hesitate? Am I not your wife? Am I not to be a—[*Lowers her eyes*] Does not the thought of that other life so fill your heart—[*Looks up into his face*] that it leaves no room for sorrow there? [*Rutherford with an acute cry of pain presses his hand to his eyes as his head falls back. Alarmed*] John! What is the matter? Speak to me. [*Takes his hand from his face, then rises slowly*] Nothing could trouble you like this, unless it had to do with me.

RUTH. [*Rises*] It has. [*Crosses to fireplace with Helen; she sits in arm-chair before the fire. Ring music*] Do you know why I sent you into that room tonight with Robert Gray?

HELEN. Ah! [*With a start and half frightened look at him*]

RUTH. To stamp with my own hands, as a falsehood, the rumor connecting his name with yours.

HELEN. Then the quarrel tonight was about—

RUTH. Yes, but a moment ago it ended in this room—forever. Certain facts came to me in such a way that I cannot ignore them, but I will not listen to any explanation except from your own lips.

HELEN. [*Faces him*] Oh, no! Don't let us speak of that! I have tried so hard to forget. Day by day, I've had to fight against it, every night I have prayed to have it taken out of my life.

RUTH. Have what taken out of your life?

HELEN. Oh, must I speak of it to you—now?

RUTH. Yes—yes!

HELEN. It is so hard.

RUTH. Before you became my wife, did you love Robert Gray?

HELEN. Yes.

RUTH. You were betrothed to him?

HELEN. Yes, on the very day you first came to me, we parted.

RUTH. That is why you could not answer me?

HELEN. Had I answered *then*, it would have been “No.”

RUTH. I, myself, begged you to wait and consider well—

HELEN. I did consider well. I thought of the man that I had admired from childhood! Whose strong yet gentle nature won from my woman's heart that reverence that finally drew me to him. I knew that he could never change, that years hence I could think of him as on the day I first gave myself to him—with even greater admiration, as I knew him more; greater affection, as day by day he filled my life with contentment and peace.

RUTH. Everything—but love.

HELEN. For that, too, I hoped.

RUTH. “Hoped”—

HELEN. In time.

RUTH. In time! Did you love him when you married me?

HELEN. [*After a great effort, sinking on her knees before him*] Yes.

RUTH. I asked you if your heart were free, and you answered me—[*Helen gives him a pleading look; he stops*] Do you love him still? [*A pause*] Oh, don't deceive yourself. It is easier for me to hear the truth, than be in this doubt. Helen, do you still love Robert Gray? [*With a cry she sinks at his feet, lying on the rug, with her face buried in her arm. He stands for a moment as though stunned, then with his eyes bent upon her prostrate figure speaks as though to himself*] A mother! A mother! My child! And another man's image in her heart! O God! [*Buries his face in his hands and turns away slightly, then turns to her. With a superhuman effort he restrains his feelings*] Why did you keep this from me? [*Helen sobs aloud*] There! There! Dear, don't cry. There—there! [*He assists Helen to her feet, she comes down front, C., sobbing. He follows*] Don't hang your head. What you did, you thought was for the best. We'll make of it—the best we can.

HELEN. Let me send for my father.

RUTH. You must not speak to him.

HELEN. Aunt Margaret.

RUTH. Not even to her.



HELEN. [*With a cry of despair*] Oh! What shall I do? To whom shall I turn?

RUTH. [*With a movement towards her, then stops*] To me!

HELEN. [*Turning to him*] To you? [*Commence to work down fire*]

RUTH. [*Coming to her*] The one that promised to protect you. And did you ever need protection more than now?

HELEN. [*Low and tearfully*] My husband!

RUTH. Yes, for by that word, we have the sacred right to know each other's hearts, as they are known by Him, that, knowing, we may help each other. Let us not mistake, as the world so often does, the bond that unites man and wife. [*Ring music*]

HELEN. Oh! Is it not broken?

RUTH. "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" [*By this time the moonlight has faded into darkness and the fire has almost died away. He tenderly takes her face between his two hands, reverently kisses her on the forehead, and speaks in a low voice husky with emotion*] God—bless—you and give—you—rest. [*A momentary silence. She slowly turns away from him with bowed head and going, R.I.E., stops before the door. He goes to the fireplace. She pauses for a moment with the door open, the dim light from the hall falling upon her, and, with her body swaying slightly, lifts her head as though about to speak, but, with a half audible moan, her head sinks again, and she goes out of the room. Rutherford sinks abstractedly into armchair and gazes into fireplace, where the last flickering spark at that moment disappears*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE: *Same as Act III, except that out-of-doors the leaves are on the trees. April. Windows at back open, showing terrace. During the act, a total eclipse of the sun is supposed to be approaching; beginning at the very opening of the act, the light outside fades very gradually from bright sunlight through a yellow, pale yellow, to a faint greenish blue successively, while at the end a gleam of pink touches the dome of the Capitol. Silas seated on the sofa, reading paper. Music for rise. Mrs. Amory seated at small working stand, R., working on embroidery.*

MRS. A. [R.C.] I brought my work in here to talk to you, and you've buried yourself in the newspapers.

SILAS. If you had been out of the world for three days—

MRS. A. Do you call Washington out of the world?

SILAS. To a New Yorker, every place is out of the world except—

MRS. A. New York.

SILAS. [*Looks at her quickly*] Now say it isn't.

MRS. A. But I don't.

SILAS. Margaret, every time you've run over to Washington, you've grown combative. The effect of attending Congress.

MRS. A. But there's no session now, Silas.

SILAS. Last time I was here, I paid a visit to the House of Representatives. Expected to see them making laws for the country. Hadn't been there a minute before I was in the Produce Exchange. Half the members were waving their hands and shouting at the speaker. Somebody made a motion, and I bid on wheat. Well, what do you want?

MRS. A. I want to know what you think of this mission to St. Petersburg. Do you think he will take Helen with him?

SILAS. If the difficulty between Russia and the United States can be settled by arbitration at all, it requires just such a man as Rutherford to do it.

MRS. A. I'm afraid he will go.

SILAS. Afraid of what? Dynamite? If a member of Congress can keep his feet under the fusilade of American newspapers, he can stand a Russian bomb or two. What are you afraid of?

MRS. A. That he will not take Helen with him.

SILAS. If she wants to go, she only has to say so.

MRS. A. She will not express the wish, because she thinks he prefers to have her rest quietly in New York with us. [*Enter Rutherford, L.2.E., with official papers*]

SILAS. Ah, Rutherford, I'm glad you've come. [*Rutherford crosses to back of table, C.*] You can appease the anxiety of that sister of mine.

RUTH. [*Crossing and caressing her slightly, at her L.*] Aunt Margaret? Why, what is she anxious about?

MRS. A. The result of your conference with the president.

RUTH. Well, aunt, I have decided to go.

SILAS. Then I can enjoy my papers in peace. The country is safe. [*Buries himself in papers*]

MRS. A. [*R.C., glancing about her*] John, last night as Nelly and I were sitting in her room, we were planning what we would do during your absence to make the time shorter in case you did not take her with you, when, without a word of warning, she burst into tears, and throwing her arms around my neck, sobbed as if her heart would break.

RUTH. I never had any intention of leaving her.

MRS. A. Ah, she'll be delighted.

SILAS. [*Abruptly, without looking off the paper*] Rutherford, what steamer do you go by?

RUTH. The St. Paul.

SILAS. Why, she leaves Tuesday.

RUTH. [*Crosses back of table*] Yes, on Tuesday. Oh, by the way, I met Mrs. Putnam just now.

SILAS. Mrs. Putnam! Ha, ha, ha! To think of old Put being married! I shall never forget the sight as he marched up the aisle keeping step to the wedding march—[*Laughing*] He thought he was on dress parade. He answered the minister's questions as if he were giving military commands.

MRS. A. I shall never forget the look of triumph he gave you as he marched out—with his wife on his arm.

SILAS. [*Laughing*] I don't believe the old ingrate ever appreciated for a moment what it cost me to "pave the way."

RUTH. [*Crosses to top of C. table, seated*] She said she was coming here this morning to see the eclipse from the terrace.

SILAS. That's a fact—total eclipse today.

MRS. A. [*Rising and putting work in basket*] Now, don't say it will look better from New York, for there it's to be only partial.

SILAS. Yes! Even the sun is partial to New York. [*Mrs. Amory goes up, R.C. Takes basket up, R., places it there on bookcase; takes up side chair, places it up R. of couch. Exit, R.U.E.*]

RUTH. By the way, the major wants to see you.

SILAS. Putnam? Where is he?

RUTH. In the billiard room. He said he'd wait there. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

SILAS. I know what he's waiting for. He beat me four games, yesterday. Well, we'll see if he can do it again. [*Crosses, exit, L.I.E. Kitty and Jack enter, C. from R., through window; enter Agnes, R.U.E.*]

KITTY [*Taking off hat which she places on mantel*] Agnes, let Mrs. Rutherford know we are here.

JACK. [*Comes to back of table, C.*] And Agnes, tell her she needn't hurry a bit. And Agnes, will you bring me a lighted candle?

AGNES. Yes, sir. [*Exit Agnes, R.I.E.*]

KITTY. [*To L. of table*] Oh! Is it going to be as dark as all that, Jack?

JACK. Oh, no! I only want to smoke the glass, that's all. [*Rubbing glass with his handkerchief*] Katherine, it was very kind of your mother to send us on ahead, wasn't it?

KITTY. [*Coming down, L.C., taking off her gloves*] Yes, mama is becoming quite fond of you.

JACK. So am I. I mean *I* think a good deal of mama. You don't mind my calling your mother mama, do you? I want to become accustomed to it. [*Breathes on glass, and continues polishing with handkerchief*]

KITTY. [*Aside*] There's nothing backward about you. [*Sitting L. of table*]

JACK. 'Tisn't every fellow has a chance to make love by the light of a total eclipse—I mean, in the dark of a total eclipse. [*Jack looks through glass to see if it is clear, catches Kitty's eye. Kitty, embarrassed, goes L. a little*]

KITTY. [*Aside*] This'll get embarrassing in a moment.

JACK. [*Going close to her, impulsively putting arm with glass around her*]  
O Katherine, I have waited until—

KITTY. Look out! You'll cut me!

JACK. [*Puts glass on table, C., indicating sofa*] Let's sit down!

KITTY. No, we haven't time.

JACK. [*Going to her warmly, about to embrace her*] Katherine, will you dispel the darkness from my heart? [*Enter Agnes with lighted candle, R.I.E.*]

KITTY. Agnes will do that with the candle. [*Kitty turns and goes upstage, L., putting gloves on mantel. Jack much annoyed, goes to C., and takes candle from Agnes, who starts to go, R.*]

JACK. [*Crosses to R.C.*] Agnes. [*She stops and turns*] Thank you. [*Agnes exit, R.I.E.*] Kitty, hold this glass will you, Katherine? [*Starts to smoke glass over candle back of table*]

KITTY. Why do you call me Katherine?

JACK. Because you've come out. You are k-i-t, kit, no longer; you are k-a-t, kat, now.

KITTY. [*With a slight scream*] Ow! Take it!

JACK. What's the matter? [*Takes the glass from her, drops it quickly on the table*]

KITTY. I burnt my finger.

JACK. I've roasted mine.

KITTY. Let's see.

JACK. Ladies first. [*Takes her hand, slapping and blowing it*]

KITTY. Jack, don't do that.

JACK. Why not?

KITTY. I haven't fainted.

JACK. That's a fact. Where's the burn?

KITTY. [*Pointing*] There.

JACK. [*Imitating*] There—where?

KITTY. There. [*Jack looks very closely at finger, then takes up candle and continues business of trying to find the burn; as he brings it close to Kitty's finger, she tries to pull her hand away*]

JACK. Oh, come here. I wouldn't hurt you for the world. [*Continues searching for the burn and finally finds it*] Oh, yes. [*Tenderly*] Poor little finger.

KITTY. Oh, it smarts.

JACK. Well, you just leave it to me. I have attended the lectures on "First Aid to the Injured." In case of burn, apply something soothing. [*Kisses hand which Kitty tries to take away; Jack retains it and presses it against his heart*] And keep the patient quiet! [*Jack continues smoking the glass with his right hand*] Katherine, it's fortunate for us that the social feud is ended between the Montague-Dexters and the Capulet-Ives. Now, just see what a little thing will do! Your mother and my mother happened to be present at a reunion of old veterans that had fought on opposite sides. When they saw the other old vets shake hands, they fell into each other's arms. In less than ten minutes there was a scheme to have my mother's waifs go over and play tag with your mother's orphans.

KITTY. When you get through with that hand, I'd like to have it back.

JACK. Excuse me. I am curing it in true homeopathic style; your burnt hand against my blazing heart—"Similia similibus curantur." [*Flourishing glass which he holds in R. hand; Kitty draws away and goes L. slightly*] Katherine, will you do me a favor?

KITTY. [*L.C. to chair, L.*] Certainly.

JACK. Well—er—"When in the course of human events"—no, that won't do. This isn't a declaration of independence. It's quite the other thing. "Know all men by these presents"—[*Kitty laughs, Jack stops dead*]

KITTY. [*Looking around*] I don't see any presents. What's the matter, Jack?

JACK. This is curious. Speech fails me.

KITTY. Write it, Jack.

JACK. Eh?

KITTY. Write it!

JACK. [*Looks around the room, then seeing the smoked glass*] I will.

KITTY. Wait a moment, Jack. [*Goes up, C., to back of table, kneels on chair, candle C. of table*]

JACK. This is what I want you to do. [*Writes on glass with finger*]

KITTY. [*Looking over his shoulder. Kitty sits on table*] What?

JACK. [*Holds glass out for her to see, at the same time stroking his face with his finger, leaving a black mark*] What's that?

KITTY. M—

JACK. [*Writes again, same business as before*] And that?

KITTY. A—R—

JACK. [*Repeating this*] And this?

KITTY. [*Takes candle from table, holds it first behind and then in front of glass*] R—Y. Mar— Mar-ry—ri—Maria!

JACK. Oh, no, Kitty! Try again!

KITTY. Ma-a-r-r-y—Marry! [*Jack rubs nervously all over the lower part of his face the black from the glass*] Whom?

JACK. Me.

KITTY. O Jack! [*Lays her head on Jack's shoulder, overcome; at the same time Jack takes candle in his L. hand and lays his head back in the same position as Kitty*] But, Jack, I'm too young to think of marriage yet. [*Gets off table, back of same*]

JACK. No, not to think of it. We needn't marry yet. I can wait. They call me the heavyweight of the crew.

KITTY. [*Her eye on floor*] O Jack, do you really think I could make you happy?

JACK. Make me happy? Why, Kitty, I have loved you ever since last summer when we sat on the life buoy and paddled our feet in the water. Will you be my wife?

KITTY. O Jack! [*Turns quickly and throws herself in Jack's arms*]

JACK. [*Catching her*] My little sweetheart! [*Embraces her, outs candle on table, kisses her and continues embracing, as enter Mrs. Putnam, Silas and Major, L.I.E.*]

MRS. P. [*C. to L.*] Kitty! [*Very much shocked*]

KITTY. [*With a startled cry*] Mama! [*Runs to R.U.E., hiding her face behind curtains, as she has her face blackened*]

JACK. [*R. of table. In his confusion takes up glass again and continues smoking it, then pauses and laughs nervously*] Perhaps I should have spoken to you first, madam, but like a true American I preferred to be sure of the property before commencing negotiations. I find that my title is clear. I beg that you will consent to the transfer.

MRS. P. What on earth have you done to your face?

JACK. [*Nervously*] Am I—blushing?

SILAS. Blushing! And he expects to go into politics!

MRS. P. Miss Ives. [*Kitty is apparently deeply absorbed in a book from bookcase, R.U., not yet having turned her face to the audience. She appears not to hear Mrs. Putnam*] Miss Ives, do you hear me, miss? [*As she turns to come down, her cheek is seen to be marked with black as if from contact with*]

*Jack's face. Silas turns chuckling to the fireplace; the Major, with a grin, turns away to hide his laughter; Mrs. Putnam, with calm dignity, looks at Kitty, then at Jack, who has, without seeing Kitty's face, gone down to her R. He takes her by the hand]*

JACK. [*Apart*] Brace up, Kitty, brace up! [*They both turn to Mrs. Putnam, assuming a very haughty air; finally Kitty sees Jack's face, laughs heartily*] Katherine, do not laugh.

KITTY. [*Laughing heartily and turning Jack to her*] O Jack, look at your face.

JACK. What's that on your face? Ha, ha, ha! [*Kitty stops laughing as she rubs her hand over face and looks at black she has rubbed off. Jack struck with an idea, suddenly puts his hand to his face and discovers the black. Jack and Kitty join hands and come slowly, C., toward Mrs. Putnam, after looking at each other sadly*]

MAJOR. [*To Mrs. Putnam*] My dear, can you resist that touching spectacle?

JACK. We are at your mercy—mama.

MRS. P. [*To Jack*] If it were not for your dear mother—

SILAS. You might as well give your consent.

MAJOR. Yes, think of the black mark on our family!

MRS. P. [*Rising and coming to them. Major goes back of sofa*] When you both come to me looking less like Zulus—[*Kitty smothers a laugh, goes R.*] I will talk to you. [*Goes up slightly and R. after Jack crosses*]

JACK. Then we may hope?

MAJOR. [*Drops R. of sofa*] I think, at present, it is more a question of soap. [*Jack turns quickly to Kitty as though assuring her it is all right. Kitty quickly exits, R.I.E.*]

JACK. [*Crossing L., apart*] Put in a word for me, major, will you?

MAJOR. A whole dictionary, my boy.

JACK. Thank you, father. [*Ready eclipse*]

MAJOR. Jack—I'll make it an unabridged. [*Exit Jack hurriedly, L.I.E.*]

MRS. P. [*R. of C. table. Smiling*] Homer, dear, I ought to be very angry with that young man.

MAJOR. My dear, in this country, we ought to be thankful that we know of our *daughter's* marriage at all.

SILAS. [*Sitting on sofa, L.*] Well, but you've appropriated the family, at last, haven't you? [*Enter Mrs. Amory, R.I.E.*]

MRS. A. Good morning, Mrs. Putnam. Nelly will be down in a moment. She must have met Kitty on the stairs. The little puss has been getting into some mischief.

Mrs. P. My dear, she's never been out of mischief since I have known her.

MAJOR. [*To L. of C. table*] Lurline, do not chide our daughter in that way.

SILAS. [*L.*] What's that you call her?

MAJOR. Lurline.

SILAS. What do you call her that for?

MAJOR. That's a pet name I have given her. In the bosom of our family, I call her "Lurly."

SILAS. Well, Put, from what I know of you, I shouldn't be surprised if you called her "Birdie."

MAJOR. [*C. to L.*] That's what she calls me. [*Mrs. Putnam protests to Mrs. Amory. Agnes enters with tray having pieces of colored glass on it, goes up, places stand out on terrace, C., and exit, C. to L. Lights to eclipse very slowly*]

SILAS. Birdie! Well, you're a fine old nightingale.

MAJOR. My dear, don't mind his chaffing. He can't help it. It's in the grain.

Mrs. A. Well, major, and how did you fare at billiards?

SILAS. Oh, anything in the shape of a cannon ball he's perfectly at home with.

MAJOR. I flatter myself that I never disgrace my cue.

SILAS. [*Rises and goes up, C. Mrs. Amory goes up also*] You did once. [*Enter Rutherford, R.U.E.*]

RUTH. Mrs. Putnam.

MAJOR. John! [*Rutherford joins Major. Silas conducts Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. Amory to terrace. The ladies sit. Major crosses, C., to Rutherford*] I have just heard from Miss Ferrant. She is living in the south of France. Her aunt writes that she is beginning to realize what a dupe she became in the hands of Culver.

RUTH. She was more to be pitied than blamed. But that scoundrel, Culver!

MAJOR. Oh, don't worry about him. He has joined a party of capitalists in a railroad scheme in Central America. He goes down to look after their mutual interests. He'll never be satisfied till he owns the road himself. By that time, if the natives do not finish him, the fever will. John, you have acted as one man in a thousand.

RUTH. If a friend came to me and told me that peril threatened his married life, and I knew that no blame rested on her, I would use every effort in my power to keep the bond uniting them sacred. And shall I do less for myself than I would for my friend?



MAJOR. Truman tells me you have accepted the mission to St. Petersburg.

RUTH. Yes. From the first I knew I must go. I withheld my decision until now, hoping that she might express a desire to accompany me.

MAJOR. Why, of course, she will accompany you.

RUTH. Willingly—if I asked her.

MAJOR. My dear John, what more do you want?

RUTH. [*Crossing, L.*] Something more than obedience. [*Enter Helen, R.I.E.*]

MAJOR. Ah, she's here. [*Helen crosses to him*]

HELEN. [*To Major*] I'm so glad that you and Mrs. Putnam have come to see the eclipse—we'll soon be in the shadow.

MAJOR. [*R.C.*] My dear, nothing can ever throw Mrs. Homer Q. Putnam into the shadow—nothing. [*Helen laughs*]

MRS. P. [*Comes to window. Laughs*] Oh, come along, Birdie—come along! [*Helen follows up C. Mrs. Amory, Mrs. Putnam, Major and Silas move off, C. to L.*]

HELEN. [*L. of C. table. Comes down*] John, I know what you want to tell me. You have decided to go.

RUTH. [*Who has gone up behind sofa*] I delayed my answer as long as possible.

HELEN. You did not wish to go?

RUTH. I had no choice.

HELEN. [*Comes down and sits on sofa, L., L. end*] Then why did you delay? Was it because of me?

RUTH. [*R. of sofa*] Yes.

HELEN. You did not wish to hurt me by telling me that I must remain. Oh, it hurts me a great deal more to feel that I am a constant burden to you. You think you can hide your grief from me, as you do from the others. Do they see you night after night poring over your desk? Ah, more than once, I have stolen from my room and waited there—[*Pointing, R.*] longing to speak to you, not daring to intrude upon the grief that I had caused. Never once have I closed my eyes at night until I heard you enter your room. One o'clock, two, three—it may be—I have always waited for your step—only to fall asleep with the sound still striking like a thud upon my heart. Let me do something to help you—anything—whatever you say, I will do gladly. If you wish me to remain, let it be so; if you want me with you, I am willing to go.

RUTH. Yes, I know.

HELEN. Which is it to be?

RUTH. You are to accompany me.

HELEN. Why did you not tell me so before?

RUTH. Because I wanted the wish to first come from you.

KITTY. [*Outside, R.*] Nelly! Nelly! [*Rutherford goes up, C., and exits to L. Helen goes up and looks after him as she speaks*]

HELEN. The wish to first come from me! Oh, if I only dared to speak—to tell him—to tell him that—but now, he would not believe me. [*Kitty runs on, R. & E. Helen crosses to L. C.*]

KITTY. [*Crosses to C. and over to sofa*] What made you leave me? I had such a lot to tell you. [*Throwing herself on sofa and burying her head in the pillows*] I'm just the happiest girl in the whole world!

HELEN. Afterward, you shall tell me all about it.

KITTY. No, now! [*Throwing pillows off on the floor*] I don't care for that old eclipse! I don't care for anything in the world but just Jack.

HELEN. [*Half smiling*] Oh! Jack!

KITTY. Come here. If I don't confide in somebody, I'll have a fit.

HELEN. [*Coming down and sitting, R. end of sofa; Kitty lies on sofa and places head in Helen's lap*] Well then, confide in me.

KITTY. You're a great deal older than I; yet we've always been cronies, ever since we were at school together, haven't we?

HELEN. Yes, Kitty. Those were happy days, Kitty. And the future seemed so bright and happy. We didn't dream then who our husbands would be!

KITTY. Oh, yes. *You* did, for you thought you were in love with Robert Gray, didn't you?

HELEN. Yes, Kitty, I *thought* so.

KITTY. You used to tell me that you and he would have a little island all to yourselves, where you were going to cultivate roses. And just to think that you should have married Mr. Rutherford and Robert Gray should be making himself famous as though he cared for nothing but work, and had forgotten that such a girl as Nell Truman ever lived. Ain't it funny? I've had a lot of beaux, too. There was Alexander Robinson. I thought there was nobody like Alec, till I met Jack. Now there's nobody like Jack. And there will never be, Nelly—he has asked me to be his wife.

HELEN. And you told him? [*Ready piano, R. U.*]

KITTY. Well, I just allowed him to—[*Throwing herself on the floor and burying her head in Helen's lap*] Oh! pshaw! Well, you saw me when you met me on the stairs, didn't you? Well, that's what I mean—and I am so happy. [*Raising pillow and striking floor violently with it*] And I do love him so! [*Kneeling at Helen's feet, L. of her*] And what do you say to it all?

HELEN. I say, little girl, when we are young, we are apt to be mistaken—to call that love which is only the infatuation of our girlish hearts. But put every hope of happiness for your married life upon those qualities in your husband that never change, that years hence you may think of him as on the day you first gave yourself to him, with even greater admiration as you know him more; greater affection, as day by day he fills your life with contentment and with peace. And the impetuous, thoughtless love of the girl will grow into the calm, peaceful eternal love of the wife.

KITTY. You are speaking from your own experience. How happy you must be! [*Enter Jack, L.2.E.*]

HELEN. [*Both rise*] Jack, Kitty has told me. I am so glad that she has chosen you, for, with one so strong and generous and brave—[*Laying her hand on Kitty's head*] the weaker one will be safe.

JACK. Mrs. Rutherford, I can only answer by saying, "I want to put this ring on her finger in your presence." [*Kitty extends hand; Jack puts ring on Kitty's finger. She admires it as she crosses to Helen; Jack crosses back of sofa to C., to R. Helen, with a smile, turns to Jack and offers her hand. Jack takes it, impulsively kisses her*]

HELEN. There! Go with this happiness to your mother. [*Sits. Jack crosses to C., stumbling on sofa pillow as he does so. He whispers to Kitty, who goes to back of sofa and speaks to Helen*]

KITTY. Nelly, you remember the day your husband first asked you to be his wife? He had brought you that beautiful music. Don't you know? You told me afterwards at the very time he was telling you of his love, you heard me playing it in the next room. And you said it was a good omen.

HELEN. Yes, I remember.

KITTY. [*Giving her R. hand to Jack*] Well, Jack and I like good omens, too. So won't you play it for us, now—just for luck?

HELEN. [*Rising, crosses up, R.U.*] Yes, just for luck! [*Sits at piano in room, R.U.E., and plays music of Act I. Mrs. Putnam enters, C., from L.; Jack and Kitty are C. When Mrs. Putnam enters, they exchange looks, instinctively passing their hands over their faces where they were recently blackened. They assure each other the black has been removed and turn toward Mrs. Putnam who drops down, C.*]

JACK. If you please, mama.

KITTY. Yes, we are not Zulus now.

MRS. P. Oh, you want my consent, I suppose?

JACK. Well, if you would be so kind as to put us out of misery.

KITTY. Besides, mama, I don't want to give him back that! [*Holding up her finger*]

Mrs. P. An engagement ring!

KITTY. [*Very demurely*] Yes, mama, I'm engaged.

Mrs. P. [*L.C.*] Well, my daughter, come here—[*Kitty comes to her, L.C.*] There's a kiss for you. And Jack, if you'll promise to leave her with me a little longer, there's one for you. [*Kitty runs up to Helen for a moment, then joins Jack*]

JACK. [*Kisses Mrs. Putnam; aside*] I said I'd be in her arms before I got through! [*Arms about each other. Mrs. Putnam up, L.C., to window. During the above, Rutherford, attracted by the music, has entered the room. Jack and Kitty exeunt, R.I.E., as Mrs. Putnam speaks aside to Rutherford, up C. She exits to L., as Rutherford goes up and stands near piano*]

HELEN. [*Stops playing*] Ah! John, I didn't know you were there. [*Stop piano*]

RUTH. Go on playing.

HELEN. [*Rising and coming down, R.C.; he follows her down*] No, not now. I want to tell you something. I could not say it before—I was afraid it was too much for even you to believe.

RUTH. [*Coming downstage to her*] Have I ever doubted you?

HELEN. [*Turning warmly to him*] When you go away, I want to go with you—not because you want me to but because—

RUTH. Because you want to make me happy.

HELEN. I was thinking of myself. If you had gone without me, I should have been—lonesome.

RUTH. For me?

HELEN. Don't ask me when I began to know it. Like the breath of sweet incense, it has come into my heart—

RUTH. Helen, do you know what you are saying!

HELEN. Until it seems there is no life for me except when you are near.

RUTH. As you were afraid to speak, so now I am afraid to believe. Oh, look well into your heart. Take no greater burden on yourself than you can bear.

HELEN. Love is never a burden.

RUTH. Love?

HELEN. Take me with you, John, for I love you.

RUTH. [*Takes her in his arms*] My wife! [*Jack and Kitty have entered, R.I.E. They retire to room, R.U.E. Kitty sits on piano stool. Mrs. Amory, Mrs. Putnam, Major and Silas on terrace viewing eclipse through colored glass.*]

MRS. A. [*Calling*] Nelly, do come! You're missing it all.

RUTH. Go to them. [*Rutherford kisses her. Helen goes up, C., is met by Major who kisses her tenderly on the forehead. Helen joins the others at the back as the Major grasps Rutherford's hand, realizing the business of Act II, as curtain descends*]

CURTAIN



LORD CHUMLEY  
By Henry C. De Mille  
and  
David Belasco

First legal and authorized publication

## CHARACTERS

ADAM BUTTERWORTH, *retired*

LIEUTENANT GERALD HUGH BUTTERWORTH, *of the 91st, his son*

GASPER LE SAGE, *a gentleman with an elastic conscience*

TOMMY TUCKER, *stoker on the "Midnight Flyer"*

BLINK BLUNK, *an authority on jail life in Europe*

WINTERBOTTOM, *reared among the nobility*

ELEANOR, *the queen of Lummy-tum*

JESSIE DEANE, *nicknamed "The Little Riding-Hood"*

LADY ADELINE BARKER, *forty, fair, and fat*

MEG, *the angel of the attic*

MIRANDA

LORD CHOLMONDELEY, *known as "Chumley"*

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: LIBERTY ROOM AT LUMMY-TUM

ACT II: CHUMLEY'S LODGINGS, 42 PRIMROSE LANE

ACT III: THE LAKE VIEW AT LUMMY-TUM



## ACT I.

PROPERTIES: *Carpet down. Medallion. Skins and rugs. Curtains on poles and rings at all openings. Six oak chairs. Large easy chair, R.C. Handsome sideboard, L.3.E. Large desk, R. Library table, up C., between windows. 1 small flat-top desk, up C. Easel and picture, L. of window, L.C. 1 footstool or hassock. Table, L., with matchsafe attached. Stands and statuettes. Handsome screen near desk, R. Pivot chair at desk, R. Handsomely framed picture on wall, C. Bell cord, L., above door, L.1.E. Desk, R.: papers, books, ledgers, etc.; writing material, pens, etc., ornaments. Small desk, C.: papers, inkstand, book, wineglass. Library table, C.: ornaments, 2 paperweights, books. Table, L.: cover, matchsafe and matches, paperweight. Sideboard, L.: ornaments, glassware, decanters and wineglasses on salver, metal candlestick, candle matches. Mantel L.: ornaments, clock.*

SIDE PROPERTIES: *On table, L.3.E., 2 lamps (lighted), satchel for Butterworth containing box of bonbons. Bunch of roses. Card on salver. Large legal envelope for Le Sage. Masked hat. Gloves. Whip. 6 brass buttons. Ready, R.3.E., uniform, sword for Winterbottom. Ready, R.1.E., 2 books, whip for Lady Adeline, miniature for Butterworth.*

SCENE: *Liberty Hall at Lummy-tum. English lake, rich blue sky. Low stone and iron railing, close to bank. Ceiling transparent, so as to show sunlight and moonlight effects. Sunset. Lively English melody for rise of curtain, to stop when Lady Adeline speaks. Enter Lady Adeline, R.1.E., with two books and large riding whip; her hair is done up high to increase her tallness.*

LADY A. I remained on the lake too long. I must not miss my ride. I should have been in the saddle an hour ago. [*Pulls bell-rope, L.2.E., and places one book on table, L.*] Let me see, if I fully understand the directions in my book, "Maidens on Horseback"—[*Places large chair, C., and sits sideways as though sitting on horseback. Arranges her R. elbow on back of chair, so as to read book, holding the whip in her L. hand*] First position. [*Reads, at the same time following the directions*] Head erect and easy—eyes straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, shoulders well back, elbows close to body, wrists on level with elbows, six inches apart, the right foot falling naturally on the pommel of the saddle, and the right side of —[*Looks around, R. and L., to see that no one is about, then speaks softly*] the leg held closely to the saddle. [*In ecstasy, tossing book on chair and flour-*

*ishing whip*] I was born to live on a horse. [*Rising, to L. corner*] Had I been of humble origin—[*To L.*] I should have been a circus rider. [*Enter Winterbottom, R., pompous, dignified, deliberate*]

WINTER. Did your ladyship ring?

LADY A. [*Quickly changing her manner, angrily*] Yes, tell Robert to put the saddle on King Henry. [*To C.*]

WINTER. Yes, my lady. [*Exit, R.*]

LADY A. [*To table, L.*] Provoking to be so interrupted. But anger reduces flesh—at least so my book tells me. [*Sits R. of table, taking up second book with a long sigh*] To think that I, whom they once called “Little Swans-down,” should, in the prime of maidenhood, be driven to work on anti-fat. Where was I? [*Resuming her pose on chair, C.*] Ah—in the circus. [*Enter Winterbottom, R.*]

WINTER. My lady.

LADY A. [*With whip, striking her dress as she goes down, L.*] Am I never to get around the ring? Put that chair back. [*Winterbottom puts chair up, R.*]

WINTER. [*Speaks as he is placing chair*] Miranda requests I should ask if your ladyship would ride this afternoon. [*Lady Adeline crosses to R. as Winterbottom goes L. with stool, puts it front of table, L.C.*]

LADY A. Yes, tell her to get my habit ready at once. [*Winterbottom going*] And put my four pound dumb-bells out. Have the bay rum and sponges at hand, and blankets on the sofa. [*R.*]

WINTER. Yes, my lady. [*Going*]

LADY A. [*To C.*] And tell Miranda to close the shutters—and pull down the blinds. [*Exit Winterbottom, L.1.E.*] In this age of research, one cannot be too careful. [*To R. Enter Butterworth, L.3.E., a robust, unctuous, jovial, good-natured man, in the prime of life, hale and hearty, full head of red hair, of which he is very proud. Quaintly dressed, not loud nor vulgar, his manner is open-hearted, and frank. He carries small satchel*]

BUTTER. Ah, Addie, 'ere I am, back again. 'Ungry as a h'elephant and dry as Sarah's desert. [*Places satchel on chair, L., above door, goes to sideboard, pours a large glass of wine which he drinks, Lady Adeline walking up and down, R., as if exercising*] H'exercising as usual. 'Pon my word, I actually b'lieve you've lost a 'arf ounce since today. That's right. Keep on h'exercising. [*Brings decanter and glass to C., below desk*] Perseverance'll get you through anything, as the little mouse said when he starved himself to get through the cheese box. But, Addie, don't h'over—do the thing as the little mouse did when he ate so much he couldn't get out again. [*Drinks*]

LADY A. [*Up C.*] How often must I request you, brother-in-law, not to call me Addie?

BUTTER. No offense meant, no offense must be took. [*Finishes drinking; sets decanter and glass on C. table*] Ah—that's genuine Simon—carries the dust right afore it. [*Comes down, taking box out of his satchel, L.*] Now, let me see what I've got 'ere for everybody in general. 'Ere's a box o'—what you call 'em—bung-bungs—sweets to the sweetest—for Eleanor. [*Places bonbons on table, L., takes miniature from pocket, standing behind table. Changing his manner*] And for my boy, Hugh, who's off to Afriky in the morning to fight the Zulus—this—[*Lady Adeline comes to R. of table to look at miniature*] A picture of his mother—if that don't keep him safe and bring 'im back to us, it's because 'e bein' 'er first, she wants 'im with 'er.

LADY A. Ah, if my poor sister were alive, Hugh would not be going to fight those horrid creatures. [*Sits R. of table*]

BUTTER. [*L. of table*] Yes, he would. She'd been the first to buckle on the boy's sword and say, "Hugh, your country needs you; go." Talk about courage and 'igh blood, she 'ad more o' both in 'er little finger—why when 'er 'aughty family were clamorin' against 'er for wanting to marry a tradesman, and you among the lot, Addie—

LADY A. No, Adam, I didn't.

BUTTER. Yes, you did. Addie, you did. Oh, bygoness is bygoness, but you rumpussed with the rest o' them. Didn't she stand up, like a man and say, "Where my 'eart is, my 'and shall go?" And it went. [*Takes satchel from chair, L.*]

LADY A. She might have done better.

BUTTER. And she might 'a done a heap worse. [*Crosses to R. at back*]

LADY A. She was a headstrong girl.

BUTTER. Yes, 'er 'ead were werry strong, as it afterwards proved. For 'im as you all wanted 'er to marry, turned out to be a rue and a drake.

LADY A. [*Rises*] O brother-in-law, when you become excited, you do get your words so confused. [*Crosses to C.*]

BUTTER. [*R.*] Then don't get me started on the subject of blood. Yours may be 'igh, but mine's h'outrageous teachy.

LADY A. Now, don't be angry.

BUTTER. I ain't angry, Addie; I'm 'urt! That's what I am, Addie! I'm 'urt. But to show there's no h'animosity between us, let us kiss and make up. [*To her, C.*]

LADY A. [*Kisses him*] And promise me one thing—

BUTTER. Anything you want, Addie.

LADY A. Now, please Adam, don't call me Addie.

BUTTER. Very well—Adeline. [*Pronouncing the "i" as in "line"*]

LADY A. Adeline! [*Pronouncing the "i" as in "ee"*]

BUTTER. No—not yet. Excuse the joke, Addie, but you are not lean yet. [*Up C., chuckles*]

LADY A. [*To R., severely*] Adam Butterworth!

BUTTER. [*Leaning against desk, C.*] Excuse my wit. It came spontaneous. Addie, I've got a remedy for you that knocks gallopin' and dum-bellin' 'igher than the dome of St. Paul's.

LADY A. What remedy? [*To C., meets him*]

BUTTER. Lime juice!

LADY A. You've brought a bottle of lime juice for me, brother-in-law?

BUTTER. [*Down to C.*] A bottle? For you? A barrel! No offense! It'll be here in the mornin' and may it do you much good is the 'eartfelt wish of the donor, A. Butterworth. [*Aside*] By the time she drinks up the barrel, she'll be able to crawl through the bunghole! [*Enter Winterbottom, L.I.E.*]

WINTER. King 'Enery is waiting!

LADY A. [*Angrily*] Let him wait! [*Exit, R.I.E. Exit Winterbottom, L.I.E.*]

BUTTER. If Addie mounts that 'orse in a temper, 'e'll damage 'er! [*Enter Eleanor, L.U.E. A girl of eighteen, frank, cordial, her manner dignified, at time verging upon haughtiness. She is followed by Jessie, who wears a cap and hood, realizing the picture of "Little Red Riding Hood"*]

ELEANOR. [*Running to Butterworth, C.*] Well, truant, I'm going to scold you!

BUTTER. Give me a kiss first. [*Kisses her, then opens his arms to Jessie*] You, too, Riding Hood! [*Eleanor to R. Kisses Jessie*] Did you write to your h'aunt I was going to keep you 'ere the rest of your life? [*With his arms about her, leads her to L. Eleanor hangs her hat on back of chair which is at foot of stairway, R.*] And, if she h'objected, I was willin' to be punished for h'abduction. [*Chuckles; Jessie goes to L.*] Now then, your Majesty! [*To Eleanor*] Out with it! In what 'ave I h'offended? [*Sits R. of table, C. Jessie, L. of table, back to audience*]

ELEANOR. [*On his R.*] It is Hugh's last day with us, and he is so despondent. We need your dear old face to cheer us; yet you have remained away all day. [*R., at chair*]

BUTTER. [*Choking*] I've been keeping myself gay all day. [*Rises*] I can't bear to see the mother's eyes a-lookin' at me out of his, knowin' that when he leaves this roof in the morning it may be the last—[*The head of each girl sinks on his shoulder; he turns from one to the other*] There—there—there—just what I've been tryin' to keep away from all day. I might 'a knowed

there'd be moist weather with his sister on one side o' me, and his sweetheart on t'other. Come, come, why don't you be 'ilarious like me? That's the word tonight, girls—'igh-larious! [*Both girls recover themselves with an effort. Jessie to L. front of table, Eleanor up, R.C. Butterworth after pulling himself together, crosses to table and gets bonbons. To Eleanor*] See what I've brought you—box o' bung-bungs! [*Eleanor, to C., takes them and places them on table, up C., then round desk, C. to R. To Jessie who is L. of table*] And for you Jessie, this—[*Giving her the miniature. She takes it, glances at it, and puts it down on table, L.C., turns away overcome; sinks into chair above door, L., sobbing*] which I want you to put in my boy's hands when you bid him Godspeed in the morning. 'Ilarity—'ilarity! [*Quickly gulps down his emotion*] O girls, why don't you remember? [*To C.*]

ELEANOR. We'll remember, you dear old impostor! [*To him*]

BUTTER. Then until the boy is h'out of the house, what is the motter?

ELEANOR and JESSIE. [*Taking his hands, together*] Hilarity!! [*Jessie to C. of table, L.; Eleanor up, R.*]

BUTTER. [*C. Abruptly changing the subject*] Now see what a forgetful old 'og I am. 'Ow is our guest, Lord C.?

ELEANOR. [*Up R., changing to dignified indifference*] Lord Chumley hasn't appeared yet.

BUTTER. You don't mean to tell me he ain't down yet?

ELEANOR. [*Up R., looking out of window*] Oh, it is early for—his highness.

BUTTER. [*Crosses, R. Taking hat and satchel from chair, L., going up steps, R.*] Ellie, it's my opinion, you'll 'ave to take Lord George in 'and, and teach him as the motter is, early to bed and early to get up, is the way to be wealthy and 'ealthy and—[*Turning at the top of steps*] What's the other thing?

ELEANOR. And wise!

BUTTER. O Lord! Him wise! [*Exit chuckling, R.3.E.*]

ELEANOR. [*To Jessie*] That is something Lord Chumley will never be.

JESSIE. [*Sits L. of table, C.*] You don't like Lord Chumley?

ELEANOR. [*Sits on arm of rocker, R.*] No.

JESSIE. What has he done?

ELEANOR. Nothing.

JESSIE. He must have done something to make you dislike him so.

ELEANOR. [*Crosses to C.*] Done something! Did you ever know Lord George Chumley to do anything? He ran through his fortune directly he came into it, and woke up one rainy day to find himself a pauper—but I don't believe he would work if he were starving. Ugh! I've no patience with the man! [*Up C.*]

JESSIE. [*L.*] Ever since he has been here, you've tried your utmost to be disagreeable to him. [*Rises to back of chair*]

ELEANOR. Because I understand the reason of his presence.

JESSIE. To spend the last few weeks with Hugh.

ELEANOR. [*Coming down, L.C.*] You think so?

JESSIE. What else? [*L. of table, L.C.*]

ELEANOR. [*To chair, R. of L. table*] He has a title, and I a fortune with which to buy it! [*Sits*]

JESSIE. [*Back of table, L.*] I am sure, poor as he is—and Hugh says he has only a wretched four hundred a year—he would not sell his title for twice your fortune.

ELEANOR. [*Sits at table*] Little innocent! How much you have to learn!

JESSIE. Not as much as you have to learn about your brother's friend.

ELEANOR. It is because he is Hugh's friend that you defend him.

JESSIE. [*Back of table, L.*] No, Eleanor, it is because I am sure he loves you.

ELEANOR. [*Laughingly*] Impossible! Why there isn't enough emotion in him to move the balance wheel of a watch.

JESSIE. Well, I have the best reason for knowing.

ELEANOR. And pray, my little matchmaker, how do you know that his highness loves so humble an individual as myself?

JESSIE. [*Confidentially*] Hugh says that last night or rather early this morning, he found him on the balcony, looking up at the moon. He says they have been chums for ten years, yet this is the first time he has ever known him to look at the moon!

ELEANOR. He has probably just discovered that there is one!

JESSIE. [*Rises, crosses to R. of Eleanor, back of her*] Eleanor, I believe that you are pretending, and that way down in your heart, there is a wee bit of—what shall I call it?—[*Kneels*] Regards?

ELEANOR. [*Angrily*] Jessie! [*Rises*] Ridiculous!

JESSIE. [*Backs up C. to R.*] If you get angry, I shall know it's true.

ELEANOR. [*Still in anger*] I'm not angry; I'm provoked. [*Up L.*] The man isn't worth one's anger. How you could for one moment suspect that there was any feeling in my heart for the person, but the utmost indifference—[*Crosses, R.*] is beyond my comprehension. The way that you and Hugh laud him to the skies—when anyone can see—for my own part I shall be relieved when the house is rid of his august presence! [*Crosses, L.*]

JESSIE. Forgive me, I didn't know before how thoroughly you hated Lord Chumley. [*Changed to red at back*]

ELEANOR. [*Front of table, L.*] That's the word—hate. I hate him with all my heart!

JESSIE. [*Backing up, L.*] I knew there was some feeling in your heart for him!

ELEANOR. [*Turns—sharply*] Jessie!

JESSIE. [*Looking off, L.*] There's Hugh going into the library. [*Aside*] If Lord Chumley were to meet her now—well, as Mr. Butterworth would say, "Poor Lord C." [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

ELEANOR. [*Who has been walking to and fro, R.*] If I could only find one person in the house that disliked him! But, no, he is so affable and obliging—as though I didn't see through his schemes. [*Sits, R.C.*] He makes himself popular even with the pigs. If he were sincere, and I could overcome my aversion to him, his title would stand a barrier between us. [*Rises, with an outburst, well down, R.*] Oh, I hope for Hugh's sake, that he'll keep his room for the rest of the day. [*As she turns, Blink Blunk appears, L.U.E., peering through the window. He is a weird, haggard, resolute man, dressed in clothes coarse, well worn and travel stained, but not ragged; his form slightly bent and his manner dogged*]

BLINK. A tidy crib. [*Eleanor with a cry starts back. Blink Blunk disappears quickly*]

ELEANOR. [*Not daring to look around*] The face I saw this morning, peering at me through the bushes. [*At this moment Lord Chumley appears at window, L.U.E., taking off torn glove and arranging apparel as though he made short work of someone*]

LORD C. If I knew he was so hard, I wouldn't have kicked him.

ELEANOR. [*Speaking rapidly, aside*] If I call for help, he'll murder me! [*Lord Chumley is in fashionable morning dress, his every move and gesture that of a man perfectly at ease, contented with himself and all the world*] He's coming in. I dare not look. The sight of that brutal face freezes my blood!

LORD C. [*To C., observing her*] Ah—the high-stalked lily of Lummy-tum!

ELEANOR. [*R.*] What is he doing now?

LORD C. I wonder if she saw me. That's generally the way she lets me know. I suppose she thinks she has a pretty back!

ELEANOR. He's meditating some terrible crime!!

LORD C. [*Approaches her*] I suppose I ought to announce myself. Ahem!

ELEANOR. Oh! [*Lord Chumley after one or two efforts to approach her coughs hoarsely; Eleanor shudders with a gasp of terror*]

LORD C. What lovely hair!

ELEANOR. I dare not move!

LORD C. What lovely hair—I wish it were mine!

ELEANOR. [*Quickly removing her rings*] I'll bribe him with these. [*With out looking around, aloud*] Here—here—take these. Please don't kill me. If they're not enough, leave me your address and I'll send you more by mail. Only please go, go, go! [*In her fright, approaches him, and turning finds herself in his embrace*]

LORD C. What an extraordinary girl!

ELEANOR. *You?*

LORD C. Good morning! [*Laughs*]

ELEANOR. Is it dangerous?

LORD C. This? Well—er—rather. [*Putting his arms around her*]

ELEANOR. Has anything been stolen?

LORD C. [*Kisses her hand*] Yes.

ELEANOR. You forget yourself, Lord Chumley! [*Crosses up, L.C.*]

LORD C. [*L.C.*] Beg pardon, tempted, you know—tempted.

ELEANOR. I mistook you for—[*Up L.*]

LORD C. [*R. corner*] The other brute? He's crossing the end of the lawn with a piece of this glove and a dent.

ELEANOR. What do you suppose he wanted? [*Up to door, L.C.*]

LORD C. Don't know, I'm sure. I know what he got.

ELEANOR. Who is he?

LORD C. [*Up R.C.*] Don't know, I'm sure. I should say the "Man with the Iron Mask."

ELEANOR. He might have murdered me.

LORD C. Yes. [*Laughs*]

ELEANOR. You have saved my life! [*To L.C.*]

LORD C. [*Down C.*] Yes.

ELEANOR. I'm very much obliged to you! [*Down R. of table, L.*]

LORD C. Oh—no consequence!

ELEANOR. [*Astonished*] What!

LORD C. Of course, I don't mean that. What I mean is, I'm awfully glad he frightened you. You see you've always been rather distant to me of late, and this little adventure enabled us to be close friends for a moment. You threw yourself into my arms, you know.

ELEANOR. I hope it will never occur again! [*Up L.C.*]

LORD C. I shouldn't flinch from it.

ELEANOR. [*Up L.*] Ugh! Ugly brute!

LORD C. Eh? What?

ELEANOR. I mean the man.

LORD C. Oh—I thought you couldn't mean me.



ELEANOR. [*Aside*] That I should be under obligations to him—[*Down to table, L.*] of all men in the world!

LORD C. Girls do want such a lot of coaxing. I know she's fond of me. I say, Miss Butterworth—[*To C.*]

ELEANOR. [*Aside*] But for the service he has rendered me, he should know my feelings toward him.

LORD C. I say, Miss Butterworth, won't you sit down? It's such a bother standing up like this, you know.

ELEANOR. [*Bowing, seating herself R. of table, L.*] You have me at a disadvantage.

LORD C. [*Aside*] Whenever a girl says you have her at a disadvantage, take her. [*Aloud*] I say, Miss Butterworth, have you noticed about me a sort of desperate, reckless manner of late? Can't eat, can't sleep, can't smoke, always thirsty, growing pale, getting thin—

ELEANOR. You are banting.

LORD C. No—no!

ELEANOR. You are training. For what?

LORD C. [*R., to her*] Matrimony. Cupid is my trainer, and to continue the allegory, you are sweepstakes. [*Crosses to her*] Eh! Don't mind my calling you sweepstakes, do you? Eh? [*Moves around back of her*] Eh? [*Then to L. of table*] Can't eat, can't sleep, can't smoke. Horrid bother, you know. [*Sits L. of table*]

ELEANOR. Yet you remained in your room all day.

LORD C. Because I remained out on the balcony all night. You want to know why I remained out on the balcony all night?

ELEANOR. I have not the least curiosity on the subject.

LORD C. [*Hands back her rings during speech*] Oh, yes, you have. Woman, you know. I remained out on the balcony all night, because when I am alone, I think of one who is very dear to me. It is because she is so dear to me that I remember every unkind word she has said during the day, and every haughty look she has given me. So I stand out there looking—looking—[*Changing*] Do you believe in the moon?

ELEANOR. [*Over table to him*] Fully. I have seen the effect of its influence.

LORD C. [*Laughs*] Oh, you mean on me? That's rather good, that is. I mean, if you look at it long enough, can you see a face look down at you and smiling?

ELEANOR. I have heard of a man in the moon.

LORD C. The moon I mean has a woman in it—all the stars around have women in them—I mean one woman in them. And as I stand there looking—

looking—I say, Miss Butterworth, will you think me a bother if I confide to you a secret that is blighting my life like a sort of a kind of a—wet blanket.

ELEANOR. You are not very complimentary to the woman in the moon to speak of her as a wet blanket.

LORD C. [*Laughs*] Oh, I say, don't chaff a fellow. I can't talk to you as I do other girls. When love comes into a heart, brains fly out of the head.

ELEANOR. [*Laughing*] How deeply in love you must be.

LORD C. Oh, you mean I haven't got any brains? [*Laughs*] That's rather good, that is.

ELEANOR. [*Meaningly*] And are you sure that your love is disinterested?

LORD C. Why, of course! I'm not a blackguard!

ELEANOR. Is the lady rich?

LORD C. [*Frankly*] Well, rather. Her brother says she will have a lot of money. [*Attempts to take her hand*]

ELEANOR. What an excellent exchange!

LORD C. Yes.

ELEANOR. With your title and her fortune.

LORD C. What a jolly good time we could have. [*Takes her hand. Business*]

ELEANOR. [*Rising*] Lord Chumley, the bargain you would make places all the advantages on my side. It has always been my father's rule in trade to give full value for what he received. His daughter should at least follow his honest example. I cannot accept such a sacrifice on your part. [*Restraining tears and crossing, R.*] In the morning my brother will leave England with his regiment. You will no doubt return to London. As Hugh's friend I shall always be pleased to welcome you. I trust that you will never allude to this subject again. I—I—[*Turns away, aside*] If I ever had occasion before to hate, I now despise him! [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

LORD C. [*Rises*] How absurd girls are! Hang it! I don't want her fortune. [*Crosses, C.*] I wish she was poor—not exactly a pauper, but just poor. It's funny when a fellow doesn't love a girl, how easy it is to tell her he does, and when a fellow does love a girl, how difficult it is to tell her anything. It's that damned moon! Tears, by Jove—tears! [*Stands and looks at spot*] One fell right there. I'd like to hit somebody. I wish that brute was here. Can't live without her, and I'm too young to die. I'll join Hugh in Africa and let a Zulu bride lead me home. She'd be poor—both poor. [*To L.*] Well, wouldn't matter. Zulu bride wouldn't have any dressmaker's bills. [*L. Enter, R.U.E., Lady Adeline in riding habit and brass buttons with very tall hat, long flowing veil, flourishing her whip*]

LADY A. So annoying, this delay. I shall lose half my ride. Ah, how are we today? [*Tapping him with whip*]

LORD C. [*L.C. Takes off his glasses*] Good morning, Lady Adeline.

LADY A. [*C.*] You like my new hat?

LORD C. [*Not looking at it*] Lovely.

LADY A. And the buttons, flatterer. A whim of my own—quite unique, eh?

LORD C. Lovely.

LADY A. Why, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had—the staggers.

LORD C. Staggers?

LADY A. [*R. of him*] Yes. [*Takes his hand*] And your hand is quite feverish.

LORD C. Dear me!

LADY A. Your line of life is short.

LORD C. Dear me!

LADY A. You're going to be crossed in love. I can read hands, you know.

LORD C. Oh! You're a chiropodist.

LADY A. What!

LORD C. I don't mean that! What I mean is—chirosophist. Something to do with the fist. But you're quite right, Lady Adeline; I have been crossed in love.

LADY A. [*R. of him, C.*] Never mind, there are more fish in the sea.

LORD C. I don't want to marry a fish. [*Crosses to R.*]

LADY A. [*Crosses to L.*] Ah! Well, there are more ladies on land then, who would be glad to see you at their feet.

LORD C. [*Sighs*] Ah, the only feet I ever loved reject me. Good mind to go to Africa.

LADY A. And leave somebody here to eat her heart out.

LORD C. Sorry to reduce somebody to such a state of hunger. But it isn't my fault. Can't go about on knees all day, you know. Any fool can see that. You see it, don't you? Girls do want such a horrid lot of beating about the bush. Lead a fellow on, then drop him. Worry a fellow like cat does a mouse. Such humbug! If you love man, say so. Love you, marry you. And there you are!

LADY A. [*L.C.*] But woman's modesty will not permit her to make the first advance.

LORD C. Look here, Lady Adeline, I like you. There's no humbug about you—you're a jolly good fellow. Don't mind my calling you a fellow?

LADY A. O Lord Chumley!

LORD C. Oh, yes, you are! [*Business, both laughing*] Why should a girl surround her true self with regular—regular

LADY A. Chevaux-de-frise—

LORD C. Yes, freeze. So that a poor beggar can't get at her heart without tearing his temper to pieces on the spikes of er—er—

LADY A. Coquetry.

LORD C. Yes—and er—er—

LADY A. Frivolity.

LORD C. Yes. It's such damned—beg pardon—beg pardon, Lady Adeline. It's such humbug, you know. Isn't it?

LADY A. [*Has retreated, L.*] If a woman be sure of a man's love—

LORD C. Sure? Look here, Lady Adeline, you're a jolly good fellow, you know, so I talk to you. I'm not a rich beggar. Poor beggar. Quite enough to keep the wolf from the door. Don't drink much. Don't gamble. Very domestic—when stepmother dies, ten thousand a year. In meantime, love girl. Quite sure girl loves me. Why beat about the bush? Love you, marry you. And there you are. [*To R.*]

LADY A. [*L., front of table, aside*] Who would have supposed that he loved me in this reckless manner?

LORD C. My dear Lady Adeline—

LADY A. [*Aside*] He's about to declare himself.

LORD C. [*Aside, R. corner*] Perhaps she can mend the breach between Eleanor and me. Blowed if I don't ask her. [*Toward her C., aloud*] My dear Lady Adeline, unless I can convince her that it is not her fortune I seek, but herself, I will go to her and I will say to her—I say, Lady Adeline, what would you say?

LADY A. I should say “darling.”

LORD C. You couldn't say more, by Jingo! Before you could say another word—I say, Lady Adeline, what ought a man to do under the circumstances?

LADY A. [*Laughs and turns away. Business Chumley. Aside*] He wants encouraging. I must draw him on. I'll give him a lesson in love—[*Aloud*] Now, see. [*Business according to dialogue*] She is seated—thus. [*Sits at table, R. of table, L.C.*] She has a far-away look in her eyes—thus. She is thinking of you—

LORD C. [*Looking R.I.E.*] Oh, is she? [*Lady Adeline sighs deeply*] What's the matter, Lady Adeline?

LADY A. That expresses the depth of her yearning for you—

LORD C. Oh, don't yearn.

LADY A. Ah! [*Sighs as before*]

LORD C. [*Aside*] Oh, she yearns horribly.

LADY A. You are absent. [*Business, pointing*]

LORD C. [*Aside*] What damned nonsense is this!

LADY A. [*Looking at him*] I am supposed not to see you.

LORD C. Then turn your head away. [*She pantomimes "No, no, no," then drops her handkerchief. Aside*] She's got the staggers!

LADY A. I've dropped my handkerchief at my feet.

LORD C. Then pick it up. No, no—allow me—little absent-minded—rather rude of me. Allow me. [*Picking it up and giving it to her*]

LADY A. No, no, not like that!

LORD C. You don't want me to throw it at you?

LADY A. [*Places handkerchief on floor again*] Now, cautiously kneel beside me.

LORD C. Must be a new game. [*Kneels*]

LADY A. Pick up the handkerchief softly, and tenderly place it in my hand.

LORD C. There you are—

LADY A. [*Detaining him*] Oh—but you mustn't. You must go on.

LORD C. On what? All fours?

LADY A. No, no, no! You must be poetic. Follow up your advantage. Say something burning.

LORD C. [*On knees*] Hysterical—soothe her—[*Sings*] "Some day—some day." [*Enter Butterworth, R.I.E.; at the same time Jessie runs on L.E. Perceiving what is going on, they instinctively stand still. Winterbottom, R.C., and exit, L.C.*]

LADY A. You need say no more. [*Throws her arms around his neck—Lord Chumley continues singing. Butterworth, unable to contain himself, bursts into a paroxysm of laughter—Jessie turns her back to audience and is seen shaking with laughter. Lady Adeline starts to her feet with a slight scream*]

BUTTER. Ha, ha, ha! O Addie! Addie!

LADY A. [*Up L.*] Nothing but interruptions. [*To Lord Chumley, coming down, L.*] I'll see you by and by. [*Lord Chumley sings "Some day"*] Adam Butterworth, hereafter when you enter a room where I am, please knock. [*Exit, L.I.E. Butterworth explodes as she goes out*]

JESSIE. [*Coming down, L. Pointing her finger at him*] O Lord Chumley!

BUTTER. [*R. Pointing his finger at him*] Well, Lord Chumley.

LORD C. [*To C.*] Hysterical—soothed her, rather neatly, eh?

BUTTER. [*R., Sings*] "Some day—some day." [*Going to him*] Lord C., there's my 'and. I 'and her over to you with my blessing and a 'andsome dowry.

LORD C. Hand who over?

BUTTER. Why, the gentle gazelle as 'as just bounded h'out of 'ere.

JESSIE. [*L.*] Yes.

BUTTER. And she consents?

LORD C. Call her back! Look here, Lady Adeline—I say—look here. [*Exit Lord Chumley, L.I.E.*]

JESSIE. Oh, he is in for it! I must tell Eleanor. [*Exit Jessie, R.I.E. Enter Hugh, L.U.E., and comes down, C. He is a young man about twenty-five—his face careworn, his manner forced, as though endeavoring to conceal some great trouble. Butterworth crosses, L., and sinks laughing into chair, R. of table, L.C.*]

BUTTER. Ah, Hugh, boy—[*Taking both his hands*] Gi' me a 'ug—just as you did the day when I put you into your first pair o' trousers. God bless you! Everything you ever said and done comes back to me today. [*Aside, his voice about to break*] I mustn't forget the motter—'igh-larity. [*Aloud*] I know Jessie was with you, and as time is precious I wouldn't intrude upon your love-makin'. [*Hugh goes up, L.C., and down to L.C. Glancing at Lord Chumley who enters, L.I.E.*] I have been intrudin' too much in that direction already, haven't I, Lord C.? Tell him about it—look at the boy—'e's not himself. Make it 'ilarious. This 'ilarity's breakin' my 'eart. [*Up L. Lord Chumley crosses to R.*]

LORD C. "Some day—some day." [*Exit Butterworth to L.C., to L.*]

HUGH. [*L.C., coming down to Lord Chumley*] Why, George, what's the matter?

LORD C. [*R.C.*] I say, look here, old man, she's a muscular woman; she'll carry me off.

HUGH. [*L.*] Who? [*Darken slowly*]

LORD C. Your aunt.

HUGH. Aunt Adeline?

LORD C. [*Putting his hand on Hugh's shoulder*] I say, look here, old man, you must break it off. I don't want to be your uncle. Damme, she'll call me out!— [*Crosses to L.*] I expect.

HUGH. [*Butterworth crosses outside at back*] Well, how a fellow with a level head like yours can get so tangled up in love! Why don't you go to my sister and tell her plainly that you love her, instead of confiding it to every lady in the neighborhood.

LORD C. [*Butterworth meets Eleanor and Jessie who appear, R.U.E. They come down, R., speaking apart*] I have.

HUGH. With what result?

LORD C. Never to speak to her again on the subject.

HUGH. I wish my sister knew you as well as I do, the best fellow—

LORD C. Pshaw! Look here, old man, if I didn't know this was to be our last night together for Heaven knows how long, I'd think you were chaffing me.

HUGH. [*They grasp hands, both front of table, C.*] It may be the last time we may *ever* see each other, and I tell you, George, there's not a man in all England to whom I'd rather give my sister than you. [*Enter Winterbottom, L.U.E., card on salver. He crosses to Butterworth*]

LORD C. Thanks, old man. I know I don't deserve it, but—thanks, all the same, old man.

BUTTER. [*To Winterbottom*] Show Musheer Le Sage in 'ere—[*Winterbottom goes to door, L.U.E.*]

HUGH. [*Starting, aside*] Gasper Le Sage! [*Ready shouts outside, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Why, what is the matter, Hugh?

HUGH. [*Le Sage appears in doorway*] For God's sake, George, don't call attention to me.

LORD C. What the devil ails you, Hugh? [*Enter Gasper Le Sage, L.U.E., shown in by Winterbottom. His manner is always polished, keen, but always courteous. He speaks with a slight French accent. He hands hat and cane to Winterbottom*]

BUTTER. [*Down R., greeting him cordially*] Musheer Le Sage, I am proud to welcome you to Lummy-tum.

LE SAGE. [*C.*] Oh, monsieur, zis cordial reception touches me deeply. Mademoiselle Butterworth, I kiss my hand to you. [*Crosses to L. Eleanor, R.C., introducing Jessie. Butterworth goes up C.*]

ELEANOR. My friend, Miss Deane.

LE SAGE. [*Bowing to Jessie*] Mademoiselle. [*Looks around, seeing Hugh, feelingly*] My dear friend Hugh. [*Crosses to him*] I was so afraid zat you would get away before I see you. [*To Butterworth who comes down, R.C.*] Monsieur, you must pardon my intrusion. I come to Lummy-tum especially to bid your brave boy Godspeed. [*Hugh goes up, L.C. Jessie and Lord Chumley up 1. at window; Butterworth, R.C.*]

BUTTER. Musheer, you're a man after my own 'eart and there's my 'and over again, both of 'em. [*Apart to him*] But little as possible about his goin' away. See 'ow pale 'e is. 'E's a-fightin' 'ard to 'ide 'is grief from us, and we're a-doin' all we can to 'elp him by bein' 'ilarious. [*Girls up at back, C., and*

*Hugh comes down, L.C. Aloud*] Musheer, let me introduce you to my boy's chum; Lord Chumley, you've 'eard me speak of Musheer Le Sage. We spent a werry jolly fortnight together in Wenus, h'Italy. Musheer Le Sage, this is Lord Chumley! [*Goes up to Hugh, then to girls*]

LORD C. [*Up L.C., bowing*] How are you, Monsieur Le Sage! [*As Le Sage offers his hand, he takes it frankly*] Friend of Hugh's, friend of mine.

LE SAGE. [*Crosses up*] Zen I am sure you and I will nevaire be enemies!

LORD C. [*Aside*] His hand feels like a fish.

LE SAGE. [*Aside, crossing to R. corner*] So zat is my rival!

LORD C. [*Apart to Hugh who comes down, L.*] And you've got in your face about as much blood as one. [*Shouts of "Whoa! Stop him!" etc., outside, L.U.E. Noise of runaway outside. Butterworth, Eleanor, and Jessie run to window, L.U.E.*]

BUTTER. 'Eavens! I 'ope no one is 'urt! [*Exit, L.U.E. Hugh to L.C.*]

LE SAGE. [*Apart to Hugh, his whole manner changing*] You did not come to me. I come to you.

LORD C. [*Stopping halfway up toward window, L.U.E., aside*] Hello, what's up?

HUGH. Hush! They will hear you.

LE SAGE. They will hear me unless you consent to my proposition.

HUGH. Not now, man!

LORD C. Hugh's in trouble.

LE SAGE. [*R.C.*] We must come to an understanding before you leave in the morning viz your regiment!

LORD C. [*Up C.*] What's Froggy croaking about?

HUGH. I'll meet you where you please.

LE SAGE. Zis room. I sleep here tonight at your invitation.

LORD C. Damme, I'll find out.

ELEANOR. It's a runaway horse. [*Hugh crosses to R. Butterworth enters, L.U.E.*]

BUTTER. [*To C.*] Lady Adeline is lying on 'er back 'owling. She won't let h'anyone pick 'er h'up, but keeps a-callin' for Lord Chumley. [*Eleanor and Jessie give a cry, run off, L.U.E.*] Pardon me for 'urrying you, Lord C., but it is too late in the evening for your h'affianced to be lying h'out on the grass. [*Up and off, L., Chumley following him up*]

LE SAGE. Fiancée? Lady Adeline? Allow me to congratulate—[*Follows him up, L.*]

LORD C. No time for merrymaking; I've got to pick up a lady. [*Exit Lord Chumley, L.U.E.*]



LE SAGE. [*Gets to L. up, turning with a smile to Hugh*] Ve vish to be alone—and presto—everyone disappears. An omen from Heaven! It tells me not to put off till tonight vat may be done now. You did not meet me at ze club wiz your answer, so I was afraid you had forgotten.

HUGH. [C.] I did not meet you because I treat your proposition with contempt.

LE SAGE. [C.] I advise you to consider well.

HUGH. Le Sage, listen to me. You found me the idol of an indulgent father. I knew but little of the world. You saw in me an easy prey. You taught me to look for pleasure at the gambling table. Through you I became known in every gilded hell in Europe. I have sacrificed money, health, and, my God—even honor! Now, for your silence, you want my sister's hand in marriage. You have hounded me to my father's doors. I'll see that they are closed in your face! [*Crosses to L. corner*]

LE SAGE. Then your answer is—

HUGH. Nol

LE SAGE. [L.C.] Now listen to me. Your brother officers collected the sum of one thousand pounds for the widow and orphan child of zere dead comrade, McGregor. You were selected to deliver the money. Your colonel thinks you have done so. But I have ze letter from Mrs. McGregor to you, in which she thanks you for one two hundred pounds. [*Crosses to R.*]

HUGH. [*Approaches him*] The letter you stole from me!

LE SAGE. [*Turns to C.*] Suppose somebody acquainted wiz ze facts should find it. I take it up for safe-keeping. Chance, fate, providence, vatever ze good and righteous people call it, place ze proof of your crime in my hands. A breath from me, you would be cast out of your regiment, and break ze poor father's heart who make of you an idol. I am compassionate. I try to save you, and because I ask a little reward, I get ze door slam in my face. [*Crosses to door, R.*]

HUGH. [*Approaches him*] I will do tonight what I should have done from the first—I will confess everything to my father. Before I join my regiment in the morning, every penny of that money shall be paid.

LE SAGE. [*At R.*] Too late! Ze sum paid a tousand times over will not save you now. You have permitted your bruzzer officers to tink you paid ze tousand pounds on a certain date. You have betrayed their trusts. If ze truth were known, you would be stamped a liar.

HUGH. [*Starting, angrily*] Le Sage!

LE SAGE. On your honor as an officer, is it not so? [*Business. Hugh sinks into chair, R. of L.C. table. Firmly*] Zis is what I propose—agree, and I let you go away viz your regiment in ze morning. I vill ask your sister to be my

vife. She may refuse. I hear zat your friend, Lord George Chumley, is in love with her. She may prefer him. So I vant from you a letter acknowledging—[*Sits L. of table*] zat I have done you a service, greater zan to save your life; zat no sacrifice could be made, to repay me. Make it as strong as you like; I will not object. Refuse, and place zis letter in ze hands of Colonel Pembroke. [*Rises to L. corner*]

HUGH. Man—you would not—

LE SAGE. See ze bruzzer of my vife suffer—not for ze world! [*Crosses to R.*]

HUGH. My sister for your wife!

LE SAGE. Or a prison for you!

HUGH. If I go to prison, it will be for killing you. [*Rushes at him. Enter Eleanor and Jessie, L.U.E., running on laughing, Jessie remaining up by window, L.C. Eleanor comes down, R.C.*]

ELEANOR. No harm done. Aunt Adeline and King Henry had a falling out. Hereafter Aunt Adeline will take her exercise in the afternoon, instead of by moonlight. [*Change to blue at back. All is now very dusk except foots*]

JESSIE. [*Running down*] Here they come! Let's get a chair ready. [*Eleanor and Jessie roll armchair down, C. Enter Lady Adeline, L.U.E., supported by Lord Chumley who carries behind him unseen by audience, Lady Adeline's hat, much crushed; followed by Butterworth who carries a glove and whip. He is first, followed by Winterbottom who carries mud-stained handkerchief. Miranda follows. The procession moves in a line downstage until Lord Chumley and Lady Adeline reach armchair*] Dear Lady Adeline, I am so sorry about this matter!

LORD C. A chair—two chairs! [*Business. Winterbottom takes whip from Butterworth and exit, R.*] “Nobly she rode and well,” by jingo, all that is left of her—left of two hundred. [*Drops Lady Adeline in chair*]

LADY A. Oh, dear!

LORD C. Oh, dear!

LADY A. Oh, dear!

LORD C. Oh, dear!

LADY A. Where is my hat?

LORD C. [*Giving it to her*] Here, Lady Adeline.

LADY A. [*Puts her hand through hat*] I must have fallen on my head. [*Business, Lord Chumley and Butterworth*] Oh, dear!

LORD C. Oh, dear!

LADY A. It was becoming, too. Oh, dear!

LORD C. Oh, dear!

LADY A. [*Weeps*] I'll go to my room. Eh? [*Rises*] Go away. Go away. [*Crosses to R.*]

LORD C. [*Following her*] Allow me, my dear Lady Adeline; I picked up a few of your buttons, two, four, six. [*Counting them into her hands*]

LADY A. All but one. [*Kissing it and returning it to Lord Chumley*] Keep it, George. [*Crossing to door, R.1.E.*] It will remind you of the debt I owe you. Oh, oh, oh, dear! [*Exit Lady Adeline, R.*]

LORD C. [*Aside*] Must go to Africa. [*Exit Miranda, R.1.E.*]

BUTTER. Lady Adeline is a bit h'eccentric, musheer, but 'er 'eart is in the right place—[*L.C., goes up, R.*] h'isn't it, lord?

LORD C. Don't know, I'm sure. Never looked. [*Enter Winterbottom from steps carrying coat and sword to R.C.*]

BUTTER. [*Crosses to him*] Ah, my boy's uniform. Bring it 'ere! 'Oo's been a-renovating of it h'up? [*He takes sword*]

ELEANOR. [*R.*] Jessie and I. I gave them the last brush they'll have in England for a long time.

BUTTER. [*Jessie comes down, L.; Butterworth, C.*] But they'll have many a brush in Africa though. [*Attempting to laugh*] Ha, ha, ha! Won't they? [*Coat on C. table. Exit Winterbottom, R.1.E.*]

JESSIE. [*L. of him, drawing sword*] And look at the polish I've put on his sword! [*Lord Chumley standing in window, L.C.*]

BUTTER. [*Takes sword*] But it ain't got the lustre on it as my boy'll 'ave there. I want 'em where I can look at 'em occasional through the evenin'; God bless 'im and God keep 'im safe—'oo is going h'into 'em. [*Eleanor and Jessie turn away affected; Butterworth coughs, then laughs*] Ha, ha, ha! Shouldn't wonder if 'e came 'ome from the war with a Zulu baby 'anging on 'is watch chain. [*Apart*] 'Ilarity, girls, 'ilarity. [*Chumley comes down, L. Eleanor and Jessie burst out laughing through their tears. Aside*] Nothing but the nigger pulled me through.

ELEANOR. [*Up, R.*] Remember it is already past dinner time. [*Goes up steps*]

BUTTER. [*To R.*] And if you're h'all as 'ungry as I h'am, you'll hurry. [*Lights up 2/3. Winterbottom brings in lamp. Puts lamp on C. table at back. Business. Closes window*]

LORD C. [*Apart to Hugh who comes down, L.C.*] Stay here and tell me what's between you and that man.

ELEANOR. [*On steps*] Of course, Monsieur Le Sage, you remain with us.

LE SAGE. [*At table, C.*] Your bruzzer has already invited me to spend the night at Lummy-tum. [*Crosses to R. at back. Hugh makes an involuntary movement; Lord Chumley checks him*]

LORD C. [*L. of table, L., apart*] Don't make a fool of yourself; let me do it for you! [*Hugh crosses and meets Jessie, C. Lord Chumley goes up to C. at back*]

JESSIE. [*Running to Hugh*] Cheer up, Hugh. Don't think of us. Think only of the future. Please God, you'll soon be back, and we'll be united, never to part again. [*Exit Jessie, R.3.E. Eleanor exit, R.3.E.*]

BUTTER. [*Down R.*] Winterbottom, show Musheer Le Sage to his apartment. [*Winterbottom gets candle from sideboard and exit, L.1.E.*]

LE SAGE. [*R.C. Who has been writing on large envelope at C. table*] Monsieur Butterworth, may I ask you to place this in your private safe. I neglected to put it away before leaving ze city.

BUTTER. With pleasure, Musheer. [*Taking envelope; Hugh is up, L.*]

LE SAGE. [*C.*] Unless I receive a letter that I am expecting by ten o'clock, I must deliver first thing in ze morning zat package to Colonel Pembroke. [*Hugh around to L. of table*]

BUTTER. Pembroke? That's my boy's colonel. [*Crosses to L.*]

LE SAGE. [*L.C., affecting surprise*] Ver' true. Zat relieves my anxiety and simplifies matters. If by ten o'clock I receive no letter, I shall be compelled to leave Lummy-tum at once. As I prefer not to carry it wiz me at night, will you take care of it and give it to me in ze morning when we all meet togezzar at ze barracks?

BUTTER. You're to command—Musheer—Hugh, put this package in the safe. [*Hugh takes package, crosses to C.*]

LE SAGE. [*Stops Hugh, C.*] You vill laugh at my precaution but zis package contains a little document on which depends the honor of a very dear friend of mine. [*Hugh with an effort up to safe*]

BUTTER. [*L.*] It'll be safe there, Musheer.

LE SAGE. [*Crosses above, up L.*] I kiss my hand to you.

BUTTER. Ditto—ditto—[*Turns and sees Hugh, crosses to L.C.*] What's the matter, Hugh? Have you forgotten the combination?

HUGH. No, father. [*Opens safe and places envelope in, closing door*]

LE SAGE. [*Up L. and down to D.L., aside*] He vill not dare open it. Ze threat vas a good one. By ten o'clock he will be at my feet. [*Aloud*] I shall not be five minutes. [*Exit, L.1.E., preceded by Winterbottom*]

BUTTER. It's astonishing, but the more I talk to Musheer, the more my French comes back to me. Comey voo, boys, and squatez voo at the dinner table. [*Exit, R.U.E. As Butterworth goes out, Hugh, falling into chair, R. of C. table, throws himself prostrate across table, burying his face in his uniform*]

LORD C. [*Coming to L. of C. table*] My God! Hugh, this man means you?

HUGH. Yes!

LORD C. What have you done?

HUGH. Disgraced this uniform.

LORD C. Hugh!

HUGH. [*Starting to his feet in desperation, seizing his sword and placing the point against his breast*] I'll wipe out the stain with my life.

LORD C. [*Seizing his sword*] Man, would you add self murder to whatever you have done? Take your hand off! Take it off! [*Taking his sword from him*] Don't be a damned fool. You're in no condition to stand up. Sit down. Now tell me all about it. Who's the woman? [*Sits on edge of table*]

HUGH. You will despise me.

LORD C. Make yourself out as big a blackguard as you like, old man; only tell me the whole truth. Come, come, you've a set-to with the devil, and he's knocked you out. Come, trust me with your life, old chap. Out with it!

HUGH. You knew Tom McGregor, sergeant in our regiment?

LORD C. A fellow brave as a lion on the field—drunkard at home. Killed in your last campaign. Well?

HUGH. A week ago we learned that for the past year his widow and orphan children had been almost destitute. I reported it to the colonel. The officers of the 91st made up a purse of a thousand pounds and entrusted it to me.

LORD C. To deliver—well?

HUGH. Well—I did not deliver it!

LORD C. What did you do with it?

HUGH. Lost it—gambling!

LORD C. Do you mean to tell me, old man, that you used the money entrusted to you by your comrades? Why, Hugh, old chap, I wouldn't have believed it. I can't believe it. Damme, I don't believe it. Go on.

HUGH. For months, my allowance, all the money I could raise, I have squandered. Of late ill luck has followed me everywhere. I owed a large sum to Le Sage. [*Chumley looks off, L.*] When he learned the regiment was ordered off to Africa, he pressed me for the money. I was afraid to go to the gov'nor. I had drawn upon him for so much. To ask him for more would have been to let him know the life I was leading. I begged Le Sage for time. He refused; threatened to come to my father himself.

LORD C. The fellow's a blackleg. I knew it the moment I took his hand!

HUGH. I became desperate—went with him to his rooms. Others were there—I sat down with them. It was the day I received the money for McGregor's widow. I had it with me. Le Sage knew it. I had a hundred

pounds in my pocket of my own. At first I won. They took it good-naturedly, and even drank to my success. [*Business, Chumley*] The wine must have gone to my head. I lost my senses. When I awoke, it was morning.

LORD C. And the thousand pounds?

HUGH. Wait. I staggered out of the room. The fresh air partly revived me. I remembered I was to pay the money to Mrs. McGregor that morning.

LORD C. W—well?

HUGH. I hastened to her. Before she entered the room I discovered that eight hundred pounds were missing. Half dazed I handed her the two hundred left—told where it came from, and hastened out of the house to find Le Sage. He said I had staked it and lost. I was stunned. To this moment I cannot remember. Yet I must have used it. [*With outburst*] O God! I can recall nothing. [*Crosses down, L.*]

LORD C. [*C.*] Hugh, old chap, I have the matter in a nutshell. You didn't touch one penny of that money. Don't interrupt me—first time today I know what I am talking about: Le Sage knew you had the money, asked you to go to his rooms. Jolly dogs you met there were his confederates. They knew no matter what folly you committed, you would not as an officer betray your trust.

HUGH. I would have sooner parted with my life.

LORD C. Of course, old man! Therefore they were compelled to drug and rob you.

HUGH. George—do you mean?—

LORD C. They left you two hundred to throw you off your guard. Why, it is clear, clear even to my weak brain. [*Crosses to L., upstage*]

HUGH. [*Crosses to C.*] Yes, at last now I see it was a trap. [*Starts L., going towards door out of which Le Sage went*] Scoundrell!

LORD C. Stop. There's some mystery connected with that package. [*Crosses to C.*]

HUGH. [*Starting*] Great heaven!

LORD C. I knew it.

HUGH. It's the letter I received from Mrs. McGregor in which she thanks me for the two hundred pounds I gave her.

LORD C. How did he get hold of it?

HUGH. Knowing that I had lost the money in his room, I showed him the letter, begged him to help me that I might report that night to the colonel.

LORD C. He kept the letter. And you didn't get the money?

HUGH. [*Crosses to front of table, L.*] I tried to raise it. Everyone failed me. In my despair I went to the gov'nor—but the sight of his dear old face

trying to conceal the grief that was breaking his heart at my departure silenced me.

LORD C. [C.] Why the devil didn't you come to me?

HUGH. [*Crosses to Chumley*] George, I know your affairs as well as you do. You couldn't help me, without crippling yourself.

LORD C. Cripple, old one! I'd cut off my two legs to put you on yours again. What did you do?

HUGH. I reported to Colonel Pembroke that the money had been paid.

LORD C. In full?

HUGH. I permitted him to think so.

LORD C. And Froggy has the proof that you didn't. [*Up C.*] By Jingo! [*Pours out glass of wine; meanwhile Hugh crosses to safe, R., and opens it*] What are you going to do?

HUGH. [*Crosses to safe*] The letter.

LORD C. [*Head of table*] Put it back. Don't touch it. Do you suppose for one moment he has the real letter there? It's put there for some purpose. Talk of those black devils in Africa; a whole swarm of them isn't equal to this one blackmailer. And nothing will save you but his silence. [*Pouring out wine*]

HUGH. [*To R.C.*] That I can purchase on one condition.

LORD C. Grab it.

HUGH. [*R. of him*] The hand of Eleanor.

LORD C. Blackguard!

HUGH. I have until ten o'clock to decide. If Le Sage speaks here, on the eve of a campaign, I shall be cashiered. It would kill my father, and break Jessie's heart. [*Leans on chair, C.*]

LORD C. [*Excitedly pours out wine*] Better leave it alone. [*Puts down decanter and glass on table, L.*] Haven't got any brains to spare anyhow. Come what may, old one, you must leave in the morning with your regiment.

HUGH. [*To C.*] What—fly like a coward?

LORD C. For their sakes, old chap, it must be done; can't think how!

HUGH. He would then be merciless.

LORD C. You've done all you can do. Let me take a hand. Join the others at dinner—as long as there is hope, for heaven's sake, keep everything from them. Here, here, take a glass of wine, old man. No, no, never touch another drop as long as you live. [*Drinks*] Here comes the cracker. Leave him to me. Go, make some excuse for my absence. Say—say I've gone to have my hair cut—anything—only let me have the next half hour to myself. Go! Go!

HUGH. God bless you, George. [*Exit, R. & E.*]

LORD. C. Yes, yes. Let me think—let me think. Can't think without my pipe—can't smoke without my pipe. Must think. Must smoke. Damn that man! [*Passes out, L. 3 E. By this time it is quite dark outside. Enter Le Sage in evening dress. At the same time Blink Blunk appears, L. U. E.*]

LE SAGE. [*Speaks as he crosses, R.*] She is worth forty thousand pounds. Wiz ze letter zat I vill compel her brother to give me—[*Crossing to R. with chuckle*] ze prize as good as mine. [*Turns and sees Blink Blunk who has entered, L. U. E.*]

BLINK. At last!

LE SAGE. Blink Blunk!

BLINK. [*C.*] A very happy meeting, eh?

LE SAGE. I thought he was safe in the galleys.

BLINK. I was fortunat' 'nough to behave myself and get my sentence cut down.

LE SAGE. Hush!

BLINK. [*Backing up, L.*] Oh, I won't make a noise. I got kicked out of this place before today, but I espied you and came back. [*Darkens lamp*]

LE SAGE. [*C., at desk, angrily*] How dare you come to me like zis?

BLINK. 'Cause I knowed how slippery you was.

LE SAGE. [*Up R. C., with an attempt at calmness*] Well, what do you want?

BLINK. [*Through his teeth*] Off yonder, in the galleys, I wanted your life.

LE SAGE. My life!

BLINK. It would be lettin' you off cheap—for five years of hell at Toulon. 'Twas you put the gendarmes on my track.

LE SAGE. I did not.

BLINK. You did!

LE SAGE. [*Up R.*] I did not.

BLINK. [*C.*] You lie! Oh, I'm not afeared of you now. Sooner than have you coop me up in the galleys, you may kill me as you did Pierre Lavigne.

LE SAGE. Silence!

BLINK. That detective Xavier—

LE SAGE. Xavier—

BLINK. Questioned you so close that you gave me up to save yourself.

LE SAGE. [*To R.*] I suppose you want money as usual.

BLINK. I want a blame sight mor'n usual. You're in clover 'ere, so I'll take my revenge in cash. [*Sits, L.*]

LE SAGE. [*To C.*] I have no money.

BLINK. [*Rises*] You in Paradise and ain't got an angel?

LE SAGE. I haven't a franc in ze world, and I'm too much in debt to borrow.



BLINK. Oh, come now—there ain't no spots on me 'cept my freckles.

LE SAGE. [*R.I.C.*] Blink Blunk, I swear. Have a little patience. I vill marry ze mistress of siz place.

BLINK. What is she worth?

LE SAGE. Forty thousand pounds in her own right.

BLINK. Gi' me a hundred on account.

LE SAGE. I haven't fifty.

BUTTER. [*Outside, R.*] Where are you, musheer?

LE SAGE. Sh!

BLINK. You get me fifty pounds or I don't stir.

LE SAGE. I vill try—behind the curtain, quick! [*As Blink conceals himself behind the curtain, Butterworth in dress suit appears on steps, R.U.E.*]

BUTTER. 'Eavens! 'Ow dark!

LE SAGE. Ze lamp vas smoking and I turned it down. I vill fix it. [*Turns lamp out*] Ah—I have put 'im out. [*Room in total darkness except firelight*]

BUTTER. Never mind. 'Urry up! Our h'appetites are h'outrageous.

LE SAGE. [*Ascending steps*] Pardon, pardon, I keep you waiting.

BUTTER. You'll excuse my not communicating altogether in French, but h'ever since that day in Paris when I ordered puddin' and they brought me beets, I've fought shy of it. After you, sil voo play—allez voo en—look out for the cat. [*Exeunt Le Sage and Butterworth, R.U.E. Blink Blunk comes from behind the curtain*]

BLINK. No more prison life for me. I know when I've had enough. [*To R.*] And if you know what's 'ealthy for you, you won't try to play me the least trick. Sooner'n go to prison again—[*To R., near stairs, shudders*] Never—from this moment, I turns over a new leaf. [*By this time the moonlight from L. floods the room from window and transparent ceiling. Lighting match*] My—my—look at the knick-knacks. [*Goes to steps and peers in hall-way*] They're all in at dinner. I'll kill a few birds with one stone. [*Puts things in his pockets, sees safe which Hugh has forgotten to close*] Open—they deserve to be punished for their carelessness. [*Glancing about*] No one about. 'Eaven 'elp those as 'elps themselves. [*Fumbles in safe. Enter Lord Chumley from window, L.U.E., smoking*]

LORD C. [*In window*] I'd give a good deal to see what's in that package. But I can't burglarize the safe. [*Sees Blink*] Halloa! there's somebody doing it for me.

BLINK. [*Feeling envelope*] Feels like bills—

LORD C. Why, that's a package in his hands. [*Lord Chumley sneezes; Blink, startled, places package in his pocket, turns quickly*] Achew! God bless me! [*Coolly*] Don't mind me. I've been standing in the draught of this open

window. The draught through that door will be fatal to you. Shut it. [*Blink Blunk shuts it. Lord Chumley with his eyes on him, throws curtain back from L.C. so that the light falls on both of them. They recognize each other*] The Man with the Iron Mask.

BLINK. The cove with the cast iron boot. [*Moves down, R.*]

LORD C. Oh, we've come in contact before.

BLINK. [*To R. corner doggedly*] Yes, you made a werry wiwid impression. [*Watching opportunity to spring*] You'll be sorry for it. I'll leave my mark on you. And I'll put it where folks can see it, too. Damn you! [*Rushes towards him*]

LORD C. [*Carelessly presenting pipe*] Don't make a noise.

BLINK. Don't shoot! [*Backs down, R. corner*]

LORD C. [*Puzzled*] Eh? [*Realizes Blink's mistake*] Oh! [*Assumes the offensive, to L.C.*] Put your hands up. Put 'em up, or I'll blow out your brains. I'm in need of brains now. Quick! [*Blink throws up his hands*] How did you open that safe?

BLINK. I found it open.

LORD C. [*Aside*] By Jove! Hugh forgot to close it. [*As if hot ashes had burnt his hand, suddenly drops pipe*] Oh! Hot ashes! [*Blink rushes towards him; quick as lightning Lord Chumley presents case*] Self-cocker. [*Blink throws up his hands. Aside*] By Jove! Lucky I had the case. [*Aloud*] Now look here, my friend, if you make any noise or alarm the ladies, or try to leave this room, I shall be obliged to kill you. [*Moves L., above table, C.*]

BLINK. Well, you want what I took, do you?

LORD C. [*Back to L. of table, C.*] Yes—please. [*Blink places things on table, C.*]

BLINK. That's all. [*Back to R.*]

LORD C. I saw you put a packet in your pocket. I want that please. [*Blink takes out package, and doggedly throws it on table*] Thank you. [*Lighting match*] That's the package.

BLINK. [*Reading name on the envelope*] Le Sage.

LORD C. [*Aside*] Eh? What? Wonder if he knows him? [*Aloud*] A little more, by Jove, and Monsieur Le Sage would have been without his treasure!

BLINK. Treasure? Le Sage?

LORD C. Ah! You know him? [*Sits L. of table*]

BLINK. No.

LORD C. [*Aside*] He's lying. [*Aloud*] That may be a very valuable package. He said it was. I know a friend of his now in the house gave him eight hundred pounds.

BLINK. [*Aside, eagerly*] Eight hundred pounds!

LORD C. But it may not be this package.

BLINK. It is. There's his name—written with his own hand. [*To C.*] Liar!

LORD C. Oh, you do know him!

BLINK. Yes.

LORD C. Ah! You're as big a liar as he is, aren't you? [*Laughs*] What other bond is there between you?

BLINK. [*To C.*] He owes me money.

LORD C. Then why the devil doesn't he pay you?

BLINK. Five minutes ago, he swore he didn't have a franc in the world.

LORD C. Oh! Been having a powwow here, eh? [*Blink makes a movement to take package. Rises*] As you were!

BLINK. [*Backing down, C.*] That's his. I want what belongs to me.

LORD C. [*Aside*] As he's a friend of Froggy's—it wouldn't be a bad idea to let him open it. I say, look here. [*Aloud*] I don't advise you to open that package. But I shan't prevent you. [*Blink tears open package*] One moment—please. [*Takes it up and examines it, aside*] As I thought, waste paper.

BLINK. Well?

LORD C. [*Moves round the table to R.C.*] Now look here, my fine friend, let's understand each other. I caught you in the act of robbing this house. If I hand you over to the police, you know what it means.

BLINK. [*He has backed to L.*] Twenty years.

LORD C. I may let you go.

BLINK. [*Eagerly*] You will?

LORD C. First tell me what you know of Gasper Le Sage.

BLINK. [*L. corner*] If he stood before me, I'd throttle him.

LORD C. Yes?

BLINK. But I won't blow on him. [*Aside*] He'd strangle me as he did Pierre Lavigne.

LORD C. Then he'll tell what he knows about you.

BLINK. He wouldn't dare.

LORD C. [*R., aside*] He has some hold over Froggy. [*Aloud*] I think I can manage to give you a lifer. [*To L., around table, C. Blink back to C.*] You'd better take a few pounds from me and go. Refuse—[*Pulls bell rope*] and when the servant enters, I send him for the nearest constable.

BLINK. Don't send me to prison.

LORD C. I give you one minute to decide.

BLINK. [*Aside*] He betrayed me once and now he's lied to me. [*Aloud*] How do I know you won't play me false?

LORD C. I give you my word of honor. Servant's coming.

BLINK. If you want to do me a favor, pull that trigger, but don't send me to prison.

LORD C. Have you decided?

BLINK. [*Backing to stairway*] Yes.

LORD C. Well?

BLINK. I'll tell you. [*Hides on steps, R. Enter Winterbottom, L.I.E.*]

LORD C. Oh, Winterbottom, will you bring me another lamp, please? [*Exit Winterbottom, L.I.E.*] Now then, speak, and quickly. And if I find that you have lied to me, within an hour I'll have every constable in the country on your track. [*To C. up near desk*]

BLINK. [*To L. during above speech*] I've just finished a five years sentence in the galleys at Toulon, for a robbery planned by Gasper Le Sage. Oh, he didn't look like one of us. His family's high. [*Up C.*] I first met him in the prison at Rouen, where he was serving a term for swindling.

LORD C. [*Up R.*] How do I know you are not lying to me?

BLINK. [*Tearing open shirt, and standing in moonlight*] 'Cause on his shoulder he's got the same prison mark like this.

LORD C. The Fleur-de-lis!

BLINK. You see.

LORD C. Sh, sh! Lord Chumley, 24 St. James St., tomorrow night, for the money. [*Puts Blink out, L.C., and draws the curtain as Winterbottom enters, L.I.E., with lighted lamp*] Thank you, Winterbottom. Place the lamp on the table there, will you? And I say, Winterbottom, will you be kind enough to tell Monsieur Le Sage—that there is a poor devil here in great trouble—must see him at once. Do you think you can do that nicely for me, Winterbottom? [*C. Winterbottom exit on steps*] Now, George, you are not only fighting for your friend's good name, but for the girl whom you would give your life to shield. [*Enter Le Sage quickly, R.U.E., on steps*]

LE SAGE. [*Aside*] Zat damn Blink Blunk annoy me—[*Sees Lord Chumley, C.*] Oh, ze servant tells me zere was a poor devil in trouble 'ere wanted to see me.

LORD C. [*To L. of table*] Yes, I am the poor devil. You intend to prevent Hugh Butterworth from leaving in the morning with his regiment.

LE SAGE. Oh, he has confided in you. You have a little scheme to save your friend. But so long as that package is in ze safe I can afford to let you amuse yourself.

LORD C. [*L. of table*] What's this? [*Holds it out*]

LE SAGE. [*To table*] Vy—it is open.

LORD C. Yes—and the waste paper is all there.

LE SAGE. Vaste paper? Vot you mean? There vas money in that envelope. If zere is vaste paper zere, you have placed it zere.

LORD C. [*Strikes him with package*] You liar!

LE SAGE. [*Seizing him*] I vill kill you.

LORD C. [*Forcing him to his knees*] You miserable dog!

LE SAGE. [*Calling*] Monsieur Butterworth! Monsieur Butterworth!

LORD C. Another word, I'll tear the coat from your back and show them stamped on your shoulder the Fleur-de-lis.

LE SAGE. Ah! You dare not betray me—your friend's good name.

LORD C. [*Aside, crosses R.C.*] They're coming. If I explain, Hugh's lost.

HUGH. [*Enter R.I.E.*] What's the matter, George?

LORD C. [*Apart to him quickly*] This package—put it in the safe—quick! [*Hugh does so*]

LE SAGE. [*L. corner*] My silence for yours.

LORD C. You cur! [*Goes to strike him. Enter Butterworth, Eleanor, L.U.E., and Jessie from steps*]

BUTTER. [*R.C.*] Lord George, what is the meaning of this uproariousness?

LORD C. [*With an inspiration; pretending intoxication*] Froggy said I was drunk. Anybody can see I'm not. So I knocked him down!

HUGH. George! [*Business for Eleanor; Hugh goes towards Lord Chumley*]

LORD C. [*Apart to Hugh*] Go and fight the Zulus. I'll stay here, and—  
[*Ring on the word*] fight the devil!

## ACT II.

SCENE: Lodgings, 42 Primrose Lane, London. Comfortable bachelor apartment. Lights half down. Meg outside, L.U.E., singing.

MEG. My love is a stoker on the underground,  
Runs the midnight train through safe and sound;  
He first saw me and I first saw he—

[*Enters with breakfast on tray, door, L.U.E.*]

A-tripping the mazourka at a light swor-ree!

[*Puts teapot on stove, R. Business as arranged*]

He brought me an ice of a pea-green shade,

[*Takes bottle from table*]

And I stored it away with a sour lemonade;

Oh—my teeth did chatter and my feet did patter,

[*Places tray on table*]

And I felt my nerves shatter and my senses all scatter

By drinking the latter; and they all said "Look at 'er."

[*Coat and vest*]

And it made such a clatter, he said, "What's the matter?"

[*Business duster, etc. Puts duster on chair, R. of table, C., brushes hat, puts it under table*]

Says I, "This accidental meeting makes me feel quite queer."

He likewise declared he had a riot just here.

In the very next mazourka my heart was in a pucker

As he hugged me and he muttered, "Oh, be Mrs. Tommy Tucker."

[*Finishing with a flourish, spoken*]

And I said I would! [*She is dressed plainly but in no way shabbily.*

*In fact she makes a serious attempt at neatness, wearing a large old-fashioned comb in her hair, which is done up à la Grecian maid. She wears a pair of large black mittens evidently belonging to her mother. She is about 16 years old, and brim full of animal spirits*] If I told anyone I composed that, nobody'd believe me. They'd swear it was Byron's and begin to hunt for a cipher. How's the fire? [*To stove, R.*] Snaggsy made it an hour ago, then rushed off to see the soldiers. [*Opens lid to stove*] Nearly out. [*Pours coal on and closes lid*] Mr. George told me last night to bring his breakfast up precisely at eight o'clock sharp. As usual not here. I'll put the tea on the stove. [*Noise of drum and fife outside*] Is that the soldiers? [*Rushing to window, C., excitedly*] No, some of the boys coming to the barracks, across the street. My heart is going bumpity-bump. Otherwise I feel very well. Wonder how I look? [*Posing before glass*] Mother's comb just makes me look too à la Greek for anything. And as for the mittens—well, there's a much of a much-ativeness about 'em, but the style is all there. How I do love the military! [*Sings*] If I were only long enough, a soldier I would be—[*Speaks*] To fight for my country and be revenged on she. Where's my musket? [*Rushes to hallway, seizes broom*] Br-r-r-oom! [*Marching time*] Br-room! [*Marches from up L. down R., then crosses to L. front, imitating bass and kettle drum. Whistles air of "Girl I Left Behind Me"*]

LORD C. [*Behind screen, R.U.E.*] Who's there? Troops? Come in. Where are my clothes? Where are my clothes? Who's there? Troops? Come in. Where are my clothes? Where are my clothes?

MEG. [*R.C., paralyzed*] Oh, law! [*Said during preceding speech*] Meg, sir. Hope I didn't disturb you?

LORD C. [*Yawns*] Oh-h-h. Disturb me—considering I was asleep, your broomidy-broom was rather startling. I thought the troops had arrived. Another minute and I would have been at the window.

MEG. [*C.*] Snaggsy told me you were taking your morning walk, sir. [*Meg weeps*]

LORD C. Funny beast, Snaggsy. But it is too cold to laugh. I say, Meg, is it snowing in there?

MEG. Law—no, sir! [*Sweeps under sofa*]

LORD C. By Jingo, it's freezing in here. B-u-r-r! That comes of sleeping with the window open, but must have air, by Jingo—must have air. I say, Meg, is the stove still there? Or did Snaggsy, the jester, take it out on a lark? [*Meg sweeps out door*] A—[*Shivering*] I say, Meg, will you be kind enough to look in the drawer of my desk, left-hand side one, and give me the hammer? [*She does so*] The water in the bath is frozen.

MEG. [*Down C., who has come to desk, L.1.E., and taken out hammer*] Will I chuck it?

LORD C. [*Alarmed*] No. Hand it here—here—here—[*Business*] Thank you. [*Meg to desk, L.; his head disappears*] How's your mother? How's your mother? [*Meg laughs, blows glove*]

MEG. [*Down L.*] Sky high, sir.

LORD C. Dear me, you don't mean to say that she's dead?

MEG. Law, no, sir! She's well enough to get up today.

LORD C. [*Meg up to cabinet, L.; shivering*] Oh, if she takes my advice, she'll remain where she is—in bed. [*Sings*] "Wherever you may wander, there is no place like bed."

MEG. [*Up to C.*] Shall I bring you warm water, Mr. George? [*Ready crockery crash, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Please—please! [*Disappears*]

MEG. [*To door, L. Aside, smothering laugh*] Poor man, he can't stir. As they say in French, he's dishable. [*Exit Meg, L.U.E.*]

LORD C. [*Appears above screen, his eyes resting on stove*] Meg! Oh, dear me! She does annoy me so, that girl! Oh, look at that stove! I wonder if I'll have time to get out there before she comes back. [*His head appears, R. of screen*] No! I'll not risk it. "Some day—some day." Boo!—[*He disappears. Sound of breaking ice*] By Jingo, but it's cold. I'll freeze before that warm water comes. Oh—well—never mind. [*Sound of pouring water in basin*] One good plunge and all is over. [*Sings—shivering as he prepares to plunge his head*] Oh—oh—oh! [*Business. Supposed to have suddenly plunged his face in water, then emerging, gasps with cold*] Help! Man overboard! Boo—boo—by Jingo, but that's cold. Boo—boo—[*Recovers, wiping face. Business at*

*towels*] However, it is invigorating, by Jingo! Bravery, like virtue, is its own reward. By Jove, if anyone had told me six months ago that I should be living on the top floor front of a second-rate lodging house, I should have said: "Pooh!" That's what I would have said—"Pooh!" Ow!—What's that in my slipper? Oh, my collar button! Little wanderer—you belong at the other end. Where's my other slipper? Where's my other slipper? Once upon a time I could not dress—heigh-ho!—without a valet. [*Laughs*] Times have changed since then, by Jingo! Where's my dressing gown? Where's my—oh, there it is. [*Crash of crockery, L.3E. Takes dressing gown from screen*] Hello, something is happening out there, by Jingo! [*Goes back of screen. Enter Meg quickly, L.3E.*]

MEG. The pitcher's gone to smash, and the hot water spilt all over the stairs. [*Exit quickly, L.3E.*]

LORD C. What! [*Appearing above screen*] Dear me, she does annoy me so, that girl. Lucky thing I didn't wait for the beastly hot water. I should have been turned into an icicle by this time. [*He appears from behind screen, comes down, R., has on dressing gown, then crosses in front, R. Business. Sings*] Where's my other slipper? [*Ties dressing gown angrily, looks under the table, speaks*] Chambermaids do hide things so! [*Sings*] Where's my other slipper? [*Enter Meg, L.3E.*] Where's my slipper? Where's my slipper? Damn it!

MEG. [*Puts pitcher of water on cabinet*] On the mantel.

LORD C. [*Crosses to R., sighs*] On the mantel-piece! [*Gets it*]

MEG. [*To C., up*] Law, sir, but you do look like the grand Mogul! 'Scuse me while I allah. [*Down C.*]

LORD C. [*R., near stove in chair, R.C.*] She's so familiar! I say, Meg, will you be kind enough to pour out my tea?

MEG. [*Loudly*] Yes, sir. [*To stove, business*]

LORD C. Oh, don't do that. I'm so worried. [*Moving to C. Meg burns herself*] Don't burn yourself. You're such a clumsy girl.

MEG. [*Going to L. of C. table, front. Eyeing wrapper admiringly, she pours tea on floor. Aside*] Oh! That wrapper's a-w-wishum.

LORD C. [*R. of table, C.*] In the cup, Meg, please. I don't care to drink my tea off the floor. [*Business duster on chair*]

MEG. Law, sir, this is the first hot breakfast you've sat down to. [*Meg wipes floor with apron*]

LORD C. I beg pardon, the second hot breakfast. Forget the occasion you upset the cayenne pepper all over everything. [*Business of plate*]

MEG. [*Kneeling*] Lor', wasn't I excited that morning? Father had been out all night, a-kinder goin' it. He was havin' a hippodrum with himself in



one room. And mother was havin' hysterics in the other, and she's been down with the lumbago ever since. And—[*Loudly*] Mr. George!

LORD C. Don't do that, Meg.

MEG. [*Changing*] If Heaven hadn't sent you to us as a payin' boarder, we might all—all been this blessed day in the workhouse. [*Takes piece of muffin from tray*]

LORD C. My breakfast! [*Takes bread from her*]

MEG. Besides what you have done since to help us—

LORD C. Pshaw! 'Tisn't worth talking about! Where's the morning paper? Haven't seen the paper anywhere.

MEG. [*Up R.*] Haven't you got your newspaper yet? [*Looks for paper*]

LORD C. No, and I am more anxious to see it today than any day in the year.

MEG. [*Up C.*] Lor', sir, Snaggsy must have used it up to make the fire.

LORD C. [*Meg to desk, to window, to rugs, etc.*] Oh, I'm beginning to loathe Snaggsy. If some good angel would take Snaggsy up to a dizzy height and drop him gently into the sea—the tea—I mean—[*Business of sugar. Meg blows orange peel from her mouth on the floor*] Oh, don't throw orange peel about, Meg. I know I shall slip on it.

MEG. [*To L.*] I'll get you another paper, sir.

LORD C. Thank you.

MEG. [*Returning*] It just mazourkas my feelings right into Paradise to wait on you.

LORD C. Don't talk so much, Meg.

MEG. Anything else you'd like, sir?

LORD C. No, nothing. [*Meg to door*] Oh, yes, chimney. I must get rid of that horrid imported stove.

MEG. [*To R.C.*] What! Didn't Snaggsy clean that chimney yesterday?

LORD C. I presume he did. It smokes worse than ever.

MEG. I'll tend to it this blessed day myself. [*To door*]

LORD C. Much obliged.

MEG. [*Aside*] My! How I could mazourka with that balloon gown on! [*Exit, L.U.E. Slams door*]

LORD C. Don't slam the door. She does so annoy me, that girl! [*Eating his breakfast*] Chop! I've been here a month. Thirty-one chops. I'm glad mother's feeling sky high. We may get eggs and bacon. Well, doesn't matter much, by Jingol! No visitors. Everybody thinks I'm abroad. Certainly am in foreign parts. Knightsbridge. To think I should have to live up in the air in order to save up a wretched three hundred pounds. But it's always the way—whenever a fellow wants money, all your relations—"So sorry, old

man—if you'd come the day before." My only hope to beat Le Sage is to give that eight hundred pounds to Mrs. McGregor; tell her how a foolish boy fell into the toils of a villain and how the scoundrel means to use his power. When I get through pleading, if she won't swear she received the whole amount when she was paid the two hundred, I'll question her sex, by Jingo! If lying must be done, it may as well be on our side, but that letter in Le Sage's possession! Well, I can't think of two things at once. The widow is all I can stand at present. Can't eat. [*Rises*] I promised poor, dear, old Hugh to pay her the money. [*At mantel*] But somehow or other like an ass, I mislaid the address. I have turned London upside down. Every woman that looks like a widow I stare out of countenance. I follow every ragged little boy in the street. [*Laughs*] I nearly got arrested the other day, by Jove, for asking a little girl if she knew who her father was. [*Pipe, business at mantel*] I dare not advertise for fear Le Sage would see it. [*Taking photo from mantel*] Oh, if Hugh would only come back! He would at least have the advantage of knowing her by sight. But he is—God knows where—[*Puts photo down on mantel again, face down*] Why the devil doesn't she come with that paper? [*To head of table, C. Looking around*] Never saw such a girl—she never does anything—[*Drops pipe from his mouth*] I shouldn't hear a word but for little Jessie. The only wise thing I ever did in my life was to confide my address to her. Every now and then she sends me a few lines. [*Business with cup, voice breaks*] They all think Hugh's dead. [*Opens lid of stove, taking coal scuttle*] I don't believe it. I have a sort of feeling, I don't know what the devil you call it—but we are the Corsican chums, by Jingo, and Hugh, old fellow, I don't believe you are dead at all. The coal's all out. [*Puts down scuttle*] O Hugh, if you're dead, why the devil don't you let a man know it? [*Enter Meg, L.U.E., with newspaper in one hand and a chimney sweep brush on the end of a long pole*] Where's the morning paper—give me the morning paper. [*Seizes it*] Where's the latest list of the missing, killed, and wounded?

MEG. Lor' sir, you're a-trembling all over. [*She approaches him, accidentally holding the brush to his face. Ready knock, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Take that thing away, Meg.

MEG. [*R.C.*] It's for the chimney.

LORD C. Blow the chimney. Give me a glass of water.

MEG. [*Places sweep at back, C.; aside*] Well, that chimney ain't goin' to smoke any longer if I know it. [*Up to L., pours out a glass of water*]

LORD C. [*Who has been scanning paper*] Nothing, nothing. Oh, yes, the troopships were sighted last night—and the regiments will disembark today. No names, by Jingo! No names, by Jingo, Meg.

MEG. [*Meg keeps saying "Mr. George" and holding out glass of water until Lord Chumley says "No names" the second time, then Meg loudly*] Mr. George!

LORD C. [*Taking water*] Thank you—much obliged. [*About to drink*]

MEG. [*Pulling back table, business*] Oh, by the way—

LORD C. Don't do that! She annoys me so, that girl.

MEG. There's a lady downstairs wants to see you in a carriage.

LORD C. Wants to see me in a carriage?

MEG. [*At table, up R.*] She said I was to give you her respects and tell you she must see you at once.

LORD C. Who the devil can it be? [*Aside*] Only one person in the world knows my address here—Jessie. [*Aloud. Meg arranging tray, up C., on cabinet*] Who is it? Little woman, Meg? Dark-eyed woman, Meg—not big woman—little woman?

MEG. [*Grinning*] Little! Lor', sir, it'll be all she can do to get inside that door. [*To door*]

LORD C. Lady Adeline, by Jingo! How did she find me out?

MEG. [*At door*] Lor', here she comes a-puffin' like a locomotive.

LORD C. Shut the door! Shut the door! Give me my coat! Why the devil don't people send cards to people? Boots. Give me my boots! [*Meg rushes to closet*] They have raised her with a derrick, by Jingo! [*Knock short and loud, L.U.E.*] Why don't people send up cards to people? People can't be expected to see people—[*Business of shoes*] That's the same foot. The idea of calling on people so early in the morning without sending up cards to people. By Jove, she's come to claim me. No—no—no—she has sought me to cast me off. [*Business of throwing shoes, etc., behind screen; second knock*] Come in! [*Enter Winterbottom ushering in Lady Adeline. Meg takes tray, business with Winterbottom*]

LADY A. [*L.C.*] George!

LORD C. How do you do? [*Business Lady Adeline*]

LADY A. [*Beaming on him*] George, do you think me unmaidenly?

LORD C. Oh, no!

LADY A. I may be indiscreet in coming to you. But, if you knew how our separation has weighed upon me. If Mr. Butterworth knew of my girlish indiscretion, he would never pardon me. [*To L.*]

LORD C. [*Crosses to her*] Dear Lady Adeline, am I to infer that this interview is *entre nous*?

LADY A. Strictly.

LORD C. You need have no fear. You are in safe hands.

LADY A. I know it.

LORD C. Won't you take a chair, Lady Adeline?

LADY A. [*Up C., gets chair L. of C. table*] Si vous permettez, je m'assierai.

LORD C. [*Down R.C., aside*] French! She is getting wicked. [*Lady Adeline takes small chair, up C. Lord Chumley snatches it from her*] One moment, I beg your pardon. [*Takes chair. Aside*] I only had that chair glued together yesterday. If she sat on it, we'd find her in the cellar. [*Puts chair below mantel, R., pointing to sofa; aloud*] Won't you sit there, Lady Adeline? It is comfortable—[*Aside*] and larger. [*He crosses, pointing to sofa, and stumbles over duster*]

LADY A. [*To sofa, L.C.*] Ever solicitous.

LORD C. Dear Lady Adeline, how did you know my address?

LADY A. Jessie told me. [*Sitting on sofa*]

LORD C. [*C.*] Oh, Jessie told you.

LADY A. I wormed it out of her.

LORD C. Oh, you wormed it out of her. [*To R.C., aside*] So glad I confided in Jessie. [*Aloud. Going to her, on her R.*] To what do I owe the honor of this visit, Lady Adeline?

LADY A. [*Pulling him down and resting her head on his shoulder*] Is it not my place by your side?

LORD C. [*Aside*] She has come to stay.

LADY A. Do you remember that happy day—

LORD C. When I picked you up off the grass? Rather. [*Aside*] I haven't lifted anything since, by jingo!

LADY A. And the button I gave you, you have it still?

LORD C. My dear Lady Adeline—

LADY A. [*Moving to R. on sofa*] And when you asked me to be your wife—

LORD C. [*Retreating*] My dear Lady Adeline, I want to tell you—

LADY A. Did I not throw myself into your arms?

LORD C. But, my dear Lady Adeline, I assure you—

LADY A. You need not. I believe you as then.

LORD C. She won't let me tell her—

LADY A. And then, dear heart, do you remember how provoked we both were when Adam caught us?

LORD C. [*Aside*] I wonder if she has a clergyman concealed about her.

LADY A. We could not see each other again that night owing to my fall and your—what shall we call it?

LORD C. I don't know, I'm sure.

LADY A. Contretemps!

LORD C. Contretemps! Good word.

LADY A. *They* did not know the cause.

LORD C. No. [*Ready knock, L.3.E.*]

LADY A. But I did.

LORD C. Dear me!

LADY A. I would have confided in Adam, but I dreaded his pooh-poohs.

LORD C. Pooh-poohs.

LADY A. I knew that you were celebrating the happy event and that your joy was too much for you. Unthinkingly you must have said something to Monsieur Le Sage. He treated it lightly, and you, brave heart, struck him to the ground. [*Business duster with an outburst*] Ah! [*Both rise together*] And while they blamed you, I was silent. Forgive me, fond heart.

LORD C. [*Retreats to R.*] I forgive you—forgive you.

LADY A. [*Moving towards him*] I will make amends. Though all the world believe you guilty, I know you to be innocent. [*During the above, Lord Chumley has gradually backed from her toward R. At the last outburst, thinking it is a chair behind, sits breathless on the stove, starting up with a cry. Alarmed*] You are in pain.

LORD C. [*To L.*] No—nothing—nothing.

LADY A. You cannot deceive love's piercing eyes. You are flushed.

LORD C. Yes, flushed—feverish—feverish.

LADY A. I knew it. Can I do anything?

LORD C. No, nothing. [*Aside*] I shall hit her in a minute.

LADY A. You are burning. [*Enter Winterbottom, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Dear me, don't say that. [*Turns quickly, looking at his coat-tails*]

WINTER. Mr. Butterworth.

LADY A. [*Paralyzed*] Here!

LORD C. [*Aside*] How did he find me out?

WINTER. Coming upstairs, my lady.

LADY A. Don't let him see you.

LORD C. Don't let him see you.

WINTER. I'll 'ide in the 'allway. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Hide in the hallway!

LADY A. [*To door, L.U.E. Coming in, closing door, standing against it à la Fédora*] He's on the next landing!

LORD C. [*Up R., aside*] If he finds her here, I'll have to marry her. [*Loud knock at door*]

LADY A. [*To C., in whisper*] Conceal me! [*As though about to crawl under sofa*]

LORD C. You can't get under the sofa, Lady Adeline. [*Aside*] Where the devil shall I put her? [*Sees closet, L.*] Here! Closet—nice closet, Lady Adeline. [*She rushes to closet, he tries to force it shut*]

LADY A. You are killing me! [*Comes out to C.*]

LORD C. [*Aside*] No such luck. [*She dashes to door, R.*] You can't go there!

LADY A. Why not?

LORD C. It leads to the cellar—on the roof. The whole neighborhood will see you. [*Second knock, L.*] Here, quick! Mr. Butterworth! [*He places screen aside so that she can rush behind it; she gives a cry and rushes out again*] I beg your pardon. [*She rushes to window and looks out*] Four stories. [*Over table*] So sorry I told her—[*Third knock, L. Pause*] Eh-h—There's only one place left, the chimney.

LADY A. No! No! I can't go there. [*He takes out fireboard*]

LORD C. Mr. Butterworth! [*Taking wrap from screen*] Here, take this, Lady Adeline. Keep the dust off you. [*She rushes to fireboard*] No, no—the other way, my dear Lady Adeline. [*Her head gets caught. Business. She finally disappears. Lord Chumley arranges fireboard, handing her glued chair*] Take this chair and make yourself comfortable. La-de-do-de-de-da-dodi. [*Business. Arranges board, commences to sing. Enter Meg, L.U.E.*]

MEG. [*L.C. at back*] Mr. Butternutt.

LORD C. Oh, dear me, I've given her the glued chair. If she doesn't sit perfectly still, we are lost! [*Enter Butterworth, L.U.E.*] Ah, how do you do, how do you do? So glad to see you. How do you do?

BUTTER. [*He's somewhat subdued in manner, as though in trouble regarding Hugh's reported death. His manner towards Lord Chumley is restrained and dignified as though still deeply aggrieved at his conduct at end of Act I*] How d'ye do? How d'ye do? [*Meg to mantel, tying apron on head, looking in mirror; then gets chimney broom up R.C.*] Lord C., as I once requested you to decamp from the threshold of my house, I h'ask permission to enter yours.

LORD C. Oh, come in! [*Aside*] Dear me, how awkward! Last time he saw me I was drunk—and now his sister-in-law is in the fireplace. [*Butterworth goes down, L., and places down his hat, removing gloves. Meg takes a run from L.C. up and dives through door, R.2.E.*]

BUTTER. Lord C., I will endeavor—to make this h'interview h'as brief h'as possible.

LORD C. Dear Mr. Butterworth, won't you take a chair?

BUTTER. What I 'ave to say can just as well be said h'upright. My boy, Hugh—is among the missing.

LORD C. Among the missing! But, my dear Mr. Butterworth, he may have been heard of lately. You know how difficult it is in that wild country to get accurate news.

BUTTER. [*Vehemently*] I h'also know what it is to be one of the missing there—h'among them black barbricks.

LORD C. But my dear Mr. Butterworth, he may be alive, and on one of those troopships today.

BUTTER. H'all last night I walked the platform of the station waiting for the trains to come up with the troops. H'as the morning light broke and I saw the pale and h'anxious faces of the crowd as 'ad been waiting and watchin' like me, I h'all broke up. If my boy wasn't h'on board, I thought I could stand hearin' the wust up at the barracks. In this hour of h'agony, I kept thinkin' of his last words. They were of you, Lord C. Says he to me, "Guv'nor, Chumley's a noble fellow!"

LORD C. Dear me—aw—really—awfully good of him, wasn't it, Mr. Butterworth? [*Aside*] Lucky thing I made Hugh promise silence, by Jingo, or he would have confessed everything for my sake.

BUTTER. [*L.C.*] But I was h'iron. You couldn't give h'any explanation of the h'extraordinary h'exhibition you made in the presence of ladies that night. And secondly, I do h'object to 'avin' a gentleman 'oo looked for 'ospitality under my roof, knocked about as if 'e was a ninepin in a bowlin' alley.

LORD C. My dear Mr. Butterworth, I—I—er—

BUTTER. Anything the matter with you?

LORD C. My dear Mr. Butterworth, I was very much upset that day—a glass of milk would have gone to my head—and when I took a pony of brandy—

BUTTER. A pony! Lord C., on that h'occasion you must 'ave swallowed a 'orse.

LORD C. [*Laughs*] That's rather good, that is.

BUTTER. [*Silencing Chumley with a frown and gesture*] So when I heard as 'ow you was livin' in poor lodgings—which I nearly dislocated the spine of my back, a-comin' up the stairs—

LORD C. So sorry, Mr. Butterworth.

BUTTER. [*Repeats gesture as before*] I says, Lord C.'s in trouble.

LORD C. [*Quickly*] How did you know my address, Mr. Butterworth?

BUTTER. Jessie told me.

LORD C. Oh, Jessie told you!

BUTTER. Yes, a minute ago.

LORD C. A minute ago? Where is she?

BUTTER. With h'Eleanor. Waitin' at the barracks.

LORD C. Eleanor at the barracks?

BUTTER. Standin' as we h'are in the shadder of what the next few hours may bring us, I 'ave pocketed my pride, and 'ave come to h'ask you what's up? For when a gentleman 'oo 'as been accustomed to 'ave his fling as you 'ave, suddenly settles down, or to speak more properly, as you are on the top floor, settles h'up—that'll do—there's a fly in the treacle. Again, I h'ask, what's up?

LORD C. [*Aside*] I can't tell him I'm crippled for a time because I've paid Hugh's debts.

BUTTER. H'excuse me, Lord C., for 'pearing to be obtrusive. But you are in a hole, and for my boy's sake, I would ease my 'eart to pull you h'out.

LORD C. [*Aside*] God bless his generous old heart. [*Aloud*] My dear Mr. Butterworth, I—I—I appreciate your kind offer, but I cannot accept it any more than I could tell you the reason of being here—four stories away from my fellow men.

BUTTER. Lord C., it is something you are ashamed of?

LORD C. No! [*Quickly correcting himself*] Yes. My last night at Lummytum, I received bad news—I was playing a desperate game. I thought I was sure to win—I would have risked my life on the result, but I lost—well, you saw how I disgraced myself before Miss Eleanor—

BUTTER. Lord C., am I to infer that your downfall was h'occasioned by too 'igh a fling at cards?

LORD C. Yes. Gambling has brought me to this. [*Aside*] There's no lie about that. [*Ready crash of glued chair, R.U.E.*]

BUTTER. If that wice 'as its nippers on you, 'eaven 'elp you! I always said to my boy, Hugh, "Awoid gambling and the etcetera wices as you would a ravenous dog or a wild bull." And 'e 'as, Lord C. I 'ave made every penny of my money by honest trade and I can best h'express my regret for what you 'ave told me when I says to you, rather than 'ear that my boy 'ad put our name in a dice box and throwed it h'into the mud, I would 'ave 'im forever among the missin' out there. Pull up your 'orses, Lord C., afore the dog bites and the bullock butts.

LORD C. Thank you, I will endeavor to reform. [*To mantel*]

BUTTER. [*Putting on his gloves*] Lord C., if I 'ave trespassed too much on you, I 'opes you'll excuse. I came 'ere with the werry best intentions which h'under the immediate circumstances I am glad you did not h'accept. [*Taking up his hat*] But this I will say—for my boy's sake. When you 'ave reformed, my purse, as well as my door, is open to you. Good day. [*Goes toward door*]



LORD C. [*To table, R.C.*] Mr. Butterworth, one word. Tell me of her. I hear she is not well.

BUTTER. She is not.

LORD C. [*Aside*] Eleanor, my darling.

BUTTER. The sudden change as affairs took was a 'ard blow to 'er.

LORD C. A hard blow! [*Aside*] No idea she cared so much for me.

BUTTER. That and the barrel o' lime juice—

LORD C. Lime—juice?

BUTTER. 'As broke 'er h'all up.

LORD C. Broke who up?

BUTTER. Lady Adeline—'oo, though she does 'er uppermost to conceal it, is a-breakin' 'er 'eart now at Lummy-tum.

LORD C. I never mean to marry Lady Adeline.

BUTTER. [*Indignant*] Lord C.!

LORD C. No. It was all a mistake.

BUTTER. Then h'explain 'ow it was I found 'er a-fondlin' of you like a poodle pup.

LORD C. I don't know, I'm sure.

BUTTER. Be careful, Lord C., at what you h'insinuate. Lady h'Adeline Barker h'is a model of discretion and my wirtuous sister-in-law.

LORD C. I dare say. But, if there wasn't another woman in the whole world, I wouldn't marry that fat old—[*At that moment is heard a loud crash in the fireplace as though Lady Adeline on sinking down on the glued chair had broken it and fallen. Lord Chumley horrified*] Glued chair!

BUTTER. There is a rumpus in the chimney.

LORD C. [*Quickly*] No, no! Did you hear something?

BUTTER. It sounded as if some h'object 'ad tumbled. [*Going towards fireplace*]

LORD C. [*Intercepting him*] No—no—yes! Cats!

BUTTER. [*Starts to R.*] Poor little pussy. Let's 'ave her out.

LORD C. No—no—don't have her out. [*As they move up C.*] Peculiar cat—prefers chimneys—first one you've heard! Tumbling all through our interview—generally let them out altogether, when no one's about—after dark—good-bye. [*Clasps his hand with that of Butterworth*]

BUTTER. [*Going to door*] You 'as your way o' doin' things—I 'as mine. But I can't 'elp a-remarkin' if you are so cruel as to keep a poor h'animal shut up all h'in a chinmney, where would you 'ave kept my poor sister, h'Addie? I 'ad hoped to 'ave given 'er to you with my blessin' and a 'andsome dowry, but now she must go h'up on the shelf again and be kept, as the motter is—till called for. Not a word, Lord C., not a word, what has passed between us

is your *tips dixit*. [*Exit, L.U.E. Enter Meg, door R., with a brush which is now inky black, her face and arms smeared with soot. Comes down, C., and brings handle of brush down with a satisfied bang*]

MEG. I've done it!

LORD C. Done what? [*Down L.*]

MEG. Cleaned the chimney.

LORD C. [*Staggers*] Chimney!

MEG. There must have been more'n a barrel of soot in it.

LORD C. [*On sofa*] S—soot—b—black soot! Come here! Does soot go up or down?

MEG. Down, of course.

LORD C. [*Collapses on sofa*] O Lord! [*Fireboard falls down and Lady Adeline, black from head to foot, appears*]

MEG. See what I've brushed out o' the chimney! [*Exit with a scream, L.U.E.*]

LADY A. Air! Air!

LORD C. Air! Air!

LADY A. Water! Water!

LORD C. Water! Water! Here, my dear Lady Adeline. [*Darts behind screen for pitcher; R.C. at back*]

LADY A. [*R.C. Repulsing him*] Away! [*Drawing herself up to her full height with blazing eyes, pointing a finger of scorn*] You Nero!

LORD C. [*Drooping*] Yes—Nero!

LADY A. [*Aside*] Fat old woman! [*Aloud*] I'm on fire!

LORD C. Let me put you out!

LADY A. Why does Heaven permit such as you to even crawl?

LORD C. Don't know, I'm sure.

LADY A. 'Tis such as you who make angels—devils. [*To R.*]

LORD C. Yes, devils.

LADY A. Your heart is as black as—[*Seeing her face in mirror, gives prolonged scream*] Ah—h—[*Lord Chumley falls on sofa, L. Meg rushes in, followed by Winterbottom*]

WINTER. Oh, 'eavens, my lady!

MEG. What is it, Mr. George?

LADY A. [*Angrily*] Winterbottom—how dare you? Wait below! [*Exit Winterbottom, L.3.E.*] Girl, show me to some water. [*To L., up*]

LORD C. Water!

MEG. Yes, mum. This way. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

LADY A. [*At door, turning and throwing wrap*] You're a good-for-nothing tipsy brute!

LORD C. [*C. at back*] Yes, brute!

LADY A. [*Towering with rage*] Fat old woman! [*Exit, L.3.E., slamming door*]

LORD C. [*Rushing up*] But, Lady Adeline, I assure you—[*Coming down*] Drunkard—gambler—brute—Nero! [*L.C., downstage. Enter Tommy Tucker, L.3.E., unperceived. He is about twenty, a typical English stoker, his face dirty with smoke, as though just from work, rather boyish in manner, with a suggestion of street swagger. He wears a long peaked flashy cap, etc., and presents a rakish appearance*]

TOM. [*R.C. At door*] That's the bloke! [*Business, dances. Crosses R., coming down*] I chucked up work to see you today.

LORD C. [*L.C. Surprised*] When did you get here?

TOM. Just now.

LORD C. I didn't hear you knock.

TOM. Knock vot?

LORD C. The door.

TOM. Wot's the door to me? [*Lord Chumley moves to L. Tommy follows closely as though to strike him. Lord Chumley turns and Tommy backs quickly away to R., near stove*] Ven I knocks, summits goin' to fall. Ketch?

LORD C. Ketch?

TOM. I'm goin' to vipe yer out. I'm goin' to dust the furniture wid yer. I'm goin' ter knock over de brick-bracks. I'm goin' to sweep de room wid yer. Den pick yer up and chuck you out o' de winder. [*To L.*]

LORD C. Dear me! [*Puts down pitcher on C. table, standing back of same*]

TOM. No, yer don't. [*Throwing down coat and rolling up sleeves*]

LORD C. Don't I?

TOM. Put up your dooks.

LORD C. Dooks?

TOM. [*L.C.*] My name's Tommy Tucker.

LORD C. That little Tommy Tucker that sings for his supper?

TOM. [*Ominously*] Oh, I don't do no singin'. I make fires for de under-ground.

LORD C. [*R.C. Aside*] Here's the man straight from—dear me! I didn't expect him so soon.

TOM. [*Business of handkerchief, puts up his hand à la pugilist*] Time!

LORD C. Oh, 'bout half-past ten.

TOM. Come—scratch!

LORD C. Scratch what?

TOM. Come, I'm a-bubblin'. [*Dancing around him*] I'm just aching to stick my fingers in yer 'cart's blood and write my wrongs all over the walls. Are you ready?

LORD C. One moment. I object to being your inkstand.

TOM. I counts tree and let's my right go. Ketch? One!

LORD C. One!

TOM. [*Flourishing*] Two!

LORD C. Two!

TOM. Three! [*Tommy Tucker aims a terrible blow at Lord Chumley who, quick as lightning, puts up his hands and with a scientific blow floors him. Tommy lies motionless*]

LORD C. [*Standing over him*] I say, Tommy Tucker, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it, Tommy Tucker; I apologize. Tommy! Murderer!

TOM. [*Recovering*] I'm getting my vind. I'm knocked out. Dare's a buzzin' in my 'ead. [*Lord Chumley pours pitcher of water on his head*] Play on de left ear. I said summat was goin' to fall and I've kept my word. [*Rising*]

LORD C. Let me assist you. So sorry. Tell me—what's it all about?

TOM. Well, you see it was this way—

MEG. [*Rushes in, L. 3 E., interrupting him*] She's gone, Mr. George. But oh, my Tommy! [*Surprised, going to him*]

TOM. [*L.*] Margaret, you an' me is now strangers.

MEG. [*C.*] Tommy!

LORD C. Oh, I see, friend of yours, Meg.

MEG. Lor', yes, sir! [*Bashfully*] This is Tommy Tucker, I told you about, who runs the midnight flyer on the underground and mazourkas like an angel.

TOM. [*Sullenly*] But we mazourkas no more.

LORD C. I see—a misunderstanding. [*Sits R. of C. table*]

MEG. [*L. C.*] Tommy, if you talk like that, you'll break my heart.

TOM. [*L.*] Oh, yes—you've busted mine.

MEG. You're jealous.

TOM. I've got good cause. [*Taking out a large cheap silver watch and holding it by the chain at arm's length*] 'Ere, you give me dis once. Take it back. It never kept good time. It's no truer dan you. [*Crosses to Lord Chumley, tearfully. Standing, C. Meg goes L. C.*] She gimme dis ring. [*Trying to get it off*] I loved Meg, and I'd—[*Loudly*] I'd 'a been good to her, too.

LORD C. Oh, don't do that, Tommy Tucker.

TOM. It's all ended now. I goes back to my engine and shovels coal.

LORD C. Thank goodness!

TOM. Some day—

LORD C. [*Sings*] "Some day—some day"—Oh, I beg pardon.

TOM. Some day you'll pick up a paper and see dis 'eading: "A large cinder found on de line." Dat cinder will be me. [*Meg sinks on sofa, L.*] Ketch? I can't git it off. I'll send it to you.

LORD C. I don't want it.

TOM. You knocked me out of de fust round and won 'er fair. I give 'er up. [*Cries*]

LORD C. Don't do that, Tommy Tucker!

TOM. Take 'er. And may ye both be 'appy ever after. Amen. [*Breaking*] Farewell. [*Going*]

MEG. [*To end of sofa, rising*] Tommy, don't go away like that. I mean to stick to you like mortar to a brick.

TOM. [*Up L.*] Go on. Stick yourself to de udder brick.

LORD C. [*Rises. Up R.*] I shall have to marry *her* now.

MEG. [*L.C.*] Tommy, who told you I was false to you?

TOM. Snaggsy.

LORD C. and MEG. [*Together*] Snaggsy!

LORD C. Mr. Tucker, what did Snaggsy tell you?

TOM. [*To L.C.*] That Meg did more for you than she did for all the rest of de lodgers in a lump. Dat nobody in de 'ouse 'ad chops but you.

LORD C. Chops!

TOM. And 'eard yer askin' 'er to 'lope wid yer.

MEG. Snaggsy told you that?

TOM. Yes—and 'es my friend.

MEG. [*L. corner*] What a little liar that pug-nosed, duck-legged Snaggsy is!

LORD C. Little beast.

MEG. [*Up to him, L.C.*] Tommy, look at me! Do I look like a girl who would 'lope wid anybody but you?

TOM. He was a-gullin' me?

MEG. [*L.C.*] 'Course he was!

TOM. And you ain't sweet on this 'ere bloke?

LORD C. Bloke!

MEG. No.

TOM. [*Draws her to him*] Kiss us.

MEG. Lor', Tommy, 'fore company. [*Down L. to C.*]

LORD C. [*To C.*] They're so violent in their affection. Don't mind me. It does me good to see somebody happy. [*Comes between them*] I suppose on

an occasion like this, it is the proper thing to say a few words. [*Lord Chumley takes hand of each; Tom and Meg sniff*] My dear friends.

TOM. 'Ear—'ear!

LORD C. My dear friends—if you will remember this when you are old and wrinkled and gray-headed—[*Tom and Meg sniff*] Oh, don't do that! If you will accept the advice of Lord George Chumley—

TOM. Oh, Lor', Meggy, there's a real live lord in de 'ouse and you never knowed it.

MEG. Down on your marrow bones, Tommy, to his dukeship. [*Both kneel*] Oh, my liege, won't you give us your blessin'?

LORD C. [*With pitcher over their heads*] Bless you—bless you! [*Puts pitcher on chair, R. of table. Tommy picks up hat and coat and starts for door, L.U.E.*]

MEG. Where are you going, Tommy?

TOM. To square it with Snaggsy.

LORD C. Oh, I'm so glad!

TOM. [*Meg, L. of Tommy*] Yer 'ighness, after de way ye knocked me down, I'd die for yer. And Tommy Tucker, of de Midnight Flyer, yer grace, never went back on 'is word or 'is gal. Ketch? Now den, for Snaggsy! [*Exit and business, L.3.E.*]

MEG. [*Up to door*] And me, too, your goodness gracious—ketch? [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

LORD C. Dear me, that's quite catching. [*Sniffs*] Meg is doing that now. I wonder if all the family will do that. Eleanor at the barracks. I wonder which window she is looking out of. If I were only Tommy now, and Eleanor were Meg, how happy I should be. [*Going to window with a deep sigh, coming down*] The scuttle needs filling. No—no—I'll not bother Meg—she's busy with—[*Sniffs*] Tommy! [*Picks up scuttle*] I'll—I'll find it myself. My cellar is on the roof, by Jingo! [*Goes to door, R.U.E.*] They say that absence makes the heart grow warmer. I wonder if all the coals in the universe will ever warm her heart to me. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

MEG. [*Meg rushes on, L.3.E.*] This way, mum. [*Exit, L.3.E. The door is pushed open and Jessie appears, L.U.E.*]

JESSIE. Lord Chumley! [*A little louder*] Lord Chumley! [*Advances a few steps in the room*] Strange—the girl said he was here. [*Calls*] Come in, Eleanor. Oo-oo-oo! There's a fire. [*Runs down to stove, R.2.E. Eleanor appears timidly at door, L.3.E.*] Make yourself comfortable. He's not here.

ELEANOR. Then let us go.

JESSIE. Run away? After begging me to bring you here? No! Here we are and here we shall wait for him, if it takes until tomorrow morning. [*Sitting plumply in chair by fire, R.C.*]

ELEANOR. [*Up L.C.*] Jessie!

JESSIE. Well, I mean—[*Runs up and closes door, L.U.E.*] that you're a prisoner.

ELEANOR. [*Near C.*] I'm almost sorry I came.

JESSIE. [*L.*] There you've been standing at the barracks window, staring at this house until your heart could bear it no longer. And then you said, "Jessie, come with me, I must see him."

ELEANOR. [*Sinking into chair, L. of C. table*] Yes.

JESSIE. And we climbed up four pair of stairs to reach him, rickety stairs at that—[*Trying to laugh*] And you want to show the white feather. [*To desk, L.*]

ELEANOR. [*Aside*] She little knows what has brought me here.

JESSIE. [*Seeing pipe on table*] Look—here's a pipe—Oo-oo-oo! [*Holding it at arm's length*]

ELEANOR. [*Rising*] Are you sure that the girl said he was in?

JESSIE. Yes.

ELEANOR. I never felt so nervous in all my life and yet I must see this man.

JESSIE. [*Above sofa, L., aside*] She has been anxious to see Lord Chumley since she had that long talk with Monsieur Le Sage in the library. [*Crosses to mantel*] I'm sure she wants to make up before Hugh comes back. Oh, if he should not come back! I mustn't let her see me cry. As Mr. Butterworth would say, I must be hilarious. [*Aloud*] Look, Eleanor—[*Crosses to her*] Look—regular bachelor's apartments.

ELEANOR. [*Crosses, L. Down L., aside*] Whatever I thought of Lord Chumley, whatever I thought him capable of, I did not think because I rejected him, his revenge would be so despicable.

JESSIE. [*By mantel, R., starts, aside*] A picture face downward. I wonder who it is? If it's a woman and Eleanor should see it—[*Steals glance at Eleanor*] Oh—she mustn't. I should like to see the face. Well, Lord Chumley has trusted me before with secrets. O Eleanor!

ELEANOR. [*Crossing quickly*] Jessie, what is it? [*Takes picture out of her hand*] Hugh's picture.

JESSIE. I couldn't help it, dearie. [*At this moment two robins are seen fluttering on the window sill. Jessie runs to the window, clapping her hands*] Look, Eleanor, two little robins! [*Eleanor crosses to L.C. at back. Lord Chumley is heard singing off R., "Some day—some day," and enters*]

LORD C. [*R. Business*] Beg pardon, Miss Butterworth.

JESSIE. [*C., coming down and offering hand*] Lord Chumley!

LORD C. How do you do, Miss Deane? [*Business, scuttle*] Beg pardon—not exactly expecting—pleasantest surprise I’ve had today, by Jingol! [*Jessie goes upstage to window*]

ELEANOR. [*Down L.*] I hope you will pardon us for calling?

LORD C. Pardon? I bless you. Not exactly prepared to receive people—fact of the matter, in the cellar—on the roof—filling up with coal. Filling up the scuttle, of course—don’t eat coal.

ELEANOR. [*Crosses to L.*] I would have come to you before but did not know where to find you until Jessie told me.

LORD C. Oh, Jessie told you. Won’t you take a chair, Miss Butterworth? [*Takes pitcher from chair and fires it behind screen. Business of glued chair which he throws into fireplace. Aside*] Glued chair! [*Puts hand on stove. Business*]

JESSIE. [*At window*] Lord Chumley, do you mind if I feed these little wanderers here?

LORD C. [*Up to her. Crosses to L., kicks his slipper on floor*] Dear me—wanderers, no, certainly not. Allow me to offer you a biscuit. [*Business of shoes*] Won’t you have some salt—you might catch the wanderers. [*Aside to Jessie*] I’m so much obliged to you, Jessie, for the way you kept my secret. [*Eleanor to R. of table, C.*]

JESSIE. I did the best I could.

LORD C. Yes, I believe you. You kept it like a true woman. [*Jessie feeds robins with crumbs. Lord Chumley comes down, L. of table, C.*]

ELEANOR. [*R. of C. table*] Lord Chumley, my father called upon you a few moments ago. I have come to ask you how much you have told him?

LORD C. [*L. of C. table*] What about?

ELEANOR. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. If my brother is alive, I want to know what we have to expect from one who called himself friend.

LORD C. Eh?

JESSIE. [*Aside*] I’m sure they’re dying to kiss and make up. I’ll play propriety in the hall. [*Exit, L. 3 E.*]

ELEANOR. Let me suffer alone, no matter what. But spare my father and Jessie.

LORD C. Miss Butterworth—I—I’m in a fog.

ELEANOR. After what happened the night before Hugh’s departure, it would be quite in keeping with your past conduct to deny your share in my brother’s unfortunate affairs.

LORD C. You speak as if you knew—

ELEANOR. Everything.



LORD C. My quarrel with Monsieur Le Sage—

ELEANOR. The result of an infamous threat. The price of silence, my hand in marriage. [*Crosses to L.*]

LORD C. [*Stunned*] Miss Butterworth, I assure you sooner than to have told you myself, I would have swallowed my tongue.

ELEANOR. But since I have discovered the truth—

LORD C. Further concealment is useless.

ELEANOR. Then it is true my brother was lured to ruin by one whom he trusted?

LORD C. Yes—quite true. You see he wanted to marry you. Must marry you. Knew your brother's secret. Good idea! Use it to bring you to terms. There you are!

ELEANOR. And you have the heart to tell me this? [*Ready music*]

LORD C. I didn't tell you. You found it out. I say, Miss Butterworth, how did you find it out?

ELEANOR. I heard the truth from Monsieur Le Sage.

LORD C. Le Sage told you?

ELEANOR. [*Advances, C.*] The man to whom my brother went for help in his despair—who begged you in the name of friendship you once professed toward Hugh to have mercy. Had not Monsieur Le Sage threatened to kill you if you uttered one word, my brother would not have left the next morning with his regiment.

LORD C. [*Up C.*] Le Sage told you this? Liar! [*Half to himself*] What devil's game is he up to now? Miss Butterworth, I beg of you to answer me. Do you believe this man's words?

ELEANOR. I am quite prepared to hear you malign your rival.

LORD C. My rival! [*A stifled cry. Covering his face with his hands for a moment, then recovers and with a superhuman effort, speaks*] He—has asked you—to be—his—wife?

ELEANOR. He has done me that honor.

LORD C. Have you accepted him?

ELEANOR. Why should I not?

LORD C. If Hugh is alive and on that ship today, he will prevent it. If he is dead, he will speak to me from the grave and say "George, save my sister from that man!" I—I forbid it! He is a scoundrel fresh from the prison of Rouen.

ELEANOR. For shame!

LORD C. On his shoulder is the prison mark.

ELEANOR. [*Almost simultaneously*] I will not listen to you!

LORD C. Miss Butterworth, you once called me a fortune hunter. Is it possible you believe me capable of such dastardly conduct?

ELEANOR. And what have you to say in your defense?

LORD C. Nothing.

ELEANOR. Not one word in your behalf?

LORD C. Not one word, Miss Butterworth. [*Sound of distant martial music*]

ELEANOR. Lord Chumley, if it is any gratification to your pride, behold me begging to spare my brother's good name and my father a blow that would kill him.

LORD C. You need have no fear. [*Distant bugle as though coming from the barracks. Enter Jessie, L.3.E.*]

JESSIE. They're opening the doors of the barracks. The crowd is assembling. The troops must be coming. Come, Eleanor, come. [*Exit Jessie, L.3.E. Eleanor goes to door, L.3.E., bows coldly and exit*]

LORD C. [*Rushes up to the door*] Eleanor! She has not accepted him. Hugh is the only one who can open her eyes. [*With an afterthought*] But even then he will force her. Oh, if Hugh is alive, I can not help them unless I find Tom McGregor's widow, and give her the eight hundred pounds. [*Rushes to desk. Meg rushes in, L.3.E.*]

MEG. My leige! [*Dances about stage*] The sojers are coming. The sojers are coming! Can't I look out o' your window? All the others are full. [*Rushes to window, looks out. Music louder. She waves handkerchief*]

LORD C. I wonder if Hugh's regiment was the first to arrive.

MEG. [*At window looking down*] Mother's at the window, too. First time she's been out of bed in six weeks. [*Calling*] Mother, look! It's the 91st.

LORD C. 91st! I dare not look, for fear Hugh should not be among them.

MEG. See! There's Phil Johnson and Abel Drew and where is Luke Martin? Not there. Oh, my, not half of 'em that went away.

LORD C. Poor Hugh!

MEG. [*Excitedly*] See—Lieutenant Butterworth!

LORD C. Thank God!

MEG. [*Flourishes handkerchief*] Hooray! Hooray!

LORD C. Alive! [*Dashes up to window, looks*] Hugh! Hugh! Oh, I can't see. These tears barricade the light. Where's my hat? [*Rushes for his hat*]

MEG. If my father was alive, he'd be there, too.

LORD C. Your father alive? Isn't your mother's husband your father? Where's my hat?

MEG. No. Phil Dayton's only a step-father. My father was one of the 91st.

LORD C. One of the gists. Perhaps she can tell me something of widow McGregor.

MEG. Look, mother, he sees us. I'll run and meet him.

LORD C. Meg, come here. How came you to know Lieutenant Butterworth?

MEG. Do you suppose we can forget the good officer that brought us the money when we were almost starving.

LORD C. Then your father's name was—

MEG. Tom McGregor. [*Rushes to landing*]

LORD C. [*With a tremendous outburst, staggering to desk and seizing packet*] At last! Just like me! Looking all over London, and here she is in the same house with me. [*Dances downstage. Enter Tommy Tucker, L. 3 E. Enter Meg*]

TOM. [C.] I've settled Snaggisy. He can't see the sojers out of either eye. [*Stays upstage, C.*]

LORD C. [*Putting money in Meg's hands*] Meg, give this money to your mother. I must see her at once. [*Going up to window, crosses to R. of window*] Now, Le Sage, I'll no longer fight you at a distance, but face to face. [*Falling over window sill*] Hugh! Hugh!

### ACT III.

PROPERTIES: *Tile cloth, cocoa mattings, rugs, etc. Grass mats, R., at wings. Small wicker or oak settee L. 2.; wicker chairs. Several palms and plants. Large pedestal with statue, R. Large rug, C. Chair and stand in house, L. Large British flags draped on settee, L. Flag over door in house, L. Rose for Eleanor. Ball tablets for Jessie. Necklace for Lady Adeline. Piece of flag for Hugh. Music stand and lights for music, L. U. E., offstage.*

SCENE: *Lake view at Lummy-tum, by moonlight. Enter Butterworth from house, L., flushed and excited. At rise of curtain, waltz is heard in house, L. Revelry, shouting and laughter heard below balustrades.*

BUTTER. I 'aven't been so 'ilarious since the night the doctor hurried downstairs and says to me, says 'e, "H'it's a boy." And it was Hugh. Tonight h'is like the boy's comin' into the world h'over again. So, says I, "We must do honor to the occasion." Sez 'e, "Ow?" "Why, with a stoopenjous fête," says I. I flatter myself his fête h'oversteps the Carnival of Wenus, h'Italy. There's the tenants a-blind-man's bluffin' on the lawn; the willagers a-gondoolin' on the lake, and the gentry, as poet says, "a-trippin' the hazy measures in the 'ouse." If I 'ad my way, I'd 'ave the horses and cows on the porch a-lookin'

h'on the festive scene. [*Enter Winterbottom, R.U.E.*] Ah, Winterbottom, 'ow is h'everyone enjoyin' themselves?

WINTER. 'Arty, sir.

BUTTER. Let 'em 'ave a jolly time. Let h'everybody 'ave plenty to h'eat and plenty to drink, and when they can't move, touch h'off the fireworks. [*Exit Winterbottom to house, L.3.E.*]

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
Lummy-tum outshines itself tonight."

[*Enter Lady Adeline from house, L.*]

LADY A. [*L.C.*] Brother-in-law!

BUTTER. 'Ello Addie, aren't you a-trippin' with the rest?

LADY A. [*L.*] Against my wishes you have invited that drunkard here to-night.

BUTTER. [*R., aside, with a chuckle*] She's been a-takin' h'on like this h'ever since I told 'er Lord C. called her "old woman." [*Aloud*] Now, Addie, 'ow could I leave out Lord C., and my boy back only forty-eight hours from the Zulus? Why—if them murderin' woolly heads was within wisitin' distance, I'd 'ave 'em 'ere and shake 'ands with 'em for not killin' my boy. God bless their deckoletty bodies!

LADY A. [*L.C., walking about*] Who knows to what use the camel may put the wine tonight?

BUTTER. [*R.*] Now, Addie, don't be too 'eavy on Lord C. Granting 'e did fling a little 'igh, we've all flung in our day. Why h'only day before yesterday, you was yourself h'outrageously reckless.

LADY A. [*L., aside*] Heavens! Does he know I was in the fireplace?

BUTTER. We left you at Lummy-tum in h'a prime condition, and when we came back that night, we found you moanin' on the sofy with a 'ole pitcher of lime juice by your side.

LADY A. He called me a fat old woman. [*Spitefully*] Toad! Wait—wait—I'll make my gentleman change his tune!

BUTTER. I hope you will, Addie. If he comes here tonight singing "Some day," I'll howl. H'on an h'occasion like this, more than h'ever me motter is "Bygones is bygones." And when 'e comes tonight—

LADY A. When he enters the room tonight, I shall leave it. [*Crosses to R.*]

BUTTER. But h'etiquette—Addie—h'etiquette!

LADY A. [*Crosses to R.*] Adam Butterworth, hearken—if that roué and I come face to face, I will not be responsible for the consequences. [*Crosses to L.*]

BUTTER. 'Eavens, Addie, you alarm me! What are you goin' to do with Lord C.?

LADY A. Look at me!

BUTTER. I am, Addie—I never saw you lookin' so brilliant. You will soon have a waist as willowy as the neck of an antelope. And as for them diamonds on your Wenus neck, they makes you stand h'out like the goddess h'Apollinaris. But h'I pray, Addie, h'on this h'occasion 'ave compunction on Lord C. H'as the motter is, "Forgive and forget."

LADY A. [*R. and up*] Never! Oh, I never regarded him as anything but a mere scarabaeus!

BUTTER. Addie, don't you use bad language before me, please.

LADY A. I was only pretending—but the farce is over! [*In rage, up R.*] Let him beware of the fat old woman! [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

BUTTER. [*Chuckling*] Werry fortunate for Lord C. that I h'explained things to Addie as mildly as I did. H'if I 'ad a told 'er h'all 'e said—Well—well—I—stops—as well h'as it is, h'its the same h'old motter, "'Ell 'as no fury like a woman scorched.'" [*Jessie appears, L.2.E., laughing, and seeing Butterworth runs to him*]

JESSIE. You shiny-headed old man. I have found you.

BUTTER. [*R., titivating his hair*] Oh, you've noticed it, did you? I 'ad it polished h'up and roly-polyed at the barber's for the h'occasion. How many men at my time o' life can show as much as this? Most of 'em haven't anything to barbecue.

JESSIE. [*L.*] And you won't have any to barbecue either, if you don't tell me what became of you when you promised me the last dance.

BUTTER. So I did, but the fact is this—I'm so 'ilarious tonight, Riding-Hood, that I forgot it.

JESSIE. Forgot it? [*Folding her arms*] What ought I to do to you, sir?

BUTTER. I 'eard once about h'Emperor of Rome as took 'is vengeance by smotherin' 'is subjects with roses. Now s'pose you take your vengeance by smotherin' me with kisses.

JESSIE. Well—then—prepare—are you ready?

BUTTER. H'eager. [*Jessie kisses him half a dozen times*] I'm afraid, Riding-Hood, there's nothing left for me to do but turn the tables on you.

JESSIE. In what way?

BUTTER. [*Gruffly*] Why turn wolf and swallow you. [*Hugh appears, L. Jessie with a comic startled cry, rushes to him for protection. Butterworth with arms akimbo, shakes with laughter*]

JESSIE. Hugh, he wants to swallow me!

HUGH. I'd like to share the meal with him.

JESSIE. [*Drawing away from him to L.*] I declare if I'm not going to enter a family of cannibals. Well—I hope I shall agree with you all.

HUGH. [*Taking her in his arms*] My darling! [*They go R.*]

BUTTER. [*Crosses to house, L.*] I takes the 'int.

HUGH. Guv'nor, we don't mind you.

BUTTER. I said the same thing to my guv'nor, h'and I shall never forget what a h'outrageous lie it was. While two is 'avin' such a h'ecstatic time, the crowd 'ad better make 'imself a h'absent member. [*Exit, L. & E. The low strains of a waltz semi-military heard in the house. Jessie runs up and closes door, L. & E.*]

JESSIE. [*L.*] At last—I have you all to myself! [*On steps*]

HUGH. [*Aside*] What keeps George? The sight of that man at Eleanor's side—

JESSIE. [*To L.C.*] Now, Mr. Truant, what excuse can you offer me for being absent from me—? [*Consulting little notebook*] fourteen hours, thirty-two minutes, seventeen and two-tenths seconds? There it is, Mr. Prodigal, in black and white.

HUGH. [*Goes to her*] So it is.

JESSIE. Well?

HUGH. I was with George all day yesterday attending to a matter on which very much depends. [*Crosses to L. of bench*]

JESSIE. Why, Hugh, how seriously you say that! [*Towards bench, L.*]

HUGH. My darling, if anything should happen to part us—

JESSIE. No—what can happen? [*Sits*]

HUGH. [*Sits on bench, R. of same. Aside*] She little knows what may occur tonight!

JESSIE. [*Kneels by him, L.*] What is troubling you? Don't hide it from me.

HUGH. [*Sits L., Jessie kneeling at his side*] There—there—it's very wrong to be despondent tonight and selfish in me to let you see it. No—no—we won't talk about it. I want to see nothing but smiles in this face. Why, your eyes looking into mine take all my troubles away.

JESSIE. You make me so happy.

HUGH. You will always be my safeguard just as you kept me from perishing under the blaze of that African sun.

JESSIE. I prayed so hard that you might be spared.

HUGH. God saved me because I thought of home and the little woman I had left there. Oh, that fearful day when the Zulus outnumbered us three to one and our reserve had not arrived. I was cut off from the rest with a few of my comrades defending the flag of the gist. We stood back to back, facing

four times our number. One by one we fell, and as I sank to earth, the last, all I remember was hearing the victorious shout of my comrades only a mile away.

JESSIE. My brave Hugh! [*Arm about his neck*]

HUGH. When I awoke, it was night. As I lay there in the jungle with my dead comrades around me, I too prayed that my end might come. And as I prayed, the reeds seemed to open and against the starlit heavens I saw a face—yours—my angel! You bade me hope. The very thought of seeing you and home gave me strength. And then I prayed to live. Oh, that weary march alone—but I was going toward my dear ones and Jessie. The flag of our regiment wrapped around my body kept me up and guided me back to my comrades. At the sight of me and the dear old flag we loved so well, the boys gave one shout; Colonel Pembroke caught me in his arms, and, tearing this from the flag, he said: "Share it with the girl at home that you love!"

JESSIE. [*Throwing herself into his arms*] My hero! [*Butterworth appears, L.2.E., followed by Le Sage*]

BUTTER. Musheer—ain't that a picture? Can you supersede that in any of your Paris Saloon's exhibits? [*Hugh crosses to R. corner*]

LE SAGE. A very pretty picture. Long may it remain so! [*Jessie meets Butterworth upstage, L.*]

BUTTER. [*Apart to Jessie*] Then you shouldn't 'ave been h'at it so long, and musheer wouldn't 'a found you in the werry act o' h'osculation. [*Jessie with a toss of her head goes away, meets Hugh up R.*] Musheer, I've invited Lord George Chumley here tonight. When 'e comes, h'of course bygones is bygones for Hugh's sake.

LE SAGE. I shall be the first to grasp his hand. [*Aside*] I'd like to squeeze his damned neck! [*R. corner*]

BUTTER. Ah, just like you—magnanimous from your tête to your pieds! [*Pronouncing it "peeds."*] To Jessie; she joins him on his L. They go up, L.] To h'atone for my indiscretion, I'll show you the preliminaries for the fire-technics. Do you know what that stoopenjous frame h'is as Winterbottom's a-fussin' h'over? Hugh's name—h'I've forgot 'ow many colors I told 'em to put that in, but I know there's enough to paint a rainbow from here to Poonjah, Injia. [*Exeunt Jessie and Butterworth, L.U.E. As they go off, Le Sage crosses to L. Hugh comes down, R.C.*]

LE SAGE. [*Angrily*] You have told your sister everything.

HUGH. Sooner than have you a suitor for her hand, the world shall know.

LE SAGE. Think twice.

HUGH. [*To C.*] Believing me dead, you won my sister's confidence by maligning my friend.

LE SAGE. I am not ze considerate man of six months ago. Everything vos well. Your sister vos happy until your return. Vot ze devil you come back for at all? Nozzing but crimination, and vot good it has done—only hastened your sister's acceptance of my offer. [*Crosses to R.*]

HUGH. What! You have forced my sister to accept you? [*Eleanor appears, L.*]

LE SAGE. [*Seeing Eleanor*] Your sister has more sense than you. She knows if ze worse come, I fear not the story Chumley procure some vagabond to tell. Even if it were true, it would not be as fatal as my story would to you and zat poor old farzer.

HUGH. If I were to permit this infamous marriage, he would be a thousand times more ashamed of me.

LE SAGE. Be careful!

HUGH. I told you once before that my father's doors should be closed in your face. Now the time has come.

BUTTER. [*Outside*] Now, my little danseuse, I'm ready to ballet with you. [*Enter Butterworth and Jessie, L.U.E.*]

HUGH. [*Starting toward Butterworth*] Father!

ELEANOR. [*She backs him down to R., intercepting him*] Hugh!

BUTTER. [*Sings*] Hugh, come and see your guv'nor a'trippin' with the future wife of the 'ero of the 'our. [*Business, singing and dancing*]

ELEANOR. [*Apart to Hugh*] Better for us both to suffer than to break his heart.

BUTTER. Come, Hugh, 'urry before the muse departs from my feet. [*Sings. Exit into house with Jessie*]

ELEANOR. [*To Hugh, as he crosses*] Not one word to him—promise! [*Exit Hugh, L.*]

LE SAGE. [*R.*] Ver' headstrong, eh, Eleanor? So unlike you. Ah, how good of you to pardon my deception. How desperate is my love to drive me to such cruel means. Ah, how beautiful you do look! My wild adoration of you sets my soul on fire. [*Attempts to kiss her*] Ma chérie—

ELEANOR. [*Drawing away from him*] Don't!

LE SAGE. Vy you draw away from me? Are you not to be my wife?

ELEANOR. Yes.

LE SAGE. Zen give me your hand. [*Eleanor gives it*] It is cold. Zere is no response. [*Changing his tone*] Chérie, considering how good I have been, try to give me a little bit of your love. [*Standing behind her, he draws her to him. She facing audience, immovable*] Try—try—adorée! [*Kissing her on head. Eleanor shudders, then recovering, stands like a statue, still in his arms, and speaks in a dead tone of voice*]



ELEANOR. Monsieur Le Sage, I promised that if you would spare my brother, I would become—your wife. But when you ask for my love, you ask for something beyond my power to give.

LE SAGE. Because you love your brother's friend.

ELEANOR. [*With a superhuman effort; restraining herself*] You have no right to speak to me so!

LE SAGE. I have every right. You love ze man I hate—a fellow who try to make me out a scoundrel. He is a fool, yet you give your hand to me and your kisses to him. You need not deny. I read ze truth in zat blush.

ELEANOR. [*With much spirit; away from him*] Silence! I have already endured more misery than usually comes to women. But when you take advantage of the power you have to level me with creatures of your kind, my womanhood rebels and stamps you a coward.

LE SAGE. I am not blind. Venever his name is mentioned now—I see a change in you.

ELEANOR. Because there is not a moment in my life that I am not praying that this fool—as you call him—will defeat your villainy.

LE SAGE. Ah, I see a conspiracy. Your brother's bravado. Zis Chumley is at his old trick. He thinks to checkmate me again. [*Aside*] I thought he was too quiet to be harmless.

ELEANOR. [*Aside, frightened*] What have I said?

LE SAGE. You have put me on my guard. I vos trying vis all my might to play ze Romeo and ze Claude. You compel me to be ze practical man of ze world; not a moonlight fool—[*Crosses L., back of her*] Our marriage takes place vun week from today.

ELEANOR. No! No!

LE SAGE. [*On steps, L.*] Colonel Pembroke is there among ze guests. Consent or zis celebration in honor of a hero will be turned into commiseration for an officer in disgrace. Shall I announce our engagement to your farzer and tell him that, owing to pressing business calling me to France, you have consented to have our marriage take place vun week from today?

ELEANOR. Yes.

LE SAGE. [*Comes down, L., to her. Changing*] Ah, my precious vun, vy you drive me to such harshness? Anyvun would think I vos a brute to you—you for whom I would lay down my life. I vill go now to your farzer and inform him of our great happiness. [*Business. Kisses her hand, drops it. Aside with a triumphant snap of his fingers*] Ze game is mine. [*At door*] Ven once I get possession of her money, she may kiss—who she damn please! [*Exit, L. & E.*]

ELEANOR. His wife! As I stand face to face with the horrible reality my strength almost gives way. And I must hide the tears, the heartburning, and the great wrong I have done Lord Chumley. He will always despise me. It must be so! I alone can save them. There is no hope. The end has come! [*Exit, L.U.E. Enter Lord Chumley, R.U.E.. He is limping, foot asleep*]

LORD C. Just escaped Lady Adeline. Oh, my foot went to sleep in the cab. I haven't seen her since the chimney episode. Hope the glued chair cured her. Wake up! Always feel inclined to laugh when it's waking up. Oh—ha—ha—ha—ha! Needles! Oh! Oh! [*Business. Sits on bench, L. Enter Lady Adeline*]

LADY A. [C.] I must humiliate myself by asking him to be silent concerning my visit to him. [*Sees Lord Chumley*] Drunk again! I thought as much when I saw him hopping along the path.

LORD C. [*Rises*] How do you do, Lady Adeline? Oh—ha—ha! [*Sits again*]

LADY A. How can you look into my face?

LORD C. Don't know, get accustomed to it. [*Business*] Oh—ha—ha!

LADY A. Don't laugh at me, sir.

LORD C. I'm laughing at my—Lady Adeline—can't help it—ha—ha!

LADY A. You quite mistook my intentions in visiting you.

LORD C. No—no—quite honorable, I'm sure. [*Stamps*]

LADY A. Don't stamp your foot at me, sir. Understand me, I have no desire to wed an idle good-for-nothing. Give me a man who can make his bread.

LORD C. Oh, you prefer a baker.

LADY A. What, sir?

LORD C. [*Skipping over to R. corner*] No, I don't mean—I mean—

LADY A. You don't know what you mean.

LORD C. No—no!

LADY A. I know how difficult it is for one to talk under the existing circumstances.

LORD C. Ah—you have been in the same condition yourself. [*Lady Adeline screams*] Nothing to be ashamed of—foot asleep—happen to anybody.

LADY A. [*On steps, L.*] This is too much. As Mr. Butterworth insisted on your being invited here tonight, I'll find a place where you can enjoy yourself—in the wine cellar. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

LORD C. Nice woman—but peculiar—[*Suddenly realizing that his foot is awake*] Ah—awake—quite a nice nap—didn't you? [*Quickly looks at watch*] I hope Hugh has kept his head. [*Calls in house*] Winterbottom! Winterbottom! [*Enter Winterbottom, L.I.E.*] Ah, Winterbottom, will you

take off this for me nicely, please, and take care of this nicely also? Winterbottom, can you get word to Master Hugh that I am here, without letting anybody know it?

WINTER. Yes, my lud.

LORD C. Well, do so, Winterbottom; will you, as nicely as you can? Now let me see. [*Exit Winterbottom, L.2.E.*] Nobody about. I am to show myself on the terrace here, for my first signal, and wave my handkerchief like that. [*Goes up, waves handkerchief, looks off, R., then suddenly speaks off, R.*] No—no—not you. That's not your signal! Go back—go back—one blunder now and *facilis descensus Avernus*—[*Whistle heard off*] Henderson from Scotland Yard. I wonder where Blink Blunk is—ah, I wonder where dear old Blink Blunk is—that's all right—now then, nobody about—[*Coming down and looking about*] Now some place to store my ammunition. [*Seeing summerhouse, R.*] Ah, what's this, I wonder? Oh, summerhouse, that's all right—nobody about. [*Making handkerchief into a little preacher*] Now for the second signal! [*Bobbing handkerchief to audience*] I do not understand how she could have mistaken this signal for the other signal, because I never saw two signals so different. Ah, there she is. [*Goes up on terrace and signals*] Now then, to set the trap. This time it is to catch a frog. [*Enter Meg and Tommy from terrace, R.U.E., dressed in holiday attire*]

MEG. [*R.C.*] Here we are, your grace.

TOM. [*R.*] Yes.

LORD C. [*C.*] Oh-h, don't make so much noise. [*Aside*] Dear me, she has brought the pugilistic Thomas.

TOM. [*Crosses to C.*] Your 'ighness, tip us your bloomin' duke.

LORD C. Don't do that! You'll hurt the signal. [*Business*] Foot's asleep.

TOM. Oh, my, but dis is one o' de Arabian nights. [*Sniffles*]

MEG. [*R., at chair*] And as for feastun', yer 'ighness, we're both full up to the wishbone.

TOM. I've got so much in my breast pocket that I feel like a 'eavyweight. [*Crosses up to R.*]

LORD C. Go away, Tommy Tucker; I say look here, Meg—[*Apart to Meg*] I hope you've not confided this matter to Tommy? [*Tommy goes up to L.*]

MEG. [*R.C.*] No. The secret's locked up in my bosom.

LORD C. See that you do not give him the combination. [*Tom brushing his shoes, up C.*]

MEG. Lor'—your goodness gracious—it would be all over Lunnon.

LORD C. [*C.*] Dear me! Well, I say, look here—I trust you realize how much depends on the manner in which you deliver this er—

MEG. Whopper!

LORD C. Exactly—whopper—good word!

MEG. Why, your grace, it was only the lumbago kept ma from coming herself.

LORD C. [*Crosses to R.*] Dear me! Wait in here until I want you!

MEG. [*Runs up to get hold of Tommy*] Come, Tommy.

TOM. O Maggie, look at de bower. Pinch me and see if I'm awake. [*Meg pinches him*] Dat was de nip of a fairy. I'm floating on air.

MEG. Me, too!

LORD C. Don't make such a noise. [*Exeunt Meg and Tommy, R.2.E. Enter Hugh, L.2.E.*]

HUGH. George, Le Sage has forced my sister's consent to be his wife.

LORD C. [*Quietly*] I dare say he has, old one, but the marriage has not yet taken place. Now look here, old one, in five minutes let Winterbottom tell Le Sage—a gentleman outside wants to talk to him.

HUGH. He will not use fair weapons.

LORD C. I shall fight him with his own. [*Checking each item on his fingers*] Now—look here, old one, one sight of Eleanor, I go to pieces. Stay inside—when Le Sage comes out—join your father—give me ten minutes—operation performed—tongue amputated—Froggy silenced—[*Ending with thumb*] Everybody happy.

HUGH. If you should fail—[*To L. corner*]

LORD C. Oh, don't say that, old one. I never thought of that. I wish you wouldn't say those things, old one. Now look here, old one, the one stain you put upon your uniform was cut out of it by Zulu knives. We've had hard work to keep that uniform on your back—now go inside, and for God's sake, don't betray yourself by word or look. Go!

HUGH. [*Grasping Lord Chumley's hand, to steps*] I don't deserve such a friend. [*Exit, L.1.E.*]

LORD C. No—no—you—you don't—you do! D—don't disturb me. You spoil my think—I—I—mean thought. If I fail, I will shave my head as bald-headed as my thumb and join a nunnery—monkery—monastery. [*During this he has made his handkerchief into a night-cap which he now places on his head*] Now for the third signal! [*Stands looking off, R.1.E.*] Where the devil's Blink Blunk? He can't have got away. Ever since his visit to my rooms, on the day of Hugh's departure, I've had two pair of eyes from Scotland Yard looking at him. I suppose he can't see me. Damme, I must find him. I'll go sit on that rock there. [*Exit, R.1.E. Blink Blunk enters, R.U.E.*]

BLINK. I've given that lord chap the slip. If Le Sage know'd I was so near, tomorrow there'd be twelve honest men sitting on me. I can't get that

night out of my head when he strangled Pierre Lavigne for peachin'. My instinct tells me to get away. My! What's this comin'? What a necklace! Worth a fortin'—and no one about—[*Looking over terrace*] Not a big jump—I'll swim across the lake. It's worth the risk. [*Skulks back of shrubbery, R.U.E. Enter Adeline, L.I.E.*]

LADY A. In my indignation, I omitted demanding the return of my button. Where is he? [*Crosses to R. corner*]

BLINK. [*Appearing behind shrubbery*] Now, don't scream. [*Lady Adeline starts back alarmed*] It won't be 'ealthy for you. I want that necklace. [*Approaching her*] Take it off! I want it—[*Enter Lord Chumley, R.U.E.*]

LORD C. Oh, there he is—

BLINK. [*Taking necklace*] And I want it bloomin' quick! [*Lord Chumley has handkerchief still on his head and takes necklace from Blink*]

LORD C. Don't make a noise. Never saw such a man! You want everything! [*Gives Lady Adeline necklace*] Don't go away, Blinky. There's a big dog over there. He'll tear those nice trousers. [*Lady Adeline falls into his arms*] Dear me, hysterical again. She's always in the way, just when she's not wanted! [*She revives, about to embrace him*]

LADY A. My preserver!

LORD C. "Some day—some day." You had better go inside, Lady Adeline.

LADY A. [R.] No—no! You saved my life. I'll not leave you alone with that man.

LORD C. Do you know what he wanted?

LADY A. My necklace.

LORD C. He wanted you. He's an abductor.

LADY A. [*Alarmed*] Oh!

LORD C. He knows a good thing when he sees it.

LADY A. [*Crosses to L.*] Oh-h, I fly—[*Exit, L.I.E.*]

LORD C. [R.C.] Don't fly. Man killed the other day by flying. Got rid of her, by Jingo! Now—look here. Can't you keep from stealin' for an hour?

BLINK. [L.C.] 'Tain't no use. It's in the blood.

LORD C. You ought to take some sarsaparilla. Never saw such a chap. You paid no attention to the signal. You were trying to get away.

BLINK. I won't meet Le Sage.

LORD C. My dear Blinky, you can't help it. We are simply surrounded by detectives and people. I'm a devil of a chap. You can't get away from me. You will not be called upon to meet Monsieur Le Sage. But you will be questioned by Monsieur Xavier.

BLINK. Is Xavier here?

LORD C. Yes, he is.

BLINK. You'll keep your word and give me money enough to get safe out of England.

LORD C. Haven't I kept you in funds? Haven't I dressed you up like a prince? Have I broken my promise to you?

BLINK. No.

LORD C. Then go and sit on that rock. [*Exit Blink Blunk, R.1 E.*] The influence of mind over matter is something marvelous. I must have mesmerized him. The only thing to do now is to wait until I can mesmerize his partner. [*During this Eleanor appears, L.U.E., and is going into house, L.2 E. Lord Chumley seeing her, aside*] Eleanor, by Jove! She's been crying, poor girl! Tears, by Jove, tears! [*Aloud*] M-m—Miss—

ELEANOR. [*L.C. Turning quickly, gives a glad cry, and goes to him with outstretched hands*] Lord Chumley—I'm so glad you have come.

LORD C. [*R.C.*] I'm so glad you're glad!

ELEANOR. What can I say to you? [*L.C.*]

LORD C. I don't know, I'm sure. I wouldn't say much—eh? [*Suddenly realizing that the handkerchief is on his head*] Oh, this is a signal. I must look like a billiard cue—

ELEANOR. A signal?

LORD C. Yes, it is nothing compared to my other signals. I have been doing all sorts of things. But, I must do things my own way, or I won't be able to do them at all. [*Business; laughs*] Miss Butterworth, I suppose poor dear old Hugh has told you I am here to take the redness out of your cheeks and put it in your eye—[*Business*] I can't talk to you as I do to other girls. Miss Butterworth, would you mind leaving me alone—would you?

ELEANOR. Lord Chumley, you asked me once to be your wife.

LORD C. I apologize.

ELEANOR. I am ashamed of the words with which I replied.

LORD C. I forgive you—

ELEANOR. I did not value at its true estimate the love of a man so willing to yield up all for the sake of those he loved.

LORD C. Didn't have much—pauper.

ELEANOR. My brother informed me of everything. Hugh has told me why you played the part that closed my father's doors against you.

LORD C. [*Aside*] Hugh's an ass!

ELEANOR. Poor return that it is, I want to tell you that I respect—honor you more than any man I know.

LORD C. Oh, I say, Miss Butterworth, look here. [*Business; aside*] In ten minutes she'll be a widow. That is, she'll be free from Le Sage. [*Business. She backs against him*] I say, look here, Miss Butterworth—where the devil

is she? Oh, my dear Miss Butterworth, in ten minutes would you mind coming out here and looking at the moon with me—[*Enter Le Sage*] The moon always has a very odd effect on me—and I want it to have the same effect on you—[*Kisses her hand*] Beg pardon—tempted you know—tempted.

LE SAGE. [*On steps, L.*] I vos a prophet, eh?

LORD C. Yes—perhaps that's why you're not appreciated in your own country.

LE SAGE. [*Crosses to Eleanor, coming down, C.*] I'm afraid I interrupted you.

LORD C. [*R.C.*] You do!

LE SAGE. I suppose you are ze gentleman zat wanted to see me. But I have no time to talk wiz you—zere is more agreeable occupation here. [*Going to Eleanor*] Eleanor, how I have missed you! Let me take vun of zose sacred flowers from ze fair shoulder. [*Crosses in front, to R. Lord Chumley snatches the rose that Le Sage took from Eleanor and crosses to her*]

LORD C. [*L.C.*] Thank you! [*Crosses to L.C. Places rose in his lapel*]

LE SAGE. [*R.C.*] You shall pay for zis with your life.

LORD C. [*Arranging rose in buttonhole*] Draw on me at sight.

ELEANOR. [*L.C., apart to him*] Be careful for my sake.

LE SAGE. [*To Eleanor*] Will you permit me to conduct you to ze house?

LORD C. She can walk alone. Miss Butterworth, I beg of you, withdraw.

[*Exit Eleanor, L.2.E.*]

LE SAGE. I vill kill you!

LORD C. You said that before.

LE SAGE. [*R.C.*] Unless you are too cowardly to fight.

LORD C. Oh, no. I'll meet you.

LE SAGE. Your weapons?

LORD C. For you—[*Business*] Boot! [*Crosses to R.*]

LE SAGE. [*L.*] Zis is no time for joke. Ven will you meet me?

LORD C. Now.

LE SAGE. Ze place?

LORD C. This rug is nice and soft for you.

LE SAGE. Zen I will make you. [*Business*]

LORD C. Don't make such a noise. Le Sage, you are a blackguard—and you have five minutes to send for your hat and coat before I hand you over to the law.

LE SAGE. For defeating you in love? Or for keeping from the world your friend's disgrace?

LORD C. That boy never touched a penny of that money, and nobody knows it better than you.

LE SAGE. So!

LORD C. Exactly so. You imagine that you have in your possession a letter that compromises the reputation of my friend. It's as valueless as the package you asked Mr. Butterworth to place in the safe.

LE SAGE. Zat letter placed in ze hands of his colonel will ruin him.

LORD C. I think not.

LE SAGE. He reported zat he paid ze money.

LORD C. He did pay the money.

LE SAGE. He vill need to prove that.

LORD C. He can't—but I can.

LE SAGE. [R.] Vat you mean?

LORD C. That he was drugged and robbed—but don't make a noise—when he came to me after the night he passed in your room, he was still under the influence of the drug you gave him. Didn't know what he was doing. Didn't know what he was saying. But—I—accompanied—him—to—McGregor's and—saw the—money—paid with my—own eyes. [*Aside*] Yesterday.

LE SAGE. Zere vos only two hundred pounds paid.

LORD C. Now, that's very curious. Hugh insists upon the same thing.

LE SAGE. Yet, he reported ze sum paid in full.

LORD C. But he doesn't remember it.

LE SAGE. He told me—

LORD C. But he doesn't remember it.

LE SAGE. He came to me and ask me to help him. [*Up to R.C.*]

LORD C. Is there any greater proof that he was out of his head? [*Business*]

LE SAGE. Damn!

LORD C. It's a wonder he didn't report to the colonel that the Zulus were playing leapfrog in the House of Parliament. In what a dazed condition you must have gotten that boy! Even now I have to convince him that the money was paid by putting the receipt under his nose.

LE SAGE. Receipt? From whom?

LORD C. Mrs. McGregor—for a thousand—pounds.

LE SAGE. Then how you explain Mrs. McGregor's letter?

LORD C. I mean to make you explain what it's doing in your possession. [*Up and down, C., quickly. Le Sage crosses to L.*] I hope you haven't lost it. It's the greatest proof in the world that you are a blackmailer.

LE SAGE. Bah!

LORD C. [*Down R.C.*] Bah!

LE SAGE. Vot ze devil he is up to?



LORD C. [*R.C. Calls*] Meg! Look here! Meg, look here! [*Meg enters, R.2.E.*] Allow me to present you to Miss McGregor—daughter of Mrs. McGregor—substitute for Mrs. McGregor, who is in bed with the lumbago, at 42 Primrose Lane, where all statements may be verified.

LE SAGE. [*L. corner*] Vot has all zis rig-mar-ole to do wiz the case?

LORD C. Meg, how much did your mother receive from Lieutenant Butterworth?

MEG. [*R. corner*] A thousand pounds, your graciousness.

LORD C. Did she give a receipt?

MEG. I saw her write it myself and give it to—

LORD C. Me. I took it. Lucky I did, or you'd have had that, too.

LE SAGE. And ze letter thanking him for two hundred pounds. [*Sits on bench, L.*]

LORD C. [*Sits on chair, R.*] Good guess. Explain, Meg.

MEG. [*Crosses to C.*] When the money was paid to me, the gentleman saw me. "Be getting married soon?" says he. I blushed up to my Psyche knot. [*Business; crossing legs*] "What's his name?" says he. "Tommy," says I. "Like him much?" says he. "Could eat him," says I. And when I told him he were young and handsome and wanted to get married, he slapped two hundred pounds in my hand. I was so excited I forgot to thank him. So ma sat down and did it for me in a letter. [*Crosses to R.C. Le Sage and Lord Chumley rise*]

LORD C. [*Crosses to C.*] The one you have so carefully cherished as a bombshell.

LE SAGE. Ze letter is signed Margaret McGregor.

MEG. That's my name. Same as ma's.

LE SAGE. He is a vitch!

MEG. [*Aside, to Lord Chumley*] How's the whopper?

LORD C. Splendid! Rejoin your Thomas. [*Exit Meg, R.2.E.*]

LE SAGE. [*Up C.*] You are a good liar!

LORD C. Pretty good for a beginner, not quite as expert as you. However the question is not—which of us can tell the biggest lie—but—which of us will be believed.

LE SAGE. I vill risk it! [*Up to C., back to L. corner*]

LORD C. Yes, I expected it—but with your unsavory record and that birthmark on your shoulder I have the advantage of you. [*Sniffs*] Ketch? Dear me, I'm getting into very bad habits.

LE SAGE. A very clever game. But we have finished not—you and I—zere is anozer move. [*Enter Winterbottom, L.1.E.*]

LORD C. Yes? Oh, Winterbottom, bring Monsieur Le Sage's coat and hat, please, will you? [*Exit Winterbottom, L.2.E. Enter Butterworth, L.U.E.*]

BUTTER. [*Comes C.*] Lord C., Addie tells me you rescued her from a h'abductor at the risk of your life. Where is he?

LE SAGE. Monsieur Butterworth—the—

LORD C. [*Pointing, R.1.E.*] Sitting on that rock.

BUTTER. The vicious reprobate! [*Crosses to R.1.E., looks off, then exit, R.1.E.*]

LE SAGE. [*L. Aside, starting*] Blink Blunk!

LORD C. [*C.*] Talking to Mr. Xavier.

LE SAGE. [*L.*] Xavier?

LORD C. Celebrated French detective.

LE SAGE. [*Aside*] The man who questioned me after the body of Pierre Lavigne was found!

LORD C. Not only secure this reprobate but any of his accomplices that may be about.

LE SAGE. [*Crosses to C., at back. Aside*] Blink Blunk—in the hands of Xavier! [*About to go. Enter Winterbottom with Le Sage's hat, etc., L.2.E., on steps*]

LORD C. [*R.C.*] Don't go bareheaded.

LE SAGE. [*Taking hat, etc.*] I must leave England at once. You are not ze damn fool you look. [*Exit quickly, L.U.E.*]

LORD C. Anyone would think he had committed murder, by Jingo! I believe he has. If I had only known that before. What a lot of trouble I might have saved myself. [*Enter Hugh, Jessie, Eleanor, L.1.E. Enter Butterworth, R.1.E.*]

BUTTER. What's the matter with musheer?

LORD C. To put it mildly—he is an imperial blackmailing thief.

BUTTER. The vile impostor!

LORD C. You need have no fear—the danger is over. [*Aside to Hugh*] Old one, I have amputated everything but his legs. I left him them to get away on. [*Hugh up to Jessie and crosses to R. at back. To Eleanor who comes down, L.C.*] Miss Butterworth, Monsieur Le Sage leaves his regrets. He's gone away forever. We shan't see him again until the next world, and then I advise you to cut him.

BUTTER. [*Coming R.C.*] 'Ow dare he blackmail for my Eleanor? Why—only a moment ago he comes to me and says, says 'e—

LORD C. Don't pay any attention to what he says—says 'e—why he called me a liar! Absurd! [*Goes up a little*]

BUTTER. [*Crosses to Eleanor*] Then you don't love him? [C.]

ELEANOR. [L.C.] No, father.

LORD C. [R.C.] She never loved him.

BUTTER. Oh—maybe she loved someone else?

LORD C. I—I don't know, I'm sure.

BUTTER. [*To Eleanor*] Maybe someone else loves her?

ELEANOR. I don't know, I'm sure.

BUTTER. Jessie was right. Bygones is bygones, and as you've reformed, and there'll be no more gambling—

HUGH. [R.C., *then up*] I'll answer that with my life.

BUTTER. H'I gives you one minute to come to an understanding. [*Lady Adeline enters, L.*]

LADY A. Am I safe?

BUTTER. [*Crosses to her*] Perfectly, Addie—

LADY A. [*Crosses to Butterworth*] Then let me thank—[*Lord Chumley sings "Some day—some day"*]

BUTTER. After the firetechnics! O Lord, don't! [*They go back. Enter Meg and Tommy, R.2.E.*]

MEG. Your 'ighness, his lowness wants to know if he can see the—

TOM. Zizz—boom—

LORD C. Why, of course you may—Look here, I'm going to talk to Miss Butterworth about you, and she'll call to see you and your mother tomorrow. Ketch? [*Tommy and Meg join others at back*]

ELEANOR. How shall I thank you?

LORD C. I don't know—no occasion to thank me. I shall go away and eat and drink—and sleep and smoke—and try not to think of you.

ELEANOR. Do you want to forget me?

LORD C. No, I don't want to. But what's a poor beggar to do? Can't go about year after year with the image of a girl locked up in his heart. Give poor beggar indigestion. Why remember and be ill? Forget and be happy.

ELEANOR. Yes, forget and be happy.

LORD C. Hello—we're all tied up in a knot.

ELEANOR. So we are!

LORD C. By Jove! Won't come undone, by Jingo! Siamese twins, by Jingo!

ELEANOR. You are making it worse.

LORD C. And I can't see without my glasses. We can't go about like this all our lives, can we? I say, Miss Butterworth, shall we break it?

ELEANOR. No!

LORD C. [*Catching her in his arms*] Eleanor, you said once upon a time you hoped this would never occur again.

ELEANOR. I shouldn't flinch from it, George!

LORD C. I stole something from you that day. May I give it back? [*Kisses her*] Eleanor, my darling! [*Ring on the word*] I'm the happiest beggar in the world.

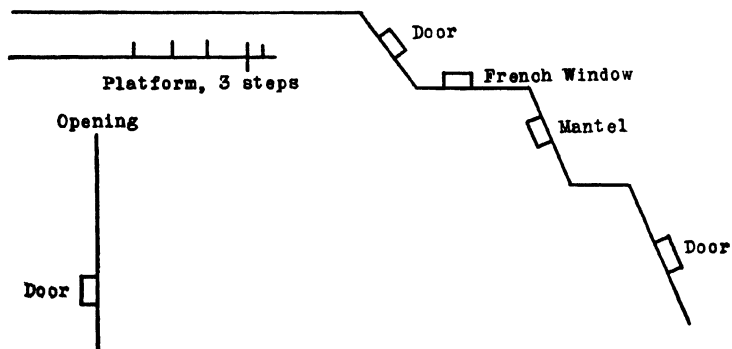
CURTAIN

THE CHARITY BALL

*A Comedy Drama in Four Acts*

By

David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille



## CHARACTERS

JOHN VAN BUREN, *rector of St. Mildred's*

DICK VAN BUREN, *firm of Van Buren & Creighton, Wall Street, known on the street as "The Earthquake"*

ALEC ROBINSON, *ambitious to be dubbed on change "Alexander the Great"*

JUDGE PETER GURNEY KNOX, *left over from a past era, unable to catch up with the present*

FRANKLIN CRUGER, *the king of Wall Street*

MR. CREIGHTON, *junior partner of Van Buren & Creighton*

MR. BETTS, *the organist of St. Mildred's*

PAXTON, *confidential clerk of Van Buren & Creighton*

JASPER, *a servant*

CAIN, *"A thing of shreds and patches"*

ANN CRUGER, *a New York girl*

PHYLLIS LEE, *in love with Dick*

MRS. CAMILLA DE PEYSTER, *who dabbles in stocks*

BESS VAN BUREN, *tired of dolls, ready for beaux*

MRS. VAN BUREN, *the rector's mother*

SOPHIE, *maid at the rectory*

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: SITTING ROOM AT THE RECTORY ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1887.

ACT II: CORRIDOR AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. TWO WEEKS LATER.

ACT III: THE STUDY AT THE RECTORY. TWO HOURS LATER. "IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT."

ACT IV: SAME AS ACT I. MORNING OF MEMORIAL DAY, 1889.





## ACT I.

SCENE: *The sitting room at the rectory, Christmas day, 1887. For arrangement, see diagram. Children laugh at rise, off L. Music.*

DISCOVERED: *Mrs. Van Buren standing on steps, R.U.E., listening. She is an elderly woman, white-haired. She is blind but moves easily about the room, always cheerful. Stop music.*

MRS. VAN B. [*L.C.*] The parish buildings are a perfect pandemonium! [*Sophie enters, R.U.E., down the steps, laden with a large box of toys, and comes down, R.C.*] How happy those children are over their Christmas dinner. Sophie, have you any toys?

SOPHIE. A few of them.

MRS. VAN B. [*Feeling them*] Dolls for the girls and marbles and bats for the boys, and oh, dear! Those horrible tin horns. What would an American boy be without his tin horn! [*Laughs. Bess enters, L.U.E., sees her mother, runs quickly and stands with uplifted face. Laugh outside. Exit Sophie, L.U.E.*] Child laughter is like an echo from another world, Bess! [*Drawing Bess close to her*]

BESS. [*Pressing her cheek against her Mother's*] Angel! [*Going quickly up, C., and looking off, L.2.E.*] Dinner's over, and Ann is giving out the presents. My! How my heart's thumping.

MRS. VAN B. What's the matter?

BESS. [*Down L.C.*] Alec's coming to take all the children.

MRS. VAN B. [*Sitting on sofa, R., and weaving basket which she finds on stand, R.*] Take them? Where?

BESS. Take their photographs, angel. He told me this morning he'd come.

MRS. VAN B. Did you see him this morning?

BESS. I see him every morning.

MRS. VAN B. Bess!

BESS. Accident.

MRS. VAN B. Every morning?

BESS. [*Coming to back of sofa, R.*] Nothing more natural. As I go up Madison Avenue to school, he comes down Madison Avenue to business.

MRS. VAN B. Does he walk all the way to Wall Street?

BESS. [*Coming around and half sitting on sofa on L. of Mrs. Van Buren*] Oh, dear, no! He turns back and carries my books for me to Sixty-seventh

Street and then takes the elevator. Brother John caught us one morning. He knows we are sweethearts!

MRS. VAN B. Sweethearts! What do you and Alec find to talk about?

BESS. Lots of things! He's in Mr. Franklin Cruger's office, studying for a stock broker. He hadn't been there a month before Mr. Cruger told him he knew more about the business than he did. [*Rising, going up on platform, R.C., at back*] You ought to hear him give quotations!

MRS. VAN B. Poetry?

BESS. No, stock, angel. Why doesn't Alec come? [*Looking*] The children are just dying to have their pictures taken.

BETTS. [*Heard singing outside, R.*]

If a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye,  
If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

MRS. VAN B. [*Speaks during Betts's song*] I do love to hear Mr. Betts dip into the grab basket of old songs and bring out the first he happens to get hold of. [*Betts enters, R.U.E. He is a man about fifty with long white hair, strong characteristic face, the embodiment of joviality. His clothes a trifle eccentric, not exaggerated. He carries a cloak on his arm and a very large umbrella. As he sees Mrs. Van Buren and Bess, he ends in a chuckle*]

BETTS. [*L.C.*] Miss Lee is in the reception room.

BESS. [*Back of sofa*] Miss Lee?

MRS. VAN B. Did you have any trouble in finding her?

BETTS. Not after Mr. Van Buren's description—"a sad, pale-faced girl"—Her face made me think of—[*Hums*] "The heart bowed down by"—ahem! Shall I bring the young lady here? [*Bess goes to hassock, R. of small stand, R.*]

MRS. VAN B. If you please. [*Exit Betts, R.U.E., humming air "The Girl I left behind me"*]

BESS. [*Who has seated herself on hassock, R. of stand, R., and opening album*] If she is half as pretty as her photograph here—who is Phyllis Lee?

MRS. VAN B. A young girl whom your brother John met during his visit to Florida. As she was coming to New York and a total stranger here, he asked me to invite her to remain with us for a time.

BESS. Isn't that like brother John? [*Music; plaintive till Phyllis is well on. Phyllis Lee appears at back from R.U.E., in travelling dress. She is almost timid in manner. She is preceded by Betts who sees that she is not coming, turns and beckons to her*]

MRS. VAN B. Always by the side of misery, lifting from despair many a poor creature whose first happiness was his help and friendship.

BETTS. [*To Phyllis*] Go to her. She can't see. [*Aloud*] Mrs. Van Buren.

MRS. VAN B. Oh! [*Putting out her left hand*] This is Phyllis Lee. [*Phyllis comes down and takes her hand; Betts crosses, L., and exit, L.U.E.*]

BESS. [*Around back to L. of her and seizing her L. hand*] Oh! I'm awfully glad to see you.

PHYL. Madam—Miss Van Buren—

BESS. Call me Bess. [*Kisses her*]

PHYL. [*Between them*] I overheard your words, Mrs. Van Buren. Even you do not know what his help means.

BESS. Well, if you like brother John so much, I wonder what you will think of Dick.

MRS. VAN B. She thinks there is nobody like her brother Dick.

BESS. Except brother John. But I must say Dick gives more presents. In his last letter from Paris he promised me a great surprise. [*Bess going L. of table, C.*]

PHYL. [*Beside Mrs. Van Buren*] He is in Europe?

MRS. VAN B. Yes. He has devoted himself so persistently to business it has affected his health.

PHYL. [*Anxiously*] Not seriously, I hope.

MRS. VAN B. Unless the *Umbria* brings a letter today, I shall feel worried. [*Phyllis slightly overcome, supports herself on table, C.*]

BESS. [*Crossing to her, back of table*] Why, what's the matter, Miss Lee?

PHYL. [*Recovering*] Nothing.

MRS. VAN B. You must be worn out. Bess will take you to your room.

PHYL. Thank you. [*Music*]

BESS. Come along, Phyllis. You don't mind my calling you Phyllis, do you? [*Crossing with Phyllis upstairs, R.3E., and off, R., chatting*] You see when two girls meet and like each other right away, the sooner they become acquainted with each other the better. I'm awfully anxious for you to meet Alec Robinson. He's one of the nicest fellows in New York. [*Mrs. Van Buren sits on sofa, takes up basket and commences to weave. During latter part of last speech, Mrs. De Peyster is heard speaking outside, R.*]

MRS. DE P. [*Outside*] In here. Oh, thanks, I'll find her. [*Enter Mrs. De Peyster, R.U.E. She is prepossessing in appearance, dressed in latest fashion. Her manner is brisk and matter-of-fact. Coming down to Mrs. Van Buren*] Good morning, dear, good morning. I think after such a busy day's work, I may take a half holiday.

MRS. VAN B. Ah, Camilla!

MRS. DE P. [*Sitting on sofa*] I rushed away after service this morning. You see during the second lesson, Mrs. Homer G. Putnam said to me—her pew is next to ours, you know—that if I held any shares in the Consolidated Gas Tank Co. to get rid of them at once. I had a thousand! I don't know what in the world John preached about this morning. I had tanks on the brain. Just imagine my anxiety. Being Christmas day, of course, my broker would not be downtown! I sent messengers flying in every direction. And where do you think we found him? In a Turkish bath spending his Christmas. But by twelve o'clock tomorrow morning someone else will be asphyxiated with my gas.

MRS. VAN B. Back from Europe only three days and already deep in speculation.

MRS. DE P. Oh, my dear! I've kept my feelings bottled up so long that the moment I landed, out popped the cork. [*Rises*] Oh, by the way, how well Judge Knox is looking. I saw him at Daly's last night. He bowed and smiled. I beckoned to him with my fan but he shook his head. Do you think anything could have induced him to move from that orchestra chair? Not a bit of it! I once said to him, "How is it, judge, I never see you go out between the acts?" He replied, dear old-fashioned fellow, "Madam, though I am not a camel, I provide myself for the entire evening." [*Sitting on chair by table*] While I was abroad, I received a letter from him with these words—"When next we meet prepare to be astounded." Now what do you think he means?

MRS. VAN B. It isn't very hard to guess.

MRS. DE P. [*Divining her meaning*] No!

MRS. VAN B. For the past six months we have heard nothing from Judge Knox—but, "Mrs. De Peyster"—"When did you hear from her?"—"Is she well?"—"When will she return?"

MRS. DE P. [*Much pleased*] Really. [*Crossing to sofa*] What else did he say? [*Alec enters, R.C., carrying photographic apparatus, his manner that of a boy verging toward manhood. Mrs. De Peyster crosses to L.*]

ALEC. [*Putting two packages on floor and leaning tripod against column, C. Going down, L., to Mrs. De Peyster*] Auntie, got three cents for the messenger? I'm just that much short. How do, Mrs. Van Buren. [*Going to her and taking her hand*] Now, Aunt Camilla, don't be all day. These messengers charge by the second. It'll be four cents before you get it out and five before I can get to him.

MRS. DE P. [*Who has opened her purse and taken out bill*] Oh, I have nothing but five-dollar bills.

ALEC. [*About to take it*] That will do very nicely, thank you.

MRS. VAN B. [*Feeling in purse and taking out three pennies*] I have some pennies here.

MRS. DE P. [*Returning bill to purse*] That will do better.

ALEC. [*Crossing to Mrs. Van Buren and taking pennies*] Mrs. Van Buren, never do that again. I am just four dollars and ninety-seven cents out.

MRS. DE P. Whatever that boy does with all the money he gets—

ALEC. All I get! Six dollars a week salary, and fifteen, allowance. If I didn't invest a little in Wall Street, I wouldn't have enough to keep me in neckties!

MRS. VAN B. Alec, do you speculate?

ALEC. Well, I'm not in Franklin Cruger's office for nothing. [*Enter Bess downstairs, R.3.E., and unseen by Alec comes slowly down, R., watching Alec to L. of sofa, R.*] At first I was a little bit dizzy at the way he'd wipe up the street about once a week. But I didn't lose a point. Every time he took a flyer, I flew with him. Every time he dropped, I went clean out of sight. I was with him, though. Oh, wait till I'm called "Alexander the Great." Auntie, you'll be proud of me yet. [*Warn music*]

BESS. [*Apart to her mother, R.*] Oh, angel, isn't he smart?

ALEC. Hello, Bess.

BESS. Hello, Alec. [*Children heard, off L.*]

ALEC. Come help me untie this camera. [*They go upstage and unwrap camera. Music, medium lively, pianissimo, and swell at Ann's entrance*]

ANN. [*Outside L.*] Now, now, be patient and I'll read you a story.

MRS. VAN B. There's Ann Cruger.

MRS. DE P. [*Rises, crosses to L.*] Ann here?

MRS. VAN B. She has been giving a dinner to the poor children of the parish. She's been hard at work since eight o'clock this morning.

BESS. [*L.C., looking off, L.*] Look at that little mite of a fellow holding on to her. They won't let her go.

ANN. [*Outside, L.*] Run back, little fellow; I'll not be long.

MRS. VAN B. What should we do without our Ann Cruger?

ANN. [*Outside*] Ha, ha, ha! Merry Christmas!

OMNES. [*Outside, L.*] Merry Christmas, etc. [*Bess up to Alec, C. Music swells. Enter Ann, L.2.E. She has on a pretty white apron over her fashionable walking dress*]

ANN. Listen! Do you hear that laughing, romping babble of glee? Doesn't it make the blood rush through your veins and knock at your heart until you want to take up their baby world in your arms and hug it? [*Crossing to R. table back of sofa*]

MRS. DE P. Ann, anybody would think you were one of them. [*Coming down*]

ANN. [*Crosses to C., enthusiastically*] I am. Oh, what a glorious day! On the stroke of two, the doors were thrown open. In rushed a hundred ragged little boys and girls. It would have done your heart good to have seen the awe come over them at the sight of the tables. When they were convinced it was not a dream but all real—oh, the grin! You could have heard it. [*All laugh*] Just then a tiny tot with screams of delight dashed head over heels for the table, climbed up in his chair and yelled, "I've beat the whole gang o' yer!" [*All laugh*] Just think of these pale, pinched faces, with hungry eyes and open mouths, waiting for their struggles with the Turks. I gave the command. With a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche tribe, they took their places and the attack began. O Raphael, your two little fat cherubs with their angel wings are not to be compared with my lean waifs and their turkey wings. [*All laugh*] Then came the dessert. I didn't know where they were going to put that, but they must have been made at the Goodyear Rubber Factory! [*Goes R. and embraces Mrs. Van Buren; Mrs. De Peyster, L.*]

BESS. [*At back*] They didn't even wait to say "Amen" after grace.

ALEC. [*At back*] Perhaps, like Macbeth, Amen stuck in their throats.

ANN. [*Crosses in front and up, L. Going up into alcove, L., and looking for book*] But where did I leave my story book?

MRS. DE P. [*Down L.*] Ann, don't you think my trip abroad has done me good? Why have you given up spending your summers in Europe?

ANN. [*Crossing R. at C. of stage, still looking for book on piano, R.*] Looking at ruins becomes rather monotonous after four summers. Besides, what have you got there that we haven't got here except London fogs and you get those from us. I'm an American and like novelty. That's why I prefer the new world—Europe after America. As I take European cheese, after an American dinner. [*Crosses, L.*]

MRS. DE P. Ah, you should have been with me on the Rhine, through Switzerland.

ANN. I went up the Hudson around the Horse Shoe curve. I stood on the summit of Pike's Peak.

ALEC. What's the matter with Hoboken Heights?

MRS. DE P. [*Reprovingly*] Alec.

ALEC. [*Suddenly, remembering*] I forgot the messenger. [*Exit C.R., precipitately*]

MRS. VAN B. You must not rouse Ann's patriotic spirit. [*Rises, to C.*]

ANN. [*At piano*] But where did I leave my story book? I must run back. [*Goes out, R.U.E., looking for story book*]

MRS. DE P. [*To Ann*] I'll go, too, dear. I shouldn't be able to sit in my pew Sunday if I didn't do something for charity. I'll have a look at them. [*To Mrs. Van Buren*] Oh, will you come, dear? [*Exeunt Mrs. Van Buren and Mrs. De Peyster, L2.E.*]

ANN. [*Enters R2.E. with book*] Ah, here it is. *Gulliver's Travels*. [*Starts to go, L.*]

BESS. [*L.C. Coming down quickly, detaining Ann*] Ann, I want to ask you something before Alec comes back.

ANN. [*C.*] Well, be quick, Bess. I haven't a moment to spare.

BESS. [*Holding Ann back*] Ann, how does a girl feel when she's in love?

ANN. Really, Bess, we haven't time by four hours to discuss that subject. You shall spend the night with me and we'll talk about it from bedtime to morning. I must go, dear—[*Starts*]

BESS. [*Holding her dress and still detaining her*] But you go to sleep as soon as your head touches the pillow and leave me awake to think all night. [*Drawing away from her with comic pantomime*] Is it—er—a sort—of—of a—a general feeling—all over you? You know.

ANN. I do not know.

BESS. Oh, yes, you do.

ANN. [*Looks at her*] Bess—

BESS. I know why you gave this dinner to brother John's waifs. Just because—you knew—it would please—him.

ANN. [*Half shocked, then smiles, then speaks*] Serves me right for stopping to hear a child's prattle about love. [*Starting to go, L.*]

BESS. Well, I know brother John's symptoms. [*Ann pauses on threshold, showing interest*] Oh, don't let me keep you!

ANN. Has brother John—any symptoms?

BESS. [*Nodding*] Um-um. Want to know?

ANN. Yes. [*Crossing to L.C.*]

BESS. [*R. of Ann*] Then, will you keep awake tonight?

ANN. [*Sitting in chair by table*] Yes—yes.

BESS. [*Kneeling by her*] You're not anxious, are you? Well—[*Confidentially*] I know brother John tell angel that he didn't know what he would do without you—that he had in his heart such a feeling for you—[*Ann, whose arm is about Bess, presses her close to her. Bess disengages herself and throws herself on floor at Ann's feet in front of her*] If you squeeze me so tight, I can't tell you. Do you think you could love brother John enough to be his wife?

ANN. [*Rising, confused*] I think—that—you can't keep a secret. [*Drawing Bess to her impulsively, kisses her*] There! [*Runs off, L.U.E. Bess to R. Reenter Alec, C.R.*]

BESS. Oh, she knows the symptoms all right.

ALEC. [*Coming down, C., with camera which he places C. Bess helps him. Then crosses to L.2.E.*] I've fixed the messenger. He's coming to the office tomorrow during one of his errands. I'm going to give him a Chile stamp for his collection. [*Noise of laughing and horns*] My! My! What a racket those waifs are making. Never get 'em still long enough to take 'em.

BESS. [*Down R.C.*] Going to take me, too, Alec?

ALEC. [*Up*] I'd rather take you than any girl in New York.

BESS. Think as much of me as you do of my chum, Kitty Ives?

ALEC. More. [*Coming down to her*] Say, Bess.

BESS. What is it, Alec?

ALEC. I—er—[*Aside*] Strange! I can think of fifty ways to make a million or two, yet I can't find one way to tell her how much I love her. [*Aloud*] I'll tell you when I take your photograph.

BESS. If you wait, it'll be too dark.

ALEC. This apparatus works best in the dark. [*Business of pantomime*] Flash! Make your own sunlight and there you are.

BESS. Coney Island picture. [*Coming up*]

ALEC. I don't warrant complexion, but I guarantee to get all your features in. [*Picking up apparatus and starting, L.*] Come along, Bess, you take the plates.

BESS. [*Picking them up*] My, but they're heavy!

ALEC. They'll be heavier after I get the pictures of those stuffed kids on them. [*Exeunt Bess and Alec, L.2.E., laughing. Enter Dick Van Buren, C.R., with overcoat, travelling satchel, etc., as though just having arrived from steamer. He is 32. The terrible mental strain is visible in his careworn face and whitening hair. Jasper follows with valise. He is followed by Creighton. a middle-aged man, of the regulation broker type*]

DICK. [*Handing overcoat, hat, and wraps to Jasper*] Take them to my room. [*Exit Jasper, R.2.E.*] You sent word to Paxton?

CREIGH. [*L.*] I telegraphed him, as soon as the ship was sighted off Fire Island.

DICK. Why didn't you cable me the minute there was a break in the United Western? Couldn't you see Cruger's hand in the move?

CREIGH. It was so well guarded!

DICK. I saw it across the Atlantic. Why couldn't you see it across the street? Hang him! [*Throwing small handbag on table, C.*] I can't stir from



that office that Franklin Cruger doesn't take advantage of my absence. Creighton, your delay has cost us half a million.

CREIGH. Better let that go, Dick, than wreck McLean & Strong! The firm stood by us!

DICK. Let nothing go! Your tender heart would turn the Stock Exchange into a prayer meeting! There's a crisis staring us in the face, and friends and foes must go to keep us on our feet! If your conscience troubles you, stay at home and let me fight it out. I'll win, if I fill every almshouse from the Battery to King's Bridge!

CREIGH. But, Dick—public opinion—[*Enter Paxton, C.R., hurriedly down, R.C.*]

DICK. [C.] Oh, success justifies everything! It's only failure that's called to account!

PAX. Mr. Van Buren! You here!

DICK. [*Sitting by table, C.*] I'm still in Europe! You heard from me, by the *Umbria* today. I was in Vienna—sick—on my way to the south of Italy! Have me dead, if you want to! Cruger's died three times. All I want is to keep my presence in New York unknown for three days!

PAX. [L.] Adams & Pell were buying up United Western last night, wherever they could get their hands on it.

DICK. That's only a blind! How much are we carrying?

PAX. Forty thousand shares—sixty days. If the rise continues—I'm afraid, sir—

DICK. [*Rising*] Cruger again!

CREIGH. Cruger?

DICK. Marsh, Fleming & Co., and Adams & Pell are both acting for him. Any day the market may be flooded, and we shall be swamped! Creighton, take a cab, and drive as quickly as you can to McLean & Strong. As fast as Marsh & Fleming sell, let them buy!

CREIGH. Adams & Pell are running up the price!

DICK. Part of Cruger's scheme! Bid against them. Keep the stock out of their hands at any cost! Buy—buy, till I tell you to stop. Go to my bedroom and see if the telephone is working to the office.

PAX. There's no one at the office today, sir. [*Exit upstairs*]

CREIGH. I'll go to McLean's house. It is Christmas day.

DICK. [*Exclamation of anger*] Hang these holidays! The week is short enough as it is! [*Calls upstairs*] Paxton, get your notebook ready. [*To Creighton*] Hurry, Creighton, and find McLean! [*Exit Creighton, C.*] The old fool! But I made my first step with his money. When I am through with him, I'll give him a pension. I'm shaking as though I had a chill! Not over the

voyage yet, I suppose. [*Takes out flask of brandy from handbag, pours brandy in cup, as he continues*] But, I'm back in time to set my foot on Cruger's neck! I'll work Chicago through Campbell & Son; St. Louis, through McVeigh & Co. [*Drinks*] Had the *Umbria* been twenty-four hours late, Cruger would have been master of the situation. He would have upset the scheme I've had in my head for months. Son-in-law to the man that holds this continent in his hand, my name will blanch the faces of every stock exchange in the world!—and then—[*Puts flask in handbag*] Yes, the only way to shake this king of Wall Street from his throne and take his place, is—to make Ann Cruger—my wife! [*Goes up, C., hangs bag on hat-rack*]

BESS. [*Running on, L. & E., looking around room*] Oh, dear! Just as Alec was ready to take them—he missed his flash light! I wonder where it is. [*Seeing Dick*] Why, Dick!

DICK. [*C.*] Ah, little one!

BESS. [*L.*] Where in the world did you come from? [*Rushing into his arms*]

DICK. Bess, my darling! [*Takes her in his arms and kisses her fondly*]

BESS. O Dick, Dick! Kiss me again! [*Both come down, R.*]

DICK. [*Sits on sofa, R.C., taking her on his lap*] Tell me, dear, how is mother?

BESS. Well—but worried about you. You're better now, aren't you, Dick?

DICK. Stronger than ever, little one.

BESS. [*Nestling close to him*] Oh, I'm so glad! In your last letter from Paris, you promised me a great surprise.

DICK. [*Laughing*] What was the last thing you said to me, before I left?

BESS. Oh! I said many things! Oh, I remember. [*Rising, comes downstage a little*] I told you that Kitty Ives was having a dress made at Worth's for the Charity Ball. And, if you had time, you might drop in and price one for me. [*With sudden thought*] Oh! you've bought it! I can see it in your face! How did you get the measure?

DICK. Eh? Why, I asked mother to get it from your dressmaker!

BESS. [*Throwing arms around his neck and kissing him*] O Dick, you are so good! [*Jumps up and walks as though she had train*] A dress from Worth's!

ALEC. [*Off L.*] Where's that flash light?

BESS. [*Starting upstage quickly to plates*] Oh, I forgot; I'm coming.

DICK. [*Rising and coming to her*] See here, little one. Bess, I don't want anyone to know of my return except John and mother.

BESS. [*L.*] Why not?

DICK. For reasons that you cannot understand.

BESS. Well, after a dress from Worth's, I'll tell everybody that you are in Jerusalem!

DICK. [*L., up*] Simply keep these little lips—[*Kisses her*] closed!

BESS. That locks them!

ALEC. [*Off*] Bess—s—s—s—

BESS. Yes, Alec, I'm coming. [*Goes up quickly, sees John, R.2.E.*] Here's brother John! Get behind the curtains! [*Excitedly, pushing him into alcove, L.C.*] Get behind the curtains! Quick! When I say "Booh," come out! [*Dick laughs and submits. Warningly, with uplifted finger*] Mind now, don't stir until I say "Booh." [*Enter John Van Buren, R.2.E. He is thirty-five years of age. No gray in his hair. Manner easy and natural. Dress that of fashionable clergyman of today. Bess impulsively*] Brother John! Dick's behind that curtain!

JOHN. [*Laughingly*] None of your tricks. Why, Dick's in Paris.

BESS. [*L.C.*] No-o-o-o! Behind the curtain. [*Gesticulating wildly towards curtains*]

JOHN. Who?

BESS. Dick.

JOHN. Our Dick? [*Crosses to curtains*]

BESS. [*Crosses R. to R.C.*] Yes. I put him there to surprise you. He wasn't to come out until I—oh—I forgot—Booh!

DICK. [*Throwing curtains aside*] Hello, John! [*Comes down and grasps John's hand warmly. Bess starts upstage and gets flash light, comes down and with one arm around the neck of each, kisses John, then kisses Dick twice*]

JOHN. Why, Dick, Dick, old fellow, I'm so glad!

BESS. [*Darting under their clasped hands and going, L. Stops*] O Dick! May I tell angel you are here?

DICK. Yes.

BESS. Oh, I'm so happy! A dress from Worth's. [*Runs off with flash light, L.2.E.*]

JOHN. [*R.*] Dick, why didn't you cable us?

DICK. [*L.*] I wanted to take Cruger unawares. I didn't dare trust a message, even to the wires.

JOHN. The doctor ordered absolute rest. You should have obeyed him.

DICK. And let Cruger down me—but there, old fellow, aren't you glad to see me?

JOHN. Glad? Why, ever since I saw your pale haggard face looking at me from the ship, as she moved out of the dock, I've looked forward to your return with an anxiety—well, that you ought to understand, knowing what we have been to each other.

DICK. John, old fellow, you're a brick. But what was I to do? For months I have been maturing a plan—

JOHN. [*Sadly*] Always plans.

DICK. [*L.*] This one, John, will place me at the top. [*Music. His arm around John's neck*] Old fellow, you're not practical enough.

JOHN. It is what I see in this practical world of yours that makes me fear for you.

DICK. I'm all right. [*Music; plaintive. Crosses to R.; behind small table, R., during next speech*]

JOHN. [*L.C.*] Not long ago I stood by the bed of a dying man, whose name in the business world has been a synonym of honor. This money fever had seized him. More and more eager he became in his thirst for wealth, until he ended—a fugitive from home, body and soul burnt out by this delirium of speculation. As I listened to his words, a chill came over me. Dick, I was thinking of you.

DICK. [*Crosses to L. of small table, R.*] No, no! I love you all too much to let that be my end.

JOHN. He had loved ones, too. [*During above, Dick has been nervously turning the leaves of album on small table, R.*] Yet I never heard a sadder story than that of—

DICK. [*Behind table, seeing picture in album, starting*] Phyllis Leel!

JOHN. [*C.*] You know her?

DICK. [*Recovering*] No.

JOHN. [*Crossing to R. of Dick, behind him*] You saw the name on the picture?

DICK. Yes.

JOHN. [*Crossing to Dick at table, R.*] Strange coincidence. It was of her father I was speaking.

DICK. How came her picture in the album?

JOHN. [*Standing beside Dick, at table*] Because, Dick, the pity that I first felt for her became, after a time—

DICK. [*Reels, about to fall*] Does he love her? [*Stop music*]

JOHN. [*Turns quickly, catches him in his arms*] Dick! You see, you should not have returned so soon. You are in no fit condition for business. [*Both cross to C. Enter Mrs. Van Buren, L. & E. Aside, to Dick*] Here's mother.

MRS. VAN B. [*L.C., embracing Dick*] My boy! my boy! I'm so glad you're home again. [*Sinks her head on his breast*]

DICK. [*C.*] Mother, dear. [*Arm around her*] Remember, John, not a word of my presence here.

JOHN. [R.] His thoughts on Wall Street even in his mother's arms.  
[*Sighs and turns up, exit R.U.E*]

MRS. VAN B. [L.C.] It's at a time like this that I wish I were not blind. I want to see my boy! Come, come, tell me all about yourself.

DICK. Presently, mother, presently! Tell me first about that picture in the album. [*Crosses and sits on sofa*]

MRS. VAN B. Picture? [*Seated on sofa*]

DICK. A Miss Lee. [*Music; plaintive*]

MRS. VAN B. Oh! John's protégée! Has he been speaking to you about her?

DICK. Yes.

MRS. VAN B. He's very much interested in her. My! I forgot to let him know!

DICK. Has he heard from her recently?

MRS. VAN B. Why, you seem as much interested as John! I have invited her to come here to us for a while. [*Phyllis comes slowly downstairs, R.3.E., crosses L. She does not see them*]

DICK. [*Aside, going R.*] Coming here! [*Aloud*] When do you expect her?

MRS. VAN B. [C.] Why, she is—[*Dick turns to L. Phyllis, who has come on, sees Dick and, with a start, stops. Dick sees her at same time, stands transfixed with surprise. She is about to speak his name and rush to him when he checks her. This mutual recognition, unknown to the blind mother, is marked. Dick goes to L. With pleasant smile, to Phyllis*] If I am not mistaken, she is here now. Phyllis!

PHYL. [L.] Mrs. Van Buren!

MRS. VAN B. [C.] I want to introduce you to my boy. [*To Phyllis*] This is Phyllis Lee! [*Goes R. in front of Dick. They do not bow or give any show of greeting to deceive the mother. As she is blind, the strength of the situation is in their remaining immovable*] In the joy of my boy's unexpected return, I forgot to tell John of your arrival. I'll let him know. Dick, make Miss Lee realize that she is at home. [*Exit, R.2.E. Music stops*]

PHYL. [*Rushes to him, clasps arms tightly around his neck*] Dick! Dick!

DICK. [L., *quietly removing her arms*] Be careful, Phyllis!

PHYL. It's so long since I've seen you.

DICK. [L.] Yes, yes; I know, dear—but—

PHYL. [R.C.] Aren't you glad to see me?

DICK. Why, of course I am!

PHYL. [*Going C., to table*] When father died and your brother said I must come here, I felt like going down on my knees and telling him of our

love. Nothing but my promise to you kept me silent. Dick, don't say I did wrong to come—don't!

DICK. [*Aside*] Why should I let a promise to a woman stand between me and success! [*Goes R.*]

PHYL. [*C.*] O Dick, don't let me live here a lie! They're all so good to me! Oh, when am I to take my place among them?

JOHN. [*Off R. Dick back of table, R. Enter John, R.2.E.*] Very well, mother, I'll send her to you. [*Advancing, with outstretched hand*] Welcome to the rectory!

PHYL. Mr. Van Buren, you don't know how much those words mean to me. [*Turns towards window*]

JOHN. [*Aside to Dick, R.*] Now that you have seen her, doesn't her sad face appeal to you? [*Turns to Phyllis*]

DICK. [*Aside*] If I could only tear this love out of my heart! I will! [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

JOHN. [*R.C.*] My mother wants you to go to the study. And, while you are talking to her, I'm going to consult Ann Cruger about you. She is the dearest friend I have in the world—and I want you to know her.

PHYL. [*Affected*] You are so kind to me, Mr. Van Buren, that I—

JOHN. It is my privilege. [*Leading her R.2.E.*] Come, mother is waiting for you. As the light of day never comes to her eyes, Heaven has put into her heart a sunlight, brightening the lives of all that look upon her face. Go to her. There must be no more sad days! In this house, you will find only happiness. [*Exit Phyllis, R.2.E.*]

ANN. [*Entering, L.U.E., takes off apron, places it and book in alcove*] Well!

JOHN. [*R., near arch, R.2.E.*] Hello, Ann!

ANN. [*L.*] I wondered if you had forgotten all about us!

JOHN. I was detained upon an urgent call. I'm so sorry not to have seen the children at their dinner.

ANN. [*L.C., coming down*] I have read *Gulliver's Travels* until I'm exhausted! They sent me to find out if you had come.

JOHN. I am sure they don't need anyone while they have you.

ANN. 'Tis such a pleasure to me. I would have been alone today if I had stayed at home. Papa, of course, can't go to business, so he is spending the day with his brokers. They dine together.

JOHN. Well, but don't you look upon this as your home? [*Goes to her*]

ANN. It has always seemed so, John.

JOHN. You make us all as happy here, at Christmastide, as you have those children! It wouldn't seem like Christmas if you were not here to share it with us.

ANN. And it wouldn't be Christmas to me if I had to spend it anywhere else!

JOHN. [*Starting to go, L., with her*] Come, then! I don't want to deprive the children too long of their good fairy.

JUDGE. [*Off R.*] Don't you try to bolt from me, sir! Hold on to him, Jasper! Hold on to him! Where are the police? Somebody! Anybody! [*Enters, R.2.E. He is about 55, hale, vigorous, quaint in attire, old-fashioned in his methods. To Ann*] Ann, I am glad to find you! [*Coming down, puts his hat on stand, R., and throws overcoat on back of sofa. To John*] Hello, John! "Tantaene animis coelestibus irae"?

ANN. Why are you storming away in Latin?

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] It's safer, in a clergyman's presence. Besides, my English would disgrace me! In my judicial capacity, I have sentenced everything from a bootblack to a blackmailer, from a wife-beater to a lady-killer! But never has there appeared before me such a corpuscle of humanity as I have just deposited in the hall!

ANN. [*L.*] Goodness!

JUDGE. I came upon him as he was breaking into the parish buildings.

ANN. Through one of the windows?

JUDGE. No, squeezing himself through one of the gratings!

ANN. How could he do it?

JUDGE. [*Going R.2.E.*] Do it? He looked as if he could eat an iron bar!

ANN. Heavens!

JUDGE. Come in, you flotsam, jetsam, ligan—"Flotsam": goods found floating at sea; "Jetsam": goods cast overboard, but sunk; "Ligan": goods cast overboard, with buoy attached. What, you won't? [*Starting out, R.*]

JOHN. [*Going, R.C.*] Shall I help you, judge?

JUDGE. No. Alone, I captured him; single-handed I'll bring him here. [*Goes off, R.2.E.*]

ANN. [*Crosses L., down. Going extreme L.*] Well, I'm afraid to stay.

JUDGE. [*Off*] Let him go, Jasper! The strong right hand of the law is upon him. [*Judge reappears, dragging on Cain, a mite of a boy, ragged, coatless, shoeless, his shirt peeping through a rent in his trousers, his face pale and pinched. Holds him at arm's length*] There! What do you say to that?

ANN. [*L.*] That you were right—you dear old god-father—to bring him here.

JOHN. [*R.*] And I thought it was some desperate criminal. [*Comes C.*]

JUDGE. Criminal? Isn't that criminal enough? Criminal negligence! We send missionaries to "Borioboolagha," with a thing like that on our doorstep! Come here! [*Puts boy on chair*] Get up here and let's have a look at you. [*Boy turns back to audience, showing rent*] Turn around the other way, sir! [*Turns, facing audience*]

ANN. [*L. of Cain*] Poor little fellow! [*Takes both his hands*] Why, how cold your hands are!

JOHN. [*R.*] And he looks hungry.

ANN. Hungry! [*Calls, L.*] Sophie! [*L. of Cain*]

JUDGE. [*R. of Cain*] Ann, have you got a pin?

ANN. [*Giving him one*] Yes, here! What do you want it for?

JUDGE. Your sex is altogether too inquisitive. [*Sophie appears, L.2.E.*] You tell Sophie what you want with her. [*Ann goes up, gives directions. Judge meanwhile quickly stuffs shirt in trousers, and pins up rent*] There! I have expelled the winter's flaw. Now then, sit down! [*Cain sits, springs up with cry of pain*]

JUDGE and ANN. What's the matter? [*Exit Sophie, L.2.E.*]

CAIN. Pin!

ANN. [*L. of Cain*] O judge!

JUDGE. [*R. of Cain*] Ann, if you had given me a safety pin, that wouldn't have happened.

ANN. Why, what is this! [*Takes cigarettes from boy's pocket*]

JUDGE. Cigarettes!

CAIN. Gi' me um! [*Snatches them from her, puts one in his mouth*]

JUDGE. [*Snatches them from Cain*] Can I get you a light? They would kill a goat! Avenue A. Perfectos! [*Throws them on floor, R.*]

ANN. [*L. of Cain*] What's your name?

CAIN. [*C.*] Cain!

JUDGE. [*R. of Cain*] Eh?

CAIN. Cain!

JUDGE. Cain! Cain what?

CAIN. Cain nothin'. Just plain Cain!

JUDGE. Where did you get that name?

CAIN. A kind lady called me that because she said I was a wanderer on the face of the earth!

JUDGE. What is your father's name?

CAIN. Burglin' Billy!

JUDGE. Ann, you ask him his mother's name. I'm afraid.

ANN. But your mother, little boy. She has a name?

CAIN. Never had no mother!



JUDGE. Oh! Poor little—um. Where's your father?

CAIN. In jail!

ANN. Have you any brothers or sisters? [*Cain nods head*] Where are they?

CAIN. In jail!

JUDGE. Where do you expect to go?

CAIN. [*Wry face*] Jail!

JUDGE. John, the law gives him up! [*Hands Cain to John*] I hand him over to the Church! [*Goes R.*]

JOHN. And the Church hands him over to the care of Woman. Here, Ann, you take him!

JUDGE. Yes, Ann can raise Cain if she likes! [*Aside*] I never saw a woman who couldn't!

ANN. I told Sophie to get some turkey, pudding, ice cream, oranges—  
[*Watching effect of each word*]

CAIN. [*Grin on face, as he rubs his stomach*] Yum! Gee whiz!

ANN. I have sent for enough to make even a strong man tremble!

JUDGE. Why, a strong man is nothing to a small boy like that.

ANN. But first I must take you upstairs and wash your face! [*Showing his face*] Look at that! Come along, little boy! [*Exit with Cain upstairs, R.3.E.*]

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] Well, if Ann puts Cain in the bathtub, there'll be nothing left of him! [*Aside*] Mrs. De Peyster is here; Jasper told me so. I gave him a dollar. It was worth it. [*Aloud*] John, I was afraid I wouldn't be in time to see Ann, with the children. A coal cart broke down in front of my car and blockaded the whole road!

JOHN. [*C.*] Why didn't you take the elevated? [*Goes down, R.*]

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] No, I never do that, on principle. We hurry enough through life nowadays without rushing upstairs to ride in the air! I tried it once. John, when we went around that 110th Street curve, I could have sworn I heard harps. There is only one way one travels with a dignified and stately ease. That's the Belt Line. That takes me back forty years to the time when your father and I used to run with the machine, along with Harry Howard, Zophar Mills and the rest of the boys. Ah, John, times have changed—times have changed! Why, it was only yesterday, in court, young Livingston—a fledgling, just beginning to toddle, with the aid of Blackstone under one arm and Chitty On Pleading under the other—had the impertinence to teach me law! When I told him that I had sat on the bench for thirty years, what do you think he replied?

JOHN. Why, what?

JUDGE. "Get up, and give the bench a rest." [*John laughs heartily*] I gave him a night's rest in jail for contempt of court!

JOHN. Never mind, judge! There is one person who believes in you thoroughly.

JUDGE. Oh! Your dear mother?

JOHN. No, I—I alluded to Mrs. De Peyster.

JUDGE. Charming woman! Delightful woman! I called upon her today, to pay my respects, but she was out.

JOHN. She is here!

JUDGE. [*Feigned surprise*] You don't tell me!

JOHN. Oh, yes, yes. [*Aside*] As if he didn't know. [*Aloud*] I was just on my way to see the children in the parish buildings, where she is now.

JUDGE. John, I don't mind telling you. Do you know, she came very near being Mrs. Peter Gurney Knox?

JOHN. Indeed! What prevented?

JUDGE. Oh, nothing! Only, De Peyster was too quick for me! However, he was one of your fast livers, and got through early. Now, John—[*Takes his arm, confidentially*] you are my clergyman, and it's no more than right that you should know the state of my feelings towards one of your clients—[*Correcting himself*] I mean, parishioners.

JOHN. [C.] You don't mean to tell me that you love her still!

JUDGE. [R.C.] That's it, John,—a still love. I'm getting along in years—face a little furrowed. But, John, there are no wrinkles on my heart. Ha, ha, ha! I saw her last night at the theatre; and she looked so radiant that I was determined to bring this matter to an issue at once; and I want to borrow this room to do it in!

JOHN. With pleasure! I'll send her to you!

JUDGE. If you will be so kind!

JOHN. [*Going, L.*] Certainly, certainly! [*Sees Mrs. De Peyster*] Fortune favors the brave! She is coming this way!

JUDGE. [*Very nervously*] Well, John, on second thought, I'll just step aside, and then come in and take her accidentally, you know.

JOHN. Oh, you'll come in accidentally! [*Judge exit, R. & E.; forgets hat and overcoat*]

MRS. DE P. [*Entering, L.U.E., limping*] Mr. Van Buren, may I trouble you for your arm? I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle!

JOHN. [*Assisting her*] I trust not!

MRS. DE P. Dear! I can hardly stand!

JOHN. [*Puts her in chair, C.*] Sit here!

JUDGE. [*Entering hurriedly, R.2.E., aside*] Oh, I thought the coast was clear. I'm not ready for a clergyman yet! [*Exit hurriedly*]

MRS. DE P. Will you kindly ask Alec to come to me?

JOHN. Certainly—certainly! [*Goes L.2.E., looks off R.*] She is now at his mercy! [*Exit, L.2.E.*]

MRS. DE P. Dear, dear! I do hope this will pass off before Judge Knox arrives! There is no misunderstanding that letter! "When next we meet, prepare to be astounded." Yes, he means to propose! [*Sees Judge's hat, crosses to it*] Eh? Why, that looks like his hat! It is—"Knox." Dear, dear, but he must be here! I should be mortified to be obliged to limp during a declaration of love! [*Starts to go, R.*] Before he comes, I'll apply some arnica. [*Judge enters, as before, comes down, C.*]

JUDGE. [*C.*] Ah, my esteemed friend!

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] Too late! [*Stands with difficulty, trying to conceal from Judge that she is in pain*]

JUDGE. [*Shaking hands*] This is indeed an unexpected delight!

MRS. DE P. How do you do, judge; how do you do?

JUDGE. Our first meeting since your return! I should have arrived sooner if I had known you were here.

MRS. DE P. Oh, come, come, judge! You haven't just arrived.

JUDGE. [*Protesting*] Oh, but—

MRS. DE P. Isn't this your hat?

JUDGE. [*Aside, taking hat from her*] Where did I get that hat? I suppose I shall find my brains in the lining! [*Aloud*] Well, to tell the truth, I was here, and when I heard you coming—

MRS. DE P. You ran away!

JUDGE. The evidence of this witness—is so conclusive—that any attempt at prevarication would only render myself liable—[*Bowing*] to the contempt of the court.

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] I feel my ankle swelling.

JUDGE. I never saw you looking better!

MRS. DE P. Thank you, judge!

JUDGE. The bloom of the peach is on your cheek, the sparkle of the diamond in your eye! The air of contented ease with which you stand there—[*Mrs. De Peyster looks up, showing pain*] is only equalled, when you walk, by that poetry of motion that always charms me!

MRS. DE P. Thanks, judge! [*Aside*] I would rather die than move an inch! [*Aloud*] O judge, you spoil me!

JUDGE. Did you receive a letter from me?

MRS. DE P. A letter? Oh, yes!

JUDGE. [*Turns up, R., to get chair*] I will now explain why I wrote it!

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] He is going to—to—[*Sits quickly*]

JUDGE. [*Turning quickly*] You remarked?

MRS. DE P. Nothing, judge; nothing. [*Aside*] Oh, dear! To be so afflicted at such a moment!

JUDGE. [*Bringing down chair, sitting L. of Mrs. De Peyster*] I wish to warn you against a certain man whose name I will not mention. He has designs upon you!

MRS. DE P. [*In alarm*] On me, judge?

JUDGE. Don't be alarmed. As your legal adviser, I shall protect you. Unfortunately, I am his legal adviser also, and must look after his interests. He loves you—loved you long before your De Peyster experience.

MRS. DE P. Ah, judge!

JUDGE. But he has none of those soft ways that ladies admire.

MRS. DE P. And yet you plead his cause?

JUDGE. As his legal adviser.

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] This shoe is killing me!

JUDGE. He is a bad-tempered, selfish, inconsiderate man—a man well calculated to render any woman's life unendurable. From infancy, I have been his most intimate friend! And I warn you against him.

MRS. DE P. And his name, judge?

JUDGE. Peter Gurney Knox!

MRS. DE P. O judge, you give yourself such a character!

JUDGE. As your legal adviser!

MRS. DE P. [*Aside, with pain*] Oh!

JUDGE. [*Rising*] It is for you to give the decision. I have summed up for both clients. I leave the matter in the hands of the court!

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] I cannot endure this another moment! [*Moves to R. of sofa*]

JUDGE. You hesitate—[*Comes down to L. of sofa*]

MRS. DE P. O judge—

JUDGE. I warn you—if you decide against my client, Knox—we will appeal the case.

MRS. DE P. O judge, I am suffering such intense pain!

JUDGE. [*Sitting by her side, on sofa*] On my account?

MRS. DE P. Oh, no, no! I would have told you before, but I thought I could conceal it. I didn't wish to distress you. But this pain is—

JUDGE. [*Nearer*] In your heart?

MRS. DE P. No. In my foot. An accident!

JUDGE. An accident?

MRS. DE P. But oblige me by dismissing it from your mind!

JUDGE. [*Very close*] Then, may I hope? Speak, Camilla.

ALEC. [*Entering, L. & E.*] Want me, auntie?

MRS. DE P. [*Aside*] Thank heaven!

JUDGE. [*Aside, rising*] To interrupt proceedings, at such a juncture—

ALEC. Judge, you were all wrong about that Livingston affair.

JUDGE. I hope, sir, I taught him proper decorum in the presence of the court!

ALEC. You broke up our party at the Casino. 'Twas Bob's night to put up the supper, too. The idea of committing a fellow for a little thing like that.

JUDGE. [*C.*] The next time he has a case before me, *he'll* give the bench a rest. [*Goes to piano, up R.*]

ALEC. [*Aside, L.*] I'll get square with the judge yet!

MRS. DE P. [*Aside, going to Alec, L.*] Alec! Alec! Open the door! Open the door! I've sprained my ankle. I don't want the judge to see me leave the room. [*She goes L., limping. Alec opens folding doors. Before reaching them, with a cry of pain, she sinks into large armchair. Alec wheels it out of room and closes doors quickly, standing before them facing Judge, who turns in time to see her disappear. They look at each other for a moment*]

JUDGE. [*R.*] Most remarkable manner of leaving a room!

ALEC. [*L.*] A little hurried!

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] Nothing serious, I hope? She spoke of her foot.

ALEC. Yes; her foot is off!

JUDGE. Her foot is off—

AEC. [*Aside*] I wonder if he knows she has a sprained ankle? [*Aloud*] Of course, judge, you know what's the matter?

JUDGE. She spoke of an accident.

ALEC. She didn't tell you what it was?

JUDGE. No.

ALEC. Oh, no! Of course not! She couldn't!

JUDGE. Why not?

ALEC. [*Aside*] Oh! This is too good! I can't lose it! [*Aloud*] I say, judge, today's the first time you've seen auntie since she returned from Paris?

JUDGE. Yes.

ALEC. [*Confidentially*] Did you notice a slight impediment in her gait? Sort of a kind of—[*Pantomime*] That sort of thing?

JUDGE. Now you mention it, she didn't move.

ALEC. Yes! Auntie is terrible sensitive about it.

JUDGE. [*Impatiently, C.*] About what, sir; about what?

ALEC. I can't confide this thing, except under certain circumstances. Now, judge, man to man, is there anything between you and auntie?

JUDGE. [*Going to chair, C.*] Why, yes. I have this day invited your esteemed auntie to become Mrs. Knox!

ALEC. Then you ought to know! The accident she referred to happened in Paris, and the result of it was—

JUDGE. Was what, sir; was what?

ALEC. Well—[*Whispers in his ear*]

JUDGE. [*Aghast. Sinks in chair, R. of table, C.*] C-o-r-k! [*Work lights down gradually, very slowly*]

ALEC. On the "Q.T.," judge! [*Draws hand quickly across leg, just above ankle*] To there!

JUDGE. To where?

ALEC. [*Draws hand across leg, just below knee*] To there!

JUDGE. [*Groan of despair, buries head in hands on table*] Oh!

ALEC. I say, judge, auntie's a good business investment. When she becomes Mrs. Knox—if you ever got into trouble—she'll keep you afloat! [*Exit, L2.E.*]

JUDGE. [*Half dazed*] I must withdraw! It must be done honorably, but I must withdraw. That cork member stands between us! And I am invited to meet her at dinner this evening. [*Takes coat and hat*] I will ask Mrs. Van Buren to place me as far as possible from her. If they serve me with the second joint of the turkey and she looks at me, I shall betray myself at once! Love! Sweet misery! Only to think of it! Some of her here and some of her gone to join De Peyster! [*Exit, R2.E. Enter Bess, L2.E. Warn music*]

BESS. [*Goes up and gets matches from mantel*] Come along, Mr. Betts! [*Enter Phyllis, R2.E.*]

PHYL. [*Aside, R.*] In his home! My home by right! And Dick was so cold—so strange—to me! Not even glad to see me. Oh, if I have no place here, what will become of me? [*Betts enters with lamp, places it on table, C.*]

BESS. Thank you! [*Seeing Phyllis. Ring music*] Why, you've come downstairs! You never could guess what this is for! When brother John is at home, he puts his lamp in the study window. Then, if anyone in trouble wants to see him, all that person has to do is to turn the knob of the little door that opens on the street, next to the chapel, and walk in.

BETTS. It's a way Mr. Van Buren has of making things easy for those that need him.

PHYL. Let me light the lamp tonight!

BESS. [*Striking match*] Why, of course! It will celebrate your coming here. [*Hands it to Phyllis, who lights lamp*] Will you put the lamp in the window, Mr. Betts? [*Stop music*]

BETTS. Why, of course I will—[*Takes up lamp and sings as he exits, R.2.E.*] "There's a light in the window for thee."

BESS. I want to introduce Alec to you, Miss Lee. I've told him all about you. He's just dying to take your photograph! [*Exeunt Bess and Phyllis, L.U.E.; firelight in alcove floods room. As scene progresses, the sunset fades away into twilight. Ann Cruger comes downstairs, R.3.E., with Cain. His face is washed, and hair combed. Has piece of pie in his hand, of which he occasionally takes a bite*]

ANN. Well, come along, little fellow! Did you have enough to eat?

CAIN. I've eaten so much, mum, I'm tired!

ANN. You hate to waste that pie, don't you? [*Jasper goes on, L.2.E., lights the three electric lamps in alcove, up C., lights piano lamp, then electric lamp above platform, R.3.E., and exit, R.2.E.*]

CAIN. I'm loadin' up now for tomorrow.

ANN. You must take care of today! I'll take care of tomorrow!

CAIN. [*Looking up into her face*] You're awful good to a little son-of-a-gun!

ANN. Poor little fellow! Why, you are so sleepy you can hardly keep your eyes open! [*Takes him to rocking chair, in alcove, and arranges him*] You just come here, little fellow; I'll fix you up comfortable. Come here, dear! There! Isn't that comfortable? [*Cain is almost asleep*] Did you say it was comfortable? [*Aside*] Poor little fellow. Why, I believe he's asleep already! And to think that he's only one of thousands in this great city! [*Sophie enters, L.2.E., with armful of toys*] Sh! Sophie, will you bring me a cup of tea? [*Ann takes toys from Sophie who exits, R.2.E. Ann then fills Cain's lap with toys, humming softly Sullivan's "Lullaby," then pauses*] Oh, I can't keep Bess's words out of my mind. "I've heard brother John tell angel that he didn't know what he would do without you—that he had in his heart such a feeling for you—" [*Continues "Lullaby" and arranges toys*] Oh, how my heart beats! Alone, I may speak the words: "John, I love you." There! Now then, when he wakes up, he'll think—

JOHN. [*Entering L.2.E. Going to Cain, placing hand lightly upon his head*] That an angel has been here! [*Music*]

ANN. [*Turning softly*] Sh! [*Down R.C.*]

CAIN. [*Muttering in sleep*] Awful—good—to a little son-of-a-gun—

JOHN. [*Down L.C.*] Alec is taking their pictures—individually—and in groups—on their feet—on their heads!

ANN. [*R. of table*] Yes, I know! They are having a glorious time!

JOHN. And it's all owing to you! Ann, there is something I want to say to you. I must tell you tonight. Now—while we are alone.

ANN. Is it so very important?

JOHN. My happiness depends upon it!

ANN. [*Aside*] My heart will betray me! [*Enter Sophie, R.2.E., carrying salver, with small teapot, sugar dish, 2 cups and saucers, a plate of biscuits. Places it on table, takes box of matches, which Bess has left on table, exits, L.2.E.*] I said I wanted a cup of tea, but I don't! Thank you, Sophie. [*Nervously*] John, won't you have a sip of cake and a bite of tea—no, no—I mean—a bite of tea and a sip of cake—Well, here are cake and tea!

JOHN. Why, Ann, you seem confused!

ANN. [*Crosses in front to L. of table*] Well, no—I can't see to talk very well in the twilight.

JOHN. [*Back of table*] I'll turn up the light.

ANN. [*Quickly*] Oh, no! No—not on my account! Won't you have a cup of tea?

JOHN. [*Drawing chair from R. up to table, C.*] Thank you—no. While you take yours, I'll speak to you.

ANN. Well, I hope I won't disturb you. I'm as hungry as a bear!

JOHN. [*Sitting at table so as not to face her, unconscious of her embarrassment*] Ann, you and I have been near to each other all our lives. [*Business. Ann putting several lumps of sugar in cup*] As children, we were playmates, read together out of the same books—and now that we are man and woman, it seems natural for me to share all my confidences. You have been such a help to me in my work! I don't know what I could do without you! You have made everybody happy here today. The heart that has room for so many must have room for one more. [*Looking at her*] But you are not eating, and you said you were hungry!

ANN. Oh, yes, yes! I am! Go on, John! I am listening.

JOHN. [*R. of table*] I love someone, whose heart I do not know. The dread of interfering with the friendship that now exists between us has kept me silent.

ANN. [*L. of table*] Have you ever shown her that you care for her?

JOHN. She may have guessed it.

ANN. Her discernment must be better than mine, for this is the first time I ever suspected that you were in love.

JOHN. What am I to do?

ANN. Much depends upon the woman. I suppose you're aware—you haven't told me who she is.



JOHN. She is an angel!

ANN. [*Cup raised to her lips, without drinking*] Is she a New York angel?

JOHN. I met her first in Florida.

ANN. [*Slowly lowering the cup from her lips, without drinking*] Florida!

JOHN. I was sent for, to minister to the last hours of her father. I looked across the bed of sickness. I saw her kneeling on the other side. She turned her eyes to me. I saw in them a look that told of suffering—a mute appeal that made me pity her. And as I looked, I loved.

ANN. [*Half dazed, but with a superhuman effort to control herself*] Loved! [*At this moment chimes are heard for evening service. They continue till end of act*]

JOHN. Something in her face as it looked into mine connected her with my life. [*Rises*]

ANN. You are speaking of Phyllis Lee?

JOHN. Yes.

ANN. [*Aside, with a half moan*] Oh!

JOHN. Now do you understand why I ask you to find room in your heart for one more?

ANN. [*L., slowly raising her eyes to him*] Yes, John.

JOHN. I must go now to be ready for evening service. When you know her, tell me what to do. [*Exit, R.2E.*]

ANN. He—loves—Phyllis—Lee. Phyllis Lee—[*Cain, who is asleep in alcove, makes a movement which causes the toys to fall to the floor. Ann's attention is attracted to him*] Ah, little fellow, I thought you were very wretched, but there are lots of people in this world who have plenty to eat and plenty to wear—[*Rising*] and yet are a thousand times more wretched than you—more wretched than you. [*Ann throws herself on steps leading up into alcove at Cain's feet, sobbing aloud. Cain wakes up and regards her wonderingly as curtain falls*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: *Anteroom of corridor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, brilliantly lighted, and decorated with rare plants. Through windows is seen the snow, covering exterior. A bleak winter's night. No snow falling. Light effects seen through windows. The night of the Charity Ball two weeks later. Waltz heard off ballroom, L.*

DISCOVERED: *Jasper, entering R.U.E., with silver water pitcher, two silver goblets, and a napkin on small salver. He crosses and is about to exit, when Alec enters, L.U.E., running against him, upsetting the supposed water on the threshold.*

ALEC. I beg your pardon! [*Coming R.*] That's what I've been doing all night—upsetting things! I'm upset myself. [*Crossing to Jasper, L., and handing him coin*] Here! Remove the flood. [*Jasper picks up pitcher and goblets, sops up supposed water with napkin and exit, L.U.E.*] When I started Judge Knox on that cork joke, I never thought it would turn out so serious. Oh, I'm in an awful fix! [*Looking at card*] Next dance—polka—Bess. Next quadrille—Bess. Next schottische—Bess. I've got all the shares in that girl, anyhow! No margin for any other fellow tonight.

BESS. [*Entering, L.U.E., through arch*] Alec, what did you run away for? [*At arch, C., about to come in room*]

ALEC. [*R.*] I didn't want to meet Judge Knox. Be careful, Bess!

BESS. Why, what's the matter?

ALEC. You're in a pool!

BESS. Oh, gracious!

ALEC. And you've slipped on, with paper soles! I can't do as Sir Walter Raleigh did with his Queen Bess—nineteenth century etiquette will not permit! However, I can modernize their version of it. [*Takes out large silk handkerchief, and in a knightly manner spreads it out for her to walk over, kneeling, and extending his L. hand to her*]

BESS. [*Crossing, R., taking his hand*] O Sir Alec, how thoughtful of you! [*With comically royal manner, she is about to cross on tiptoe*]

ALEC. [*She passes over handkerchief à la Raleigh and Elizabeth, and goes well down, R. He takes up handkerchief and presses it to his heart*] It shall never be washed again!

BESS. [*R.*] Where were you all the afternoon?

ALEC. [*L.*] Detained at the Hoffman House.

BESS. Why do you go there so much?

ALEC. A fellow wouldn't be in the swim at all, if he didn't stop at the Hoffman on his way uptown.

BESS. Is the food better there than anywhere else?

ALEC. [*L.*] You'd think so to see the fellows sitting around the tables striking matches. Besides, you get a whole art gallery thrown in.

BESS. [*R.*] Like the Eden Musée?

ALEC. Yes, only the figures are moving.

BESS. What do they do?

ALEC. Principally raise their hands to their mouths. And Bess, while you take your little fizz and look at the pictures—

BESS. Fizz? [*Stop music*]

ALEC. I mean as you look at the pictures, your phiz is turned that way.

BESS. Slang!

ALEC. We fellows all use it downtown. Have to—they wouldn't understand you if you spoke English below Canal Street.

BESS. Is the art gallery very beautiful?

ALEC. One picture there worth ten thousand dollars.

BESS. What is the subject?

ALEC. Oh—er—a beach scene—lot of folks going in bathing—just like Long Branch or Narragansett Pier at the height of the season. You—I—can't exactly explain it to ladies—when ladies are there, you stand very silent, you look at it, and then you all pass on, as if you hadn't seen it. [*Crossing to R.*] Now, Bess, when you are my wife—

BESS. [*Crosses, L., to extreme L.*] I haven't said I would be yet!

ALEC. [*R.*] Well, say, will you?

BESS. [*L.*] Oh, I must have time to think!

ALEC. [*R.C.*] You are too young to think. Nobody ever thinks now, when they get married! Come, say "Yes" and be done with it!

BESS. [*Blushing*] Well, yes. How long will we have to wait?

ALEC. Oh, till I make a million or two!

BESS. Can't we be married until then?

ALEC. Not in New York.

BESS. Well, brother John, in his sermons, says we ought to deny ourselves. I could live in Brooklyn.

ALEC. [*Staggering*] And I cross the river twice a day! [*Crosses, L., to Bess*]

BESS. We'd be as happy as Hero and Leander. I'd be Hero and you Leander.

ALEC. [*Embracing her*] Excuse me, Bess! [*Alec goes R., Bess L. Enter Dick, R.U.E., and comes down, C.*]

BESS. [*L. of Dick; Alec, R. of Dick*] O Dick!

DICK. [*C.*] Ah, little one.

BESS. [*L.C., displaying her dress*] How do you like it?

DICK. [*C.*] Oh, exquisite! [*Holds her hands and regards her affectionately*] But it doesn't compare with the loveliness of my little sister! [*Bess goes up, L., looks off*]

ALEC. [*R.*] Mr. Van Buren, that was a terrible shaking up you gave the old man today. Oh, we don't call you the "Earthquake" for nothing! When

I saw Mr. Cruger hanging over the ticker in the office, and making the air blue, in an undertone, I unloaded my two shares of Great Western preferred to auntie.

DICK. Had you been carrying half a million, I suppose it would have made no difference?

ALEC. Only, instead of auntie supporting me, I should now be supporting auntie.

BESS. [*L. of Dick*] Wouldn't that be good of him?

DICK. [*Up C.*] Worthy of Alexander the Great! [*Music*]

BESS. [*Going to L.I.E.*] Come, Alec, that's our dance. Judge Knox is looking for a couple to fill the set.

ALEC. [*Going R.*] He can't get me! We'll go round by way of the box and get as far away from him as possible.

BESS. [*Crossing to Alec*] Why are you afraid of Judge Knox?

ALEC. O Bess, I'm in an awful fix! [*Exeunt Bess and Alec, R.2.E.*]

DICK. [*R.C., looking after Bess*] Ah, little Bess, you are the one thing on this earth that makes me, now and then, forget business! If you could as easily make me forget Phyllis Lee! Ah, I have enough on my mind without that! I came here for work. Had the exchange been open but an hour longer today—But I made Cruger feel my power!—and tonight, he's in a condition to listen to me! [*Enter Cruger, L.U.E.*]

CRUGER. [*L.C.*] Ah, Van Buren, just on my way to the smoking room to have a cigar. By the way, pleasant little shock that was you gave us today!

DICK. [*R.C.*] A few more like it will shake some of the names off the office doors, downtown!

CRUGER. [*Dryly*] Very cleverly done! [*Crosses to R., in front of Dick. Dick crosses, L.*] Join me in a smoke? You might give me a few points!

DICK. [*L.C.*] I will—tomorrow.

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Van Buren, I like your grit! The fight went your way today because I held my reserves. But, now that you have combined with Campbell in Chicago, and McVeigh in St. Louis, to push me to the wall, I mean to sweep you into oblivion!

DICK. [*L.C.*] It can't be done, Mr. Cruger; it can't be done, sir! Until I came into the street, you feared no man. All feared you. Now you, with the rest, fear me! One firm after another has gone to pieces under my touch. You are the only man that blocks my way. And do you think I'll stop? I have no religion, no God, but one ambition—to be master of the street!

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] My sole aim in life is money. Show me how I can make more than I do now, and I'll abdicate in your favor.

DICK. [L.] My only regret is that I must fight against the father of Ann Cruger.

CRUGER. [R.] Why, what has that to do with it?

DICK. I love her.

CRUGER. Love Ann?

DICK. Yes.

CRUGER. Well, well, well! Does Ann know it?

DICK. I can't ask a woman to be my wife when I'm trying to ruin her father!

CRUGER. Why not? It's business! Besides, it would tie your hands and give me a little rest. But Ann may not love you.

DICK. She may not be indifferent when she sees the advantage that must come to us all.

CRUGER. You never lose a trick, do you? Well, I'll do all I can to help you, Dick; for, as my son-in-law, I look upon you as a devilish good investment. [Crosses, L., in front of Dick]

DICK. [Aside] Once his partner, I shall stand alone! [Dick retires up L.C., takes glass of water from water-cooler and off, R.U.E.]

BESS. [Off R.] Mr. Cruger! [Enter Bess, excitedly, R.2.E. R.C.] O Mr. Cruger, come to Alec!

CRUGER. [L.C.] What's the trouble?

BESS. We were dancing, way on the further side of the ballroom, when Judge Knox spied him. He was coming towards us and Alec ran and hid in Box L.

CRUGER. What's he been doing to the judge?

BESS. [Dragging him towards R.2.E.] Oh, he's in an awful fix! [Exit Bess, R.2.E., greatly disturbed, holding Cruger's hand. Cruger, laughing, exits with her. Enter Judge Knox, L.2.E., wearing badge of Reception Committee on right breast]

JUDGE. [L.] Two more weeks like the past, and I shall become a howling maniac! [Badge comes off and drops on floor. He stoops, picks it up] Confound that badge! If I hadn't been on the committee of the Charity Ball for the past twenty years, I shouldn't be here tonight! [Looking off, into ballroom, L.2.] The most remarkable thing about it is that she moves with perfect ease. I must interrogate Alexander further on the subject. I wonder where he disappeared to? Christmas day I managed to struggle through the dinner—I don't know what I ate. I was trying to avoid looking at Mrs. De Peyster. Every time she moved, I imagined I could hear it squeak! Dinner over, I made my excuses. The next morning I was on the Limited Express, bound for Chicago. Two days afterwards, she accepted me, by letter. She has

made our engagement public, and tonight I have been congratulated by dozens of people. Here's a dilemma! Linked for life to a fraction of a woman! After two weeks of investigation, I find that even Chicago cannot grapple with a case like this! [*Badge falls*] Hang that badge! [*Picks it up and puts it in R. vest pocket. Turns up, L., looking into ballroom, L.*]

CRUGER. [*Entering, R.2.E., chuckling*] Brainy old Knox to be hoaxed like that! When Alec told me, I thought I should expire! There he is! I'll put him out of his misery! [*To Judge Knox; Cruger, R.*] Ah, judge—

JUDGE. [*L., with a sigh*] Ah, how are you, Cruger? How are you?

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Why, what's the matter?

JUDGE. Oh, nothing, nothing!

CRUGER. You seem troubled.

JUDGE. [*Forced gaiety*] Oh, no, no; I'm gleesome, I'm airy.

CRUGER. Oh, no. That won't do! I've known you too long for you to try to deceive me. There's something on your mind.

JUDGE. [*Absently*] Yes. Cork!

CRUGER. Cork, Knox?

JUDGE. Did I say "cork?" I'm getting light-headed!

CRUGER. [*Aside*] How the deuce shall I broach the subject? [*Aloud*] From your allusion, Knox, I infer that you have become attorney for some—er—cork trust.

JUDGE. [*L., flaring up quickly*] What do you mean by that? What do you mean by that?

CRUGER. [*R.*] Why, judge—

JUDGE. [*L.*] I consider that personal, sir!

CRUGER. I simply want to tell you something, in reference to your engagement.

JUDGE. I don't want to hear it!

CRUGER. But you ought to know!

JUDGE. I don't want to know! I know too much already. You're always chaffing me! I won't have it, sir!

CRUGER. Now mind, while I don't approve of what has been done—

JUDGE. Approve? What the devil has that got to do with it? You don't think I am going to ask your consent to my marriage, do you?

CRUGER. When you hear me out, you will agree with me that the joke is—

JUDGE. Joke! How dare you allude to it as a joke! It's no joke! I'm in misery!

CRUGER. Misery?

JUDGE. [*Aside*] Oh, I must be careful or I shall betray my bride.

CRUGER. Now listen to me and have a good laugh.

JUDGE. [*Solemnly*] Ha, ha, ha! I shall never laugh again!

CRUGER. [*R.*] But I insist!

JUDGE. [*L.C.*] Oh, yes. That's like you stock brokers! You expect a man to laugh at your funny stories with pandemonium staring him in the face! Oh, I know. I had a Wall Street experience once!

CRUGER. Perhaps you were not in the right company.

JUDGE. Oh, yes, I was!

CRUGER. What were you? A bear?

JUDGE. No.

CRUGER. A bull?

JUDGE. No.

CRUGER. Oh! A lamb?

JUDGE. No.

CRUGER. Well, what were you, then?

JUDGE. An ass! [*Cruger laughs heartily. Judge turns toward Cruger*] Thank heaven you're all going to the same place! And, Cruger, you'll get a red-hot corner!

CRUGER. Do you think there'll be any left when you lawyers have been provided for?

JUDGE. Oh, we lawyers can take care of ourselves.

CRUGER. Yes, you're better known there.

JUDGE. But we're being fast crowded out by the monopolists.

CRUGER. Only let me make a corner, and when you and I meet, you'll find me smiling. [*Crosses, L.*]

JUDGE. [*Crosses, R.*] I generally do. I suppose you old boys of the street will get together and form an ice-cream and linen-duster trust. [*They cross around each other*]

CRUGER. You don't mean to say that we stockbrokers are all bound that way?

JUDGE. [*Crossing, R.*] No. But your chances are darned good!

CRUGER. [*L., aside*] Well, I'll be hanged if I tell him at all now. I'm sorry for Alec, but, if I'm to roast, I'll keep Knox in a stew! [*Aloud*] Well, I give it up. I give it up. All jokes aside, I congratulate you upon your engagement. Confidentially now, when Mrs. De Peyster returned from Paris this time, I knew she would take steps to win you. [*Judge winces*] Ha, ha, ha! I'd have given a good deal to have seen you throw yourself at her feet! [*Judge winces*]

JUDGE. [*R., aside*] Feet! What are rights and lefts to her?

CRUGER. [*Looking off, L.*] Ah, here she comes!

JUDGE. [*Starts*] Eh? [*Enter Mrs. De Peyster, L2E.*]

MRS. DE P. [*Going C.*] Ah! Mr. Cruger, and Judge Knox, too!

JUDGE. [*R., aside*] Now, to look at her, who would imagine that she has a drawback!

CRUGER. [*C.*] I'm glad you came out here. The judge is a little downcast today. I've been trying to buoy him up. [*Judge winces*] Ha, ha, ha! No doubt you will succeed better. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, L. & E., chuckling. Mrs. De Peyster looks L. as he exits*]

JUDGE. [*R., aside*] I hope Dick Van Buren will get that man in a corner tomorrow and pound the life out of him!

MRS. DE P. [*L.C.*] Judge, it is two weeks since I've seen you and, with the exception of a hasty "How do you do" tonight, you haven't spoken a word to me!

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] Well, you see, my duties on the committee are such that I am kept constantly on the hop, skip and jump, as it were. [*Aside, as she comes forward*] She doesn't even limp!

MRS. DE P. [*To R.C.*] One would imagine that you had forgotten Christmas afternoon!

JUDGE. Oh, no, I shall never forget it!

MRS. DE P. [*R.C.*] If you hadn't been called away so abruptly after dinner, I would have relieved your anxiety.

JUDGE. Well, I felt that I must go to Chicago.

MRS. DE P. Oh, the look you gave me as you rushed from the room! Mes-sonier would have taken you as a model for mad Leah in the storm. I never realized until that night what a head you had.

JUDGE. [*Aside*] She ought to have seen it the next morning.

MRS. DE P. [*Going L.; Judge watching her walk*] I awoke early. My broker rang me up. I connect with him by telephone, you know. But I shut him off. Quotations had no charm for me that day. I confided what you had said to me to Polly.

JUDGE. [*R.C.*] Polly?

MRS. DE P. Yes, my parrot; Mr. De Peyster's first present to me.

JUDGE. Oh!

MRS. DE P. She understood every word I said!

JUDGE. Indeed!

MRS. DE P. And what do you think she did?

JUDGE. I don't know. What?

MRS. DE P. Nodded her head and winked her eye! A trick Mr. De Peyster had taught her whenever he wanted me to say "Yes" to anything.

JUDGE. Then you accepted me on the recommendation of that parrot?

MRS. DE P. Yes.

JUDGE. [*Aside*] I'd like to twist Polly's neck!



MRS. DE P. But I'm so glad you're back! I wanted some advice. Ever since Dick Van Buren's return, United Western has been falling and rising in a manner to bewilder one. I was carrying a block. After selling at 92¼, stock jumped four points. A terrible slump, and—[*Goes R.*] if I hadn't dipped in oil, I shouldn't have glided out with so good a balance. [*Walks to and fro. During this speech, Mrs. De Peyster walks back and forth, the Judge, meanwhile, trying to see her feet*]

JUDGE. [*Aside*] I have it! I will object to her stock jobbing! Perhaps she'll discard me! [*Aloud*] If there is one thing that I strenuously oppose, it is a woman in stocks!

MRS. DE P. Oh, I couldn't exist if I didn't dabble in stocks—just a little.

JUDGE. [*L.*] No, no. I could never permit it!

MRS. DE P. [*R.*] Peter!

JUDGE. No, no, no! I stand upon that, with both feet! [*Checks himself suddenly and turns upstage, L.*]

MRS. DE P. Oh, but I will! And when I put my foot down—[*Stamps*]

JUDGE. [*Aside, turning up, L.C.*] She alludes to it!

MRS. DE P. [*Going up to him*] Why should you object?

JUDGE. [*Upstage, turns, stays there*] Well, imagine my feelings, some evening, in passing through the lobby of the Waldorf, to hear one of those stock-brokers confiding to a brother bear that he had Mrs. Knox in a corner that day and squeezed her!

MRS. DE P. Only a figure of speech! [*Warn music*]

JUDGE. [*Coming down*] Oh, I object to having my wife hugged, in any manner, by a member of the Stock Exchange!

MRS. DE P. [*Crossing down to him*] You are unnecessarily severe!

JUDGE. [*Upstage*] Oh, I know them! I know them!

MRS. DE P. [*Coming down*] This is delicious!

JUDGE. [*Coming down, C.*] Delicious? It is outrageous! You must give up stocks, madam, or give me up!

MRS. DE P. I would give up everything in the world, Peter, sooner than give you up!

JUDGE. That settles it! [*Aside*] We are doomed to be a matrimonial tripod! [*Music*]

MRS. DE P. Why, where are you wearing your badge?

JUDGE. I don't know! I don't know!

MRS. DE P. [*Taking badge from the Judge's pocket and pinning it on his coat*] Oh, listen to that music! Isn't it enchanting? [*Sways in time to the music*] You haven't asked me to dance yet, Peter!

JUDGE. [R.] Do you dance?

MRS. DE P. [*Waltzing to R.*] Why—do I dance? What a question!

JUDGE. [L.C.] How do you manage it?

MRS. DE P. Manage? Manage what?

JUDGE. [L.C.] Well, with only one—er—er—that is—when—er—you haven't got—er—both—that is, with only one good one, you know?

MRS. DE P. [R.C.] What is the matter with you, Peter? Oh, listen to the waltz! Oh, listen to the waltz! Isn't it charming? [*With slight movement in time with music*]

JUDGE. [*Watching for a moment, paralyzed*] Great heaven! She has wound it up!

MRS. DE P. Peter, you shall dance this with me! [*Taking hold of him*] Come, let us join the others, in the ballroom!

JUDGE. [*Aside*] I wonder which side it's on. I want to keep out of its way. [*Exeunt, L. & E., waltzing. Enter Bess, R. U. E., crosses and looks off, L.*]

BESS. Poor Alec! He doesn't dare to come out of the box! I wonder where Judge Knox is? There he is! Oh, he fell down! [*Enter Cruger, L. & E., followed by Creighton, both laughing, and looking back after Knox*]

CRUGER. [*Laughing*] Poor Knox!

CREIGH. [*Crosses R., in front of Cruger, L. C., laughing*] Why didn't you tell him?

CRUGER. He wouldn't let me. This is my second attempt to reach the smoking room. Come, Creighton, you like a good cigar. [*Enter Dick, L. U. E., looking back*]

DICK. She came towards me just now and I pretended not to see her. [*Comes down, L.*]

BESS. [*Coming down, R. of Dick*] Oh, look at you "Three Bonanzas!" I've an idea. Kitty Ives made a lot of money the other night, at the "Orthopaedic Ball," selling flowers for charity. There's a poor family named Matheson. The father's very ill. I told them all about the Charity Ball, and tomorrow I want to take them something—just a little memento of it.

CRUGER. [R.C.] And you mean to raise it by selling a dance?

BESS. Um, um. How much will you give?

CREIGH. [R. corner] Twenty dollars!

CRUGER. Twenty-five!

BESS. How much will you give, Dick?

DICK. [L.C.] For a dance with you, Bess? Fifty!

BESS. Oh, let's have a regular auction. [*Creighton goes up, gets a chair, brings it down, C., for Bess. He then comes down*]

ALEC. [*Enters, R.U.E. Goes down, R., to Cruger*] While I was sitting in Box L., waiting, who should come in but auntie and Judge Knox. She was trying to persuade him to continue dancing, but he wouldn't!

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Alec, I'm afraid it's going to be more difficult to get you out of this scrape than I thought!

ALEC. [*R.*] I told Mr. John Van Buren. He's gone to Box L. now to explain to the judge. Oh, if I ever get out of this, I'll go to Sunday School. Hello! What's up? [*Crosses to R. of Bess*]

BESS. [*On chair, L.C.*] Selling a dance for charity, Alec! Last bid, fifty dollars! How much will you give? Fifty—fifty—[*Stop music*]

ALEC. [*Going L.*] I don't know whether I'll be spared to dance it, but, fifty-one.

CREIGH. Fifty-two.

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Fifty-three!

DICK. [*L.*] Fifty-four.

BESS. [*C.*] Oh, isn't it jolly! Fifty-four—four—four—

CREIGH. Fifty-five.

DICK. [*Crosses L., to corner*] Sixty!

CRUGER. Sixty-five!

ALEC. [*Aside, R.*] These monarchs represent millions! What show do I stand?

BESS. Sixty-five—and a five—and a five—

ALEC. [*Feeling in pocket*] I must have that dance!

BESS. [*C.*] This is exciting! Sixty-five!

ALEC. [*Starting up*] Hold the bid open till I strike auntie!

BESS. Bid now!

ALEC. I've got one share of B. and O., worth sixty-eight on the street to-day. Be worth forty-eight tomorrow. I'll unload to auntie tonight!

BESS. [*C.*] Come, gentlemen, sixty-five—sixty-five—

ALEC. [*L.C.*] And a half!

BESS. An 'alf, an 'alf!

DICK. Sixty-six!

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Seventy!

CREIGH. [*R.*] Seventy-five!

CRUGER. Eighty!

ALEC. [*Aside, L.C.*] I'll hock my camera, but I'll have that dance! [*Aloud*] Eighty-five!

DICK. [*Crosses, L.2.*] I bid ninety!

CREIGH. I bid ninety-five!

CRUGER. I bid one hundred!

ALEC. [*Going L.*] I bid—Good-evening. [*They all start up*]

BESS. What?

DICK. Stay, Alec, I'll buy it for you! Alec Robinson bids one hundred and fifty dollars! [*Dick up C. and Alec, L. Creighton up to Dick*]

BESS. [*Who has kept bids going, through dialogue, with grand flourish, brings sale to sudden end, before Cruger and Creighton can bid. Enter John Van Buren, L.U.E., goes to Bess*] Sold to Alexander Robinson for one hundred and fifty. Brother John! [*Jumps down from chair and runs off, L.2.E. Everybody laughs*]

JOHN. I seem to have caused a panic with the auctioneer! What has gone to Alec Robinson for one hundred and fifty dollars?

CRUGER. [*R.*] She was selling a dance for the benefit of some poor family—Matheson, I think the name was.

JOHN. [*C.*] Then they'll need the money sooner than she thinks! When I called, this afternoon, the father was very sick.

ALEC. [*Aside, L.*] I'm afraid to ask him what happened in Box L.

CRUGER. [*R., to John*] Well, I'm glad to find you here. It isn't every clergyman that would appear at the Charity Ball.

JOHN. [*R.C.*] It would be a strange sort of charity that a clergyman could not countenance! It is sufficient to me that the good women of our land are at the head of the work.

ALEC. [*L. of John*] Mr. Van Buren, you've given the ladies a grand send-off! I think you could move anybody. Did—di—did you—touch the judge's heart?

JOHN. [*Arm around Alec's shoulder, good-naturedly*] Oh, yes. He was so glad to hear it wasn't true, that he forgave you at once. [*Looking off*] But he's coming this way. He'll tell you himself!

ALEC. No—I think not—tonight. I'll let him alone for a few days. [*Exit, hastily, R.2.E. John goes up, laughing*]

JUDGE. [*Enters, L.2.E., radiant*] She is without a flaw.

CRUGER. [*R.C.*] Well, I would have told you that—

JUDGE. [*L.*] But you took precious good care not to!

CRUGER. At least, permit me to congratulate you upon the additional member of your family. [*Warn music*]

JUDGE. Cruger, bah! John, if I had received the information from anyone but you, I should annihilate the young hoaxer! [*Enter Mrs. De Peyster, L.1.E., crosses to Judge*]

MRS. DE P. Judge, after your fall, you remained in Box L. so long that I became alarmed!

JUDGE. [R.] Oh, forgive me! Allow me to make amends! Put me down for every dance left on your card!

MRS. DE P. Oh, no. It might affect you as the waltz did! [Music]

JUDGE. Oh, I feel better now. I feel as if I could indulge in a Highland Fling! [Dancing] Tee-de-de-de—

MRS. DE P. O judge, I beg of you! [Judge crosses to L.C. in front of Mrs. De Peyster]

CRUGER. [To Creighton] Jubilant, isn't he?

JUDGE. [Arm to Mrs. De Peyster] I feel as buoyant as a cargo of cork! [Glaring at Cruger] With "emphasis" on the cork! [Exeunt Judge and Mrs. De Peyster, L. & E. After their exit, Dick starts to come down, nearly faints, falling against lower C. arch. John goes to him and brings him down. Creighton places chair for him to sit. Cruger goes back, R., of Dick]

JOHN. [To Dick] Dick! Dick!

CRUGER. [R. of John] What's the matter?

CREIGH. [L. of Dick. Has followed John up to him, and assists him down-stage] Shall I get a doctor? [Goes L.]

DICK. [Sinking into chair, L.C.] Doctor? No! Can't a man seek a breath of fresh air without a doctor?

JOHN. I think I had better get one!

DICK. [Starting to his feet and crossing down, C.] No, no, I say! I'm engaged to Miss Cruger for the next dance, and I mean to dance it! [John puts back chair and comes down, L. of Dick. Creighton goes R. Cruger, R. of Dick]

CRUGER. You'll have to be more careful, Dick, or that little scheme of ours will never be consummated.

DICK. It will, Mr. Cruger—it will! And I'll begin my part of it tonight.

CRUGER. Well, I wish you luck! You'll have to get a doctor for me if I don't get a smoke soon! Come, Creighton, come! [Exit Cruger, followed by Creighton, R. & E.]

JOHN. [L.] You ought not to be here tonight.

DICK. [R.] This is—nothing! [Intensely] Today's work with Cruger was worth it! [Shakes with intensity of feelings]

JOHN. [L.C., to Dick] See how it has shattered your nerves, blanched your face! Why, Dick, I'm only thirty-five and you are twice my age, at thirty-two.

DICK. [Laying hand on John's shoulder] Nonsense, old fellow! You're wrong! [Holding out his hand] Look. No shattered nerves there. I wish I could make you understand how different your work is from mine! Why don't you let me have my own way?

JOHN. [L.C.] Because you are taking from me the companion who never had a joy or sorrow that his brother did not share.

DICK. [R.C.] We are not boys now. What do you want me to do?

JOHN. Give me back my brother Dick!

DICK. I shall soon rid you of anxiety. I am to become Franklin Cruger's son-in-law.

JOHN. You marry Ann Cruger?

DICK. [R.C.] Yes. Why shouldn't I?

JOHN. [C.] Christmas night, I found you in your room, with your head bowed upon a letter. You told me it was from a woman that you loved. Was it from Ann Cruger?

DICK. [*Hesitates*] No.

JOHN. [C.] Yet, you speak of marriage with her.

DICK. [R.C.] Men in my position cannot consult their hearts.

JOHN. And what will become of that other woman?

DICK. Oh, she'll get over it.

JOHN. [*Reproachfully*] Dick. You love her, and she—God help her—loves you.

DICK. I—I—won't talk about her—

JOHN. In this race for supremacy, you don't even stop at the breaking of a human heart!

DICK. [*Angrily*] John! [*Enter Phyllis, L.2.E. Goes to L. of John*]

JOHN. [C.] Where is that woman now?

PHYL. [*To John*] Mr. Van Buren—[*Sees Dick and stops*]

DICK. [*Bowing*] Miss Lee!

JOHN. [C.] Well, I declare! Living under the same roof and you hardly know each other! Dick, I blame you for that!

DICK. I regret that I have not been able to visit my home as much as I should wish since Miss Lee came here. [*Crosses, L.*] I must return to the ballroom. You will excuse me. [*Bows, and exit, L.2.E. Phyllis, disappointed look*]

JOHN. [C., *aside, looking after him*] That look that was in her face the day I first saw her! [*To Phyllis*] I hope I did right in asking you to come tonight?

PHYL. [L.C.] Don't think me ungrateful, Mr. Van Buren. I realize how patient you have been with me.

JOHN. More than once, of late, I've noticed that you are troubled about something. Why, even now, there is a frightened look on your face. What have you to fear?

PHYL. I try to feel there is nothing to fear—but—[*Goes L., looks off, L., after Dick*] Oh, but I can't! [*Downstage*]

JOHN. Do you fear the future, when I tell you that nothing shall harm you?

PHYL. Even when you tell me!

BESS. [*Entering, L. & E. To John*] Brother John, there's a messenger for you, from Mrs. Matheson. He's waiting in the corridor. [*Enter Ann, R. & E. Goes to John*]

JOHN. [*C.*] I'm afraid her husband must be worse. Ann, won't you remain with Miss Lee? I sha'n't be long. [*Aside*] You couldn't have come at a more opportune moment.

PHYL. [*L. C.*] Mr. Van Buren, as it will be late when you return, I suppose there will be no lamp in the window tonight?

JOHN. [*Going to Phyllis. Ann joins Bess*] Misery keeps all sorts of hours. Never a night passes that I don't put my lamp in its place. Some unfortunate who needs my help may see it, and know that the door is open, and I am waiting. [*Phyllis turns upstage. To Ann*] There is a sorrow in her life that she will not tell me. You speak to her for my sake. Come, Bessie! [*Exit, R. & E. with Bess*]

ANN. [*R. C., aside*] Well. This is delightful!

PHYL. [*L. C., aside*] He does not come because I am here.

ANN. [*Aside*] I suppose I must play the hypocrite. [*Phyllis goes down, L., to chair, and clutches it to support herself. Ann goes to Phyllis*] Why, what's the matter? [*Stop music*]

PHYL. Don't mind me!

ANN. You are faint. Sit here! [*Places chair, C.*]

PHYL. You are so kind!

ANN. Are you better? [*Crossing, L., in front of Phyllis*] Shall we go back to the ballroom?

PHYL. [*Crossing, R.*] No, I can't go back there.

ANN. [*C.*] Why not?

PHYL. [*R. C.*] O Miss Cruger, I can tell you. You will help me.

ANN. Why, Miss Lee, in what do you need my help?

PHYL. [*R. C.*] I know of a woman who came into a house where everything was done for her that loving hearts could suggest. She made them believe she was worthy of their love when she was not. Now, she wants to tell the truth.

ANN. Why does she not?

PHYL. [*Goes to R. corner*] She is afraid!

ANN. [*C.*] Of their condemnation?

PHYL. Of their pain at learning how they have been deceived.

ANN. Did this woman confide in you?

PHYL. Yes. Those whom she is deceiving trust her implicitly; yet I allow her to remain among them. What would you do in my place?

ANN. I must know more about her. [*Goes R.*]

PHYL. She wants to confide in you. There is no one else whom she can go to. She is utterly helpless, without a home, or friends.

ANN. Alone?

PHYL. Except for the man who said he loved her.

ANN. Why does he not protect her?

PHYL. [*Goes L.C. Ann, R.C.*] O God! [*Warn music*]

ANN. [*R.C.*] A broken promise!

PHYL. Yes. She knows it now.

ANN. [*Half suspicious, fixed look at Phyllis*] You seem to take her case very much to heart.

PHYL. So would you, if you knew how much she had suffered.

ANN. Tomorrow, you shall take me to her.

PHYL. She is here tonight.

ANN. Here! Oh, be prudent! For, if the people in that ballroom knew of this woman in their midst, penitent though she be—

PHYL. Would they not have mercy?

ANN. Oh, I am afraid to answer! We open our purses and give our gold to the unfortunate! But when we are asked to open our hearts and give our sympathy to some poor creature who has erred—Ah! then we draw back! Our charity stays at home, locked up in our selfish hearts. But there is one person to whom this woman can go for help.

PHYL. And that one?

ANN. John Van Buren!

PHYL. Oh, it is he that has been deceived!

ANN. John Van Buren!

PHYL. Yes!

ANN. And the woman?

PHYL. Myself.

ANN. You?

PHYL. You are not like the rest of the world.

ANN. [*Aside*] And this is the woman he loves!

PHYL. [*Trying to take Ann's hand, kneels*] Help me!

ANN. [*Crossing, L. Phyllis rises, to R.C., up*] Don't! Don't touch me! There is no place here for you. I told you what we were, and I am no better than the rest.

PHYL. [*Going up, L.C.*] Let me go. Let me go. [*Enter Dick, L.2.E.*]



DICK. I have come to claim you. [*Phyllis, at the sound of Dick's voice, stops; Dick, seeing her, stops*] Ann, have you forgotten your dance?

ANN. Dick, will you not excuse me?

DICK. Certainly, if you wish. It's hard to give up my dance, but I suppose I must be content and ask pardon for intruding. [*About to withdraw, L.*]

PHYL. [*Forgetting herself and starting to him*] Dick! [*Ann, amazed, starts. Dick stops. Phyllis, realizing her mistake, stands motionless*]

DICK. [*Turning quietly*] Did you call me, Miss Lee?

PHYL. [*Confused*] No. I—I—I—forgot!

DICK. [*To Phyllis*] You appear to be in some trouble?

ANN. [*C.*] She is.

DICK. [*To Ann*] Have you and Miss Lee been exchanging confidences?

ANN. [*C.*] She has placed in my keeping the holiest confidence that one woman can give to another.

DICK. [*L.*] Indeed!

ANN. But she guards, with a woman's devotion, the name of him who should have given her a place among his own.

DICK. I appreciate your motive in making me the recipient of this intelligence, and I infer that she will henceforth cease to make the rectory her home. [*Warn curtain. Ann makes movement toward him as though to speak*] You wish some explanation to be made of Miss Lee's departure that will at once be generous to her and merciful to those among whom she has lived. I will render any service in my power.

ANN. Then tell your brother that I have persuaded Miss Lee to come with me tonight to my home. [*Phyllis goes to Ann*] As Ann Cruger's friend, her departure from the rectory needs no explanation. [*Ann embraces Phyllis. Dick bows, turns, exit, L.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE: *The study at the rectory. "In the watches of the night." A soft somber light relieves the darkness of the room. The cold gray light of a winter's night comes through the stained glass windows at the back. Lamp used by Betts in Act I on the table, L.C., burning low. During the progress of this act an air of stillness must pervade the stage. House lights down low as possible. Foots and borders out. Ten seconds after curtain rises, distant sleigh bells heard, gradually drawing nearer until sleigh stops, L.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain Sophie enters, L.I.E., with candle. Stage lights go up a trifle. Sophie puts candle on table and goes R.*

BESS. [*Outside*] Good night, Mrs. De Peyster, much obliged.

MRS. DE P. [*L., outside*] Good night, my dear.

BESS. [*Outside*] Good night, Judge Knox.

JUDGE. [*Outside*] Good night, little one.

ALEC. [*Outside*] Good night, Bess, pleasant dreams.

BESS. [*Crossing, R., outside*] Same to you, Alec. Good night. [*Sophie opens door, R.U.E. Sleigh heard to drive off, and the sound to die away in the distance*]

MRS. DE P., JUDGE, ALEC, BESS. Good night. [*Bess enters, R.U.E., wrapped in furs, runs to the fire*]

BESS. Thanks, Sophie, close the door quick. B-r-r-r. [*Sitting before fire. Sophie closes door and comes to her*]

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside, L.*] Is that you, Bess?

BESS. Why, angel, are you up? [*During this Bess is seated in armchair by fire, and Sophie, kneeling beside her, takes off her overshoes and leggings*]

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside*] Do you think I could go to bed and you not at home? Didn't your brother John come with you?

BESS. No. He was called away quite early, and he left me in charge of Mrs. De Peyster. I came home with an engaged couple.

MRS. VAN B. Oh, then Judge Knox was with you?

BESS. Um—um. And Alec—

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside*] Phyllis, what makes you so silent tonight? [*A second's pause*]

BESS. Phyllis isn't here, angel.

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside*] Not here? Where is she then?

BESS. She went home with Ann Cruger. They left before we did. [*Jumping up from chair and giving Sophie her opera cloak*] Take 'em upstairs, Sophie. Oh, I've had such a lovely time. [*Exit Sophie, L.2.E., upstairs*] There's brother John now. [*Runs to balustrade*] Angel, here's brother John. Wait for me a minute. I've something very important to tell him.

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside*] Can't you wait till morning?

BESS. No, it won't keep.

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside*] Ha, ha, ha! Very well. Very well.

BESS. [*Comes down, R.*] I just couldn't sleep if I didn't tell 'em both I was engaged to Alec. [*Enter John, R.2.E. He wears a cape overcoat and high hat, both of which are slightly covered with snow*] Brother John.

JOHN. [*Removes coat and hat which he places on chair, R.C.*] Why, Bess, you here?

BESS. [*L.*] Yes, brother John. I wanted to tell you something. Ann sent word to you that Phyllis was going to spend the night with her.

JOHN. She went home with Ann?

BESS. Yes. So you were not to expect her at the rectory. And, brother John, there's something else I want to tell you. If you approve, angel is sure to.

JOHN. [*Coming down to her*] Oh. You want to fix matters with me first, eh?

BESS. [*R.C.*] If you please, brother John. It's so much easier to win your big brother over than it is your little mother.

JOHN. [*Taking her face between his hands*] Well, what mischief have you been up to?

BESS. [*Returning his look*] Been getting engaged.

JOHN. Engaged?

BESS. Um-um. [*Shyly*] In a sort of a kind of a way, you know—Alec and I have been planning tonight how we'd arrange matters when we were married.

JOHN. Indeed. You've gone as far as that?

BESS. Couldn't go any further till we saw you and angel.

JOHN. Yes, yes. But you are both so young.

BESS. Oh, we'll outgrow that. Brother John, Alec wants to give me an engagement ring. You'll let him, won't you? Say yes, and this will be the happiest moment I've ever lived.

JOHN. [*Caressing her hair*] I remember you said the same thing the day when you put on your first long dress.

BESS. But that dress just revolutionized me.

JOHN. Go, nestle that little head on your mother's breast—tell her of your love. Listen to what she says. This is one of the cases where the little mother can give better advice than the big brother. [*Kisses her*] Go to her.

BESS. [*Goes L.I.E., turns and speaks*] Brother John. [*He comes to her. She kisses him and turns and speaks*] I thought it was great fun getting engaged. But it isn't. [*Making a wry face*] I want to cr—cry. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

JOHN. What is sweeter to hear than a young girl's first confession of her love! [*John turns up lamp on table, C., and places it in alcove window, back. Church clock strikes two. He comes to bookcase and is about to take down book, when there is heard a knock at the chapel door, R.2.E.*] Come in. [*Enter Betts, R.2.E., wrapped in overcoat and huge comforter slightly covered with snow. John takes book and sits behind table, C.*]

BETTS. [*Singing*] "Out in the cold world, out in the street." Pretty severe storm this, Mr. Van Buren. Thought I would go to my room this way. Little shorter than through the parish buildings. Been playing chess for the last two hours with old Joe Randolph. He's a good player, but, lor!—he can't hold a candle to me. We had a spirited argument about a certain move which we

agreed to leave to you. You see my king's pawn tried to take his king's castle. By the way, how did you leave Matheson?

JOHN. [C.] He died about an hour ago!

BETTS. God bless me! He was a good chess player. What in the world his poor wife will do, I don't know—with all those little children on her hands.

JOHN. Something must be done for them. Come to me in the morning, Betts. I shall have something for you to do.

BETTS. All right, sir, good night.

JOHN. Good night, Betts.

BETTS. [*Going toward chapel door, R.3.E., steps inside*] Everybody thinks I'm the most charitable man in New York. It's all him. [*At door*] Shall I disturb you if I practise an anthem or two?

JOHN. Now, how many times a week do you want me to answer that question? Betts, when do you sleep? Morning, noon, and night you seem to be at that organ.

BETTS. Why, sir, it's part of me. Nearly forty years since I played the first anthem on it. Think of the joy and sorrow it has accompanied in that time. It's a living thing. My wife, my son, and my little girl used to listen to it. Somehow, it seems to bring me nearer to them.

JOHN. [*Taking his hand*] Ah—old friend. Many a time has your uncomplaining nature taught me how to endure.

BETTS. Sure it doesn't disturb you?

JOHN. Its tones are always soothing to me, and tonight, more than ever, I want to hear them.

BETTS. "No one to love, no one to caress." [*Exit, R.3.E., singing to himself as he goes out*]

JOHN. [*Looks out of window, C.*] How hard it is snowing. When I think of my loved ones sheltered from harm, how I pity any poor creatures who may be out in such a storm. [*Comes down, R. Looking off, L.1.E.*] They've all retired. I could almost have asked Betts to remain here with me. I have such a feeling of unrest. Except for the storm outside, everything is still. And yet the very stillness of the room speaks a nameless dread. The shadows from the firelight seem to shape themselves into shapes of warning—all pointing to me. I fear no foe; why should thoughts like these oppress me—[*Leans back, supporting himself with both hands upon the table. The soft tones of the organ are heard. Lights small taper from the candle, then extinguishes candle*] I will go into the church and, in the chancel where I offer up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving before my congregation, I will pour out my heart—alone—[*Ascends stairs, R.U.E. As John reaches the first landing, there is heard a tapping at the window. He pauses, his face towards the room,*

*and listens. He then ascends the steps to the second landing. Meanwhile, at the window the white face of Phyllis is seen, as she leans against the window frame for support. She is still in her ball dress, her wrap thrown over her, the snow falling on her partly uncovered head]*

PHYL. [*Feebly moaning*] Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Van Buren.

JOHN. [*Stops on the second landing and listens intently*] What is that?

PHYL. [*As before*] Mr. Van Buren.

JOHN. Is it fancy that changes the sound of the organ into the tones of a voice calling upon me? [*Hearing nothing more, he turns and passes into the church. The darkness of the room increases as his light disappears. Phyllis leaves the window. A moment later the door, R.2E., is opened and she staggers into the room, closes the door by falling back against it, her arms extended, clutching the portières*]

PHYL. [*Low*] You told me, when my cross was heavier than I could bear, to come to you. It is—it is—[*Phyllis sinks down at the steps; as she lies sobbing, the sound of the organ dies away. A moment's silence, broken only by an occasional sob from Phyllis. John reappears with light*]

JOHN. I thought I heard a cry coming from this room. [*Phyllis utters a low, plaintive moan*] Again. [*Starts to descend when a low moan causes him to pause on the second landing*] Someone is here. [*He is coming down when a sob at his feet stops him. He holds the light aloft as he looks down*] A woman. [*He places the light in a niche at his L., and bends over her*] Some unfortunate who needs my help. [*Gently raising her, her head resting on his breast so he cannot see her face*] My poor child, what trouble has brought you to me—a night like this? Oh, how cold you are. Come to the fire. [*As they reach the spot where the light from the fireplace falls into the room, she raises her head and looks up into his face*] Phyllis! What is the meaning of this?

PHYL. I have come to tell you now what I should have confessed at first.

JOHN. [*Hardly able to speak the words*] You come to me—at such an hour—to tell me—what?

PHYL. I—I—

JOHN. Speak.

PHYL. Oh, I want to die. [*Sinking at his feet*] I want to die.

JOHN. [*Standing breathless with apprehension*] To die. Then I was not mistaken. The look I saw in your face the day you knelt by your father's bedside—the same that met my sight yesterday in the church—and again in the ballroom—tonight. I knew there was a grief you were trying to tell me, but what can it be that brings you to me like this? [*At this moment the door, R., is quickly opened and Ann Cruger enters. She is still in her ball dress*

*though warmly enveloped in her cloak. Ann, at sight of Phyllis kneeling before John, gives a half inaudible cry of despair]*

ANN. John.

JOHN. Ann. [*John turns quickly and lights candle on table*]

ANN. [*Going to Phyllis and sinking down beside her, takes her in her arms*] Phyllis. We had just arrived home. I went to prepare her room myself, and when I came downstairs, she had gone. Through this terrible storm she has walked here, John. What has she said to you?

JOHN. Nothing.

ANN. [*Aside fervently*] Thank God! [*Aloud*] Phyllis, dear, come home with me.

PHYL. [*Sobbing*] No—no.

ANN. John, you placed her in my care. She is not herself. You asked me to be her friend. I beg of you to be guided by me. Let me take her home.

JOHN. There is something she wants to tell me.

ANN. She must not. You cannot help her. I may yet find the way. John, there are times in our lives when our faith in those we trust must be absolute. Such a time has come to you and me now. Trust me and let me take her with me.

PHYL. It is only of myself that I will speak.

ANN. [*Aside, wringing her hands*] Oh! And it was I who told her to come to him.

PHYL. Let me tell him.

JOHN. I am listening.

ANN. Wait until tomorrow.

PHYL. No—no.

ANN. John, not tonight—not tonight.

JOHN. Why not tonight? She comes to me at this hour. I find her prostrate upon these steps. I hear sobs that can only come from a breaking heart. I am God's minister. Why wait until tomorrow when a heart is breaking tonight? [*Bending over her*] Come.

PHYL. No. Let me stay as I am.

JOHN. [*To Phyllis, tenderly*] If it were anyone but you, I should believe that only one misfortune could bow you in the dust like this.

PHYL. [*Slowly, raising her eyes to his*] Believe it of me.

JOHN. [*Extending his hand as though to keep back any further words she may utter*] No. [*For a moment he stands appalled, his eyes fixed upon hers. As the truth dawns upon him, he raises his eyes reverently. For a moment he looks in front of him with a dull, dead stare. Then, with a cry of pain, he suddenly buries his face in his hands, turning his back to the audience*] Oh!

PHYL. What must you think of me? Do not spare me. Nothing that you can say will be as bitter as what I have said to myself every day since I have been here. [*At this moment the organ is heard playing softly the prelude to the anthem. Phyllis, after a slight pause, turns to Ann*] I thought it would all come right. I believed so in him, and I waited—waited—

ANN. [*Takes Phyllis in her arms*] Phyllis.

PHYL. What is left for me now?

ANN. Hands that will uphold you. Hearts that will enfold you in their love.

PHYL. Everybody will despise me. [*Betts is heard singing the words, "He was despised"*]

ANN. My arms are open to you.

PHYL. They will turn me from their doors. [*Betts heard singing, "Despised and rejected"*]

ANN. My home shall be yours. [*Ann has slowly raised her head, listening to the anthem*] Because one man has been pitiless, do you think He who reads our hearts will not see all that is pure in yours? [*John turns towards them, his face grief-stricken, his eyes bent sadly on Phyllis*]

JOHN. Phyllis, tell me. The one to whom you gave your heart—?

PHYL. I am his until I die. Even beyond the grave he will have my love.

JOHN. [*After a slight pause*] Then all may yet be right. It must be! No man can be indifferent to such a love. How deep that love is, he shall learn from me.

PHYL. You?

JOHN. No longer the man you have known. Nor even the priest. It is your brother who speaks to you now. I will meet him face to face, and make him render an account to me.

DICK. [*Outside, L.I.E.*] John, are you there? [*Phyllis gives a half-stifled cry. Ann rises with a look of terror*]

JOHN. Don't be alarmed. It is only my brother Dick. [*Crosses to L.*]

ANN. [*To Phyllis*] Not a word. [*With forced calmness*] John, shall I take her with me now?

DICK. [*Outside, L.I.E.*] John, are you in the study?

JOHN. [*Holding curtains at L.I.E.*] Yes, I am here. [*At sound of John's voice, Dick stops outside door*]

DICK. [*Outside*] Oh! Just a moment with mother. Then I want to talk to you.

JOHN. I shall be here.

ANN. Come, Phyllis. [*To John*] It is late and she needs rest.

JOHN. Before she goes, there is something else left for her to tell me—his name. [*Dead pause*]

PHYL. Don't let me say any more. I should have gone away and buried my sorrow, where none of you could have seen me again.

JOHN. Has not the hardest part been told?

ANN. John, I beg of you, don't question her any more.

JOHN. [*To Ann*] Do you know?

ANN. [*Turns up, R.*] Yes.

JOHN. Does Phyllis remember when I stood by the bed of her dying father? He took my hand and, with his other placed upon your head even as mine is now, said, "I have no one to leave my little girl to—will you take care of her?" Do you remember what I replied? In this, your hour of need, will you not let me keep my promise?

PHYL. Yes. You will plead with him as I cannot. He will listen to you. I won't believe he doesn't love me. His cruel words tonight—

JOHN. Tonight? You saw him tonight?

PHYL. Yes.

JOHN. In that ballroom?

PHYL. Yes. Yes.

JOHN. Do I know him?

ANN. [*Aside*] Oh, and I am powerless.

JOHN. Phyllis, tell me. [*Phyllis, with bowed head, signifies "Yes"*] I know him? Who is he? [*After a pause*] Who is he? [*Phyllis slowly raises her head as if to speak*]

ANN. [*With a cry, turns quickly to Phyllis, and presses her lips to those of Phyllis for a long kiss*] Phyllis.

PHYL. [*After a slight pause, turning, R.*] Take me away. Don't let me say any more. [*With Ann goes to chair, R.*]

JOHN. Why did you not let her speak?

ANN. What you want her to say will bring pain—

JOHN. To whom? [*Ann raises her head, with a look of supplication, to John*] What is it you both know and are trying to keep from me? [*Looks towards the door at which Dick's voice was heard. Then at the two women. Pause*] Phyllis, you are not strong enough at present to return home with Ann. [*Taking her hand and leading her to R.3.E.*] I want you to rest here a moment. [*Exit Phyllis. He closes door and turns to Ann, who has gotten round to back of table. Organ heard*] If anyone can make this blow less bitter, Ann, you are that one. Speak—

ANN. I cannot—oh, I cannot.



JOHN. Because it is my brother! [*Ann, unable to reply, bows her head on her breast. With a groan, he falls into chair, his arms extended across table*]

ANN. [*Tenderly, approaching him*] John! [*Kneeling by his side, tearfully*] If I could only suffer for you!

JOHN. [*His arm around her as she looks wistfully into his face*] Always faithful. When days are darkest, you are closest to my side. Whenever affliction comes, you are near to soothe and comfort. You tried so hard to spare me. God reward you! [*Pointing to chapel, R.3E.*] Go to her. [*Ann goes toward R.3E.*]

DICK. [*Outside, L.1E.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! No fear. I'll not keep him up long. [*John rises and stands with his eyes fixed on L.1E.*]

ANN. [*Turning*] John, remember he is your brother.

JOHN. [*Immovable, his eyes fixed on the door*] I shall not forget that she loves him. But close the door and do not interrupt us. [*Almost in a whisper*] Go. [*Ann, with a look of fear, goes out, R.3E., and the door is heard to close. Enter Dick, L.1E. His manner is light and careless and his face slightly flushed with wine. He must not show the least sign of intoxication, his condition simply being that of a man exhilarated from drinking several glasses of wine*]

DICK. [*L., coming down steps*] Hello, John. Mother didn't want me to keep you up. Why, you are as great a night owl as I am. [*Comes down and brings a chair from up L. down to L. of table*] I've been at the club. I knew I couldn't sleep. Saw your light in the window. You keep it for the unfortunate. Well, here I am! [*Throwing himself in chair, L. of table*] Been in bad luck tonight. [*With dogged firmness, bringing his hand down on table*] But I'll pull through. [*Suddenly stopping and looking up, then laughs*] There, old fellow. You don't know what I'm talking about. That affair concerning Ann Cruger. I've had a little setback. But her father and I had a talk after we left the Opera House. As a man of the world, he understands. Come, John, be sociable. If I didn't have you to come to sometimes—do you know, there's nothing quiets me like one of those old-time talks with you. [*Looking vacantly before him*] I think you're right, old fellow. "The game isn't worth the candle." Some nights, after I've been stirring things up in that cauldron downtown, I come back here—[*Suddenly changing*] Oh, if I'm not careful, I'll end in Bloomingdale. There's only one way out of it. It will all end the day I stand before St. Mildred's chancel rail and hear you speak the words that will make Ann Cruger my wife.

JOHN. [*Who, during the above, has remained motionless, his eyes fixed on Dick*] I would sooner speak the words that consign your body to the grave.

DICK. [*Startled, looks at him*] John, what's the matter with you? What are you looking at me in that way for? [*Rising*] Brother!

JOHN. [*With calm intensity*] Take it back. No one shall call me brother whom I call scoundrel. [*Fist on table*]

DICK. [*Not entirely himself*] John!

JOHN. Shall I tell you why you cannot sleep? Why you try to drown your thoughts in dissipation at your club? Because you cannot think of the man we both called father and look at what you have done.

DICK. You've discovered who the woman is—

JOHN. Yes, the woman to whom I gave shelter under this roof—and yet you said nothing.

DICK. My interests demanded that I give her up. And I did. I am no better than the rest of men. There's no use talking about it now. With Cruger's assistance, I mean to marry his daughter.

JOHN. The world condemns a woman for one fault, yet permits a man to wreck a human life. And still thinks him worthy to offer himself in marriage to another.

DICK. [*Angrily*] John, you've said enough. What right have you to call me to account?

JOHN. Stop!

DICK. You say I'm not to call you brother. What are you, then, that I should listen?

JOHN. Conscience—since yours is dead—a conscience against which you need not try to close your ears, for I will cry with a voice so loud that, though you shut yourself in vaults of steel and fortify yourself with mountains of gold, I will pierce them all until I reach your heart. [*Dick starts towards L.*] Before you cross the threshold of that door, I want a promise.

DICK. What promise?

JOHN. That you will make Phyllis Lee your wife.

DICK. Impossible.

JOHN. She came to the house of God for refuge. Her minister will see that grace is done her.

DICK. I've determined what to do, and nothing can change me. [*Goes down, L.C.*]

JOHN. [*To him*] Then I put aside my calling—all kinship between us—and stand before you man to man. Will you make Phyllis Lee your wife?

DICK. No.

JOHN. Do you know what that refusal means to her?

DICK. Since you care so much for her yourself—

JOHN. Don't say it—

DICK. If you love her—

JOHN. [*Angrily, raising his arm to strike him*] You—

MRS. VAN B. [*Outside, L.I.E.*] Boys! [*John gradually lowers his hand*]  
Boys!

JOHN. [*Apart*] I now see the wisdom of God in permitting her to be blind. She cannot see the shame stamped upon your face. [*Mrs. Van Buren appears, L.I.E. Dick goes to chair by fire*]

MRS. VAN B. [*L.C.*] My boys, do you know what time it is? Almost three o'clock. You bring your old mother to you just as you used to when you were little fellows, and would lie awake and talk until I came to stop you. Ah, you may be grown men to others, but you are still my boys. Now, which of you shall I punish for keeping the other up so late? It's Dick's fault, I'm sure. Do you remember, John, one night before the Fourth of July, when Dick put a large firecracker under your bed and set it off? And when everybody in the house rushed up to your room to see what on earth had happened, you in the middle of the room, frightened out of your wits, and the little rogue in bed pretending to be fast asleep. Ha, ha, ha!

JOHN. We were boys then, mother.

MRS. VAN B. Yes, my coming here tonight, to make you both go to bed, brings it all back to me. Dick, where are you?

DICK. [*With forced laugh, crossing to her*] Here, mother, here.

MRS. VAN B. [*Taking his hand*] You were so quiet. I didn't know but that something was the matter.

DICK. [*Laughing*] No, no—mother, dear.

MRS. VAN B. Well, I'll kiss you both good night. [*Kisses Dick, then John, who comes to her*] O John, have you been telling Dick about Bess?

JOHN. [*Crosses back to table, C., with an effort at calmness*] No—no—

MRS. VAN B. Well, then, I'll tell him. Dick, it seems that Bess—[*Bess's head appears from between the folds of the portières, L.I.E.*]

BESS. O angel, please let me tell him—

MRS. VAN B. What! You downstairs?

BESS. [*Comes down steps. She has on a dainty little night wrapper*] Yes. I couldn't sleep. I don't think I'll ever sleep again. I heard Dick's voice and I couldn't keep under the bedclothes. [*Comes down to Dick who sits in arm-chair before fireplace. Sits on his lap affectionately*] Dick, did you think I could tell all the others and forget you? Dick, I'm going to be a bride—a real one. I told brother John, and he sent me to angel. I didn't come to you

because I knew anything I wanted, you'd let me have—even if it were a husband. Guess whom I'm engaged to?

DICK. Alec Robinson.

BESS. [*Disappointed*] Somebody told you! [*Pointing*] Now, brother John, you've been telling him about it all this time.

JOHN. No, dear, we've been speaking of something quite different.

BESS. [*To Dick*] Well, angel says, when we are older, she sees no obstacle to our marriage. [*Sighs*] She thinks it will be about five years. My, that's a long time! But Alec's worth the delay. [*Sinks on knees*] And I'm so happy. [*Dreamily*] Just think what it is to a young girl who loves someone with all her heart and soul—to have him take her to a nice little home—all their own—and call her his wife. [*Feelingly*] O Dick, if you only knew what that means to a woman! Congratulate me, Dick.

DICK. [*Who has listened impassively, draws her tenderly to him*] I do, little one. [*Kisses her*] I do. [*Bess goes to John*]

JOHN. May no tears ever dim these eyes except such as we shed in sympathy for those less fortunate than you are. God bless you, darling. There—run along with angel. [*Bess goes out, L.I.E., with Mrs. Van Buren. John approaches Dick, who is still seated in chair, and stands behind him*] Tonight I have heard two confessions of love in this room—one from Phyllis Lee, the other from our little Bess. [*At the moment Dick shows that his sister's words have moved him. John observes this and tenderly places his hand on Dick's shoulder*] Suppose someone dealt with our sister as you are dealing with Phyllis Lee?

DICK. O God! [*Dick, with a cry of horror, starts to his feet, instinctively clenching his fists. Then, with a sob, falls back into the chair, utterly broken*]

JOHN. If I have lost the power to plead with you, let her innocent tongue speak for me. Not as the man now, but as your brother once more, I beg, I implore, do what is right. Give me your hand. Be my brother Dick again. [*Dick slowly rises, goes to John and takes his outstretched hand*] Give me that promise!

DICK. I do.

JOHN. You will make Phyllis Lee your wife?

DICK. Yes.

JOHN. Not because I want you to, but because your heart turns of itself towards the woman over whose letter I found you that night with bowed head?

DICK. Yes. [*John presses his hand and goes to chapel door which he quietly opens. The low sobbing of a woman is heard. Listening*]

JOHN. Phyllis. [*Calling*] Ann. [*Ann appears at door, R.3.E., looks at John, reads the truth in his face, then retires to the chapel. In a moment Phyllis appears*] Phyllis, my brother has something to say to you. [*He goes L., the firelight falling strongly on his face. Ann appears at door, R.3.E. Phyllis has come forward, R.C.*]

DICK. Phyllis, is there love enough left in your heart for me, to forgive all the misery I have caused you? [*Phyllis turning to him wistfully*] Not yet, not yet. I could better hear your reproaches than what you are about to say. False to myself, false to those at home, false to you, I come with my eyes open at last. Phyllis, I want you to be my wife.

PHYL. [*Tearfully, coming to him*] O Dick. You do love me, then?

DICK. Yes. [*Dick's head gently sinks upon her shoulder*]

JOHN. [*Comes to C., front of table*] One thing more. She will return with Ann tonight. Let her bear your name.

DICK. Whenever you will.

JOHN. Now.

DICK. And the words that will make her—my wife?

JOHN. [*Approaching the table, placing his hand on the prayer book*] I will—speak—them.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE: *The sitting room. Same as Act I. Afternoon of Memorial Day, 1889. Where the trees and vines in Act I were bare, foliage is now seen through the window. The rays of the setting sun come into the room through the open window.*

DISCOVERED: *Betts seated in alcove, up L., chess board on lap with chess. On stand by him lies a newspaper containing a chess problem, in which he is rapt. Moving a piece, he hums, pleased; he takes back the move and is silent while he ponders. Mrs. Van Buren coming downstairs, R.3.E.*

BETTS. [*Seated L. of table*] The most difficult problem I ever found in a newspaper, and I've been working the chess columns for years.

MRS. VAN B. [*R. of table, C.*] Still on the problem, Mr. Betts?

BETTS. Joe Randolph and I work 'em out together and divide the prize. Joe makes his living at it.

PHYL. [*Enters, L.2.E., with wreath of flowers on tray. Coming down*] Mother.

MRS. VAN B. My daughter. After our drive Bess and I called upon Ann. The steamer didn't reach quarantine till late last night, so she couldn't get home till this morning.

PHYL. [*L.*] She must be very anxious to see the rectory once more.

MRS. VAN B. I feel as if my own child had come back to me. Eighteen months since she went away—two weeks after your marriage. [*To sofa, R.*]

PHYL. Yes. [*Down L.*]

MRS. VAN B. [*Sits on sofa*] I shall never forget that night after the Charity Ball, when Ann came upstairs to my room and told me that early the next morning Dick had to go away and that you and he had arranged to be married that night. To think that you and Dick loved each other and I didn't know it! It was only after John pronounced you man and wife, and Ann made everything clear to me, that I recovered from my surprise. But what detains Bess?

PHYL. [*Crosses, C.*] Didn't she come in with you?

MRS. VAN B. No. She went up to the corner to see Judge Knox's regiment pass by. She said the parade today was beautiful. Dick used to be her companion always on Memorial Day. My boy!

PHYL. [*Crosses to Mrs. Van Buren*] You were very proud of him, were you not, mother?

MRS. VAN B. Yes, but that unconquerable spirit of his always caused me anxiety. He was always first in every undertaking, until the day he made the whole business world acknowledge him its master.

BETTS. [*Aside*] And that night he dropped down on his office floor—dead. [*Continues his game*]

PHYL. [*Kneels*] A year and three months since he was taken from me.

MRS. VAN B. [*Feeling the flowers*] Why, you've been cutting some flowers.

PHYL. I am making a wreath.

MRS. VAN B. Every week has its Memorial Day for you. But, though a whole nation mingles its tears today, it strews its flowers of hope; so let us keep in the sunlight, not in the shadow.

BETTS. [*With a sudden ejaculation*] I've done it!

MRS. VAN B. Solved the problem, Mr. Betts?

BETTS. [*Gathering up the pieces, hat, and chess board, and starting to go, R.*] Exactly what I've done. Wager Joe Randolph hasn't come anywhere near it. I'll go show him how to do it. [*Chuckling*]

PHYL. [*Crossing to him*] Mr. Betts, you told me this morning you would postpone your visit to Woodlawn until the day had grown quiet.

BETTS. Yes.

PHYL. Will you see me before you go? [*Betts nods assent and, with chess board under his arm, exit, R.C., humming "See the conquering hero comes."* Phyllis crosses to piano and plays a low, sweet air. Bess, laughing, runs on, C. from R.]

BESS. [*Sits, C.*] Judge Knox looks just magnificent on his black charger in his colonel's uniform. If I were the enemy—well, I wouldn't have the heart to shoot a sight like that. Mrs. Knox passed him in her victoria. The judge made his horse prance, and saluted her; and she waved her handkerchief frantically. Ha, ha, ha! Such fun!

PHYL. [*At piano*] Alec belongs to the same regiment, doesn't he?

BESS. [*Rising, with a sudden change of manner, her chin in air*] You mean Mr. Robinson? I believe he does.

MRS. VAN B. [*Significantly*] Mr. Robinson! Oh!

PHYL. There has been a little difficulty between you—and—Mr. Robinson?

BESS. [*With a toss of her head*] An insurmountable difficulty. Angel and Phyllis, you will oblige me by not alluding to that person in my presence again.

MRS. VAN B. Then you're not in the same frame of mind?

BESS. No. The frame's broken. [*Goes up to the window in alcove, L., and takes in a large American flag which is supposed to be hanging over window sill. Enter John from study, R.2.E.*]

JOHN. [*To C.*] Phyllis, was it you I saw in the conservatory just now?

PHYL. [*Rising*] Yes.

JOHN. I spoke to you, but you didn't answer.

PHYL. [*Rising and taking flowers from top of piano where she has placed them*] I was so intent on what I was doing that I didn't hear you. [*Crosses to John*]

JOHN. I'm glad to see you so contented—your life so peaceful. It is a solace to us all. Go, finish your wreath. [*Exit Phyllis, L.2.E.*]

BESS. [*Coming down with flag*] Hello, brother John, I have something to communicate to you.

JOHN. [*C.*] Indeed. What is it?

BESS. [*L.*] It's off.

JOHN. What is off?

BESS. Mr. Robinson. I mean our engagement; tell you all about it tonight. [*Crossing, R.*] I wouldn't marry Alexander Robinson if there were nobody left in the world but—Fijis. [*Throws flag on sofa, R., and exit upstairs, R.3.E.*]

JOHN. I suppose I shall have a call from Alec. Mother, tell me about Ann.

MRS. VAN B. Strange. Ann's first words after I kissed her were, "Tell me about John."

JOHN. Mother, since she went away, as the days have gone by, I have missed her from her accustomed place. The world has seemed different to me. My work has been harder. Even the old rectory became gloomy without her. But now that she has come back again—O Mother, even you do not know what she has been to me.

MRS. VAN B. My boy, because your mother cannot see, do you think all things are hidden from her?

JOHN. In every thought of my life, I have somehow placed you and her together.

MRS. VAN B. While we have many friends, we have but one mother, and there is only one besides our mother who can share a confidence like her.

JOHN. True. [*Music*]

MRS. VAN B. [*Rises; starts to go, R.2.E., turns and comes down to John*] You see at last what I have known all along—that between you and Ann the feeling is not—friendship. [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

JOHN. No, mother. Great as my love was for that poor child, above and beyond it there has been a love not unknown—only misunderstood. But after what has passed between us, would she understand? Between us now there can be only friendship. [*Exit, L.2.E. Enter Bess down steps, R.3.E., with a large package*]

BESS. I saw him coming up the street. [*Places package on sofa, R.*] Now, Mr. Robinson, I'll make you think you're on a transatlantic steamer, with an iceberg very near you. Here he comes. I must compose myself. I'll pretend to be happy. [*Crossing to piano, R.*] Of course there's no pretense about it, when I am happy. [*With broken voice*] Very, very h—happy. [*Singing song from "Mikado," "I am happy, oh, so happy, always laughing, nectar quaffing," etc. Enter Alec, R.C., dressed as a private of Judge Knox's regiment. He also carries a package. He stands on the threshold*]

ALEC. [*Dignified*] Miss Van Buren.

BESS. [*Paying no attention, sings*] "I am happy—oh, so happy!"

ALEC. Miss Van Buren.

BESS. [*Stopping*] Oh—Mr. Robinson. Pardon me, I was so occupied with my music. Will you walk in?

ALEC. Thank you. [*Coming down to L. Pause*]

BESS. Did you call to see my brother John or angel?

ALEC. [*L.*] I called to see you.

BESS. [*Crossing to R.C., sitting on sofa. Formally*] Oh! Be seated!



ALEC. You are very kind. [*Sits awkwardly on edge of chair, holding package on his knee*]

BESS. Shall I ring for a messenger to put your package on the table?

ALEC. Thank you. [*Coming down to L. Pause*]

BESS. Very fine weather we are having.

ALEC. Very. [*Short, awkward pause*] Made the marching very pleasant today.

BESS. Did you parade with the regiment today?

ALEC. Of course. Didn't you see me?

BESS. [*With a dignified shake of her head*] No. [*Alec appears crushed*] As you remarked that you came to see me, will you kindly state the purpose of this interview?

ALEC. I should have called this morning, only I was obliged to take my place in the ranks.

BESS. In the ranks—yes.

ALEC. [*Hurt*] If I am only in the ranks, it is because—

BESS. When Judge Knox married your aunt, he put you there.

ALEC. I am proud to acknowledge Judge Knox as my colonel. There are worse soldiers than Uncle Pete.

BESS. [*With a significant look*] Much worse.

ALEC. Miss Van Buren, your joking is ill-timed. [*Rising*] We will conclude this interview.

BESS. The sooner, the quicker—[*Rising*] I mean, the better.

ALEC. [*Placing his bundle on the table*] I came to return your presents. They are in that box.

BESS. [*Up, taking her package and placing it on table*] This bundle contains yours. I had intended sending it. If you care to open the bundle and count them, you will find them all there. The only regret is that it is out of my power to return the Huyler's candy and the ice-cream sodas with which you have favored me.

ALEC. Don't mention them. They are counterbalanced by the silk handkerchiefs which you have embroidered for me, and which, I am sorry to say, have been lost in the wash.

BESS. Your letters are there. You may need them again. They will spare you the pain of composing. I couldn't find your last. When I do, I will mail it to you. It must have been mislaid.

ALEC. [*Pointing to portion of envelope sticking out of the bosom of her dress*] What's that?

BESS. Oh! It must have slipped there—by accident.

ALEC. I thought I recognized my envelope. That's my color.

BESS. [*Returning it*] Crushed strawberry. How fitting!

ALEC. Now that this painful interview is over, I will take my leave.  
[*Going up, R., with hat*]

BESS. [*Crossing, R., and seating herself at piano*] I'm so happy—oh, so happy.

ALEC. Of course you are aware that you are all wrong.

BESS. [*Turning on piano stool*] Excuse me, I am aware of no such thing. The fault is all on your side.

ALEC. [*With a polite bow*] I hope I am too much of a soldier to contradict a lady. [*Goes C. and puts helmet on chair*]

BESS. [*Turns the other way*] It's a pity you didn't have on your uniform last night when the difficulty happened.

ALEC. [*Coming down*] There's sure to be a row between somebody whenever Mrs. Homer G. Putnam has private theatricals for her waifs. You had no right to stand at the side with Jack Dexter and laugh at me going through my scene in "As You Like It."

BESS. [*Rising and coming to C.*] Jack Dexter asked me if I didn't think it was ridiculous for Mrs. Putnam to cast you for Charles, the Wrestler. When I saw you in that close-fitting costume, I couldn't help laughing. Everybody laughed.

ALEC. Jack Dexter thought it was ridiculous, did he? Why didn't they get someone else to play the part? I'm black and blue already from the rehearsals. It may be Shakespeare's conception of the part to have Orlando throw the wrestler. I haven't said anything. But you just wait till the night of the performance. I'll make Jack Dexter sorry he ever played Orlando.  
[*Starting upstage*] Good-bye.

BESS. [*Unconsciously picks up a corner of the flag, swinging it to and fro nervously*] I hope, although we are about to part—[*With effort*] forever—that you will do nothing rash.

ALEC. [*Taking up the other corner of the flag and swinging it nervously*] Oh, I don't care what becomes of me now. Nothing would please me better than for a war to break out tonight and me to be ordered to the front.

BESS. [*Softening*] But—you might get shot.

ALEC. [*Carelessly*] Oh, yes. Five or six bullets in me now wouldn't make much difference.

BESS. Although you are nothing to me any longer, I shouldn't like to hear of such an accident happening to you.

ALEC. I suppose, when the tidings came, you would go to the piano and sing [*Singing in broken voice*] "I'm so happy—oh, so happy."

BESS. [*Tearfully*] N—n—no, I wouldn't, Alec.

ALEC. Y—y—yes, you would, Bess.

BESS. [*Crossing, L., still retaining end of flag*] You see if I will.

ALEC. [*Starting to go upstage, still retaining end of flag*] Farewell, Miss Van Buren.

BESS. [*Pulling him back*] You seem to be in a terrible hurry to go, Mr. Robinson.

ALEC. I don't think this agony is good for us.

BESS. [*Getting up to sofa, R.C., sniffing*] No—

ALEC. One last word. If you are ever in need and want a friend, come to me.

BESS. O Alec, you are so noble!

ALEC. Farewell.

BESS. G—good—bye.

ALEC. Another last word. When I find somebody else to take your place—  
[*Bess begins to cry*] though I may give her my hand, my heart belongs to you. [*Bess puts her head on Alec's shoulder, sobbing. During the above, they have gradually enveloped themselves in the flag. In their efforts to wipe away their tears with the corners of the flag, they bring it over their heads and sit precipitately upon the sofa, entirely concealed under the folds of the flag. Enter Judge Knox, R.C., dressed as a colonel of the National Guard*]

JUDGE. [C.] Is my wife here? She promised to come with a carriage and take me home—and my wife never forgets. [*Absently places his helmet on Alec's head and comes down, C. Bess and Alec push sofa back*] Cruger never forgets me, either. I met Cruger today and he indulged in one of his Stock Exchange jokes. He said if my horse and I were done in bronze, we'd make a splendid equestrian statue for the Old Ladies' Home. [*Crossing, R.*] I'll get even with Cruger for that yet. [*Goes to R.2.E.*] Ah, there she is. [*Alec and Bess, still enveloped in the flag, rise with the Judge's helmet on top of them, and cross the room to the alcove, sitting in the rocking-chair*] My heart fairly flutters at the sight of her. Coming, sweetheart. [*Turns to get his helmet and is amazed at finding it gone. Looks around room*] I could have sworn I left my hat there. [*Seeing it in alcove, startled*] How the devil did it get up there? [*Alec and Bess rock violently, the Judge watching the movement, dumbfounded*] Eh? [*Goes R. and calls*] Sweetheart! Sweetheart! [*Enter, R.2.E., Mrs. Knox, formerly Mrs. De Peyster, followed by Mrs. Van Buren*]

MRS. K. Peter, dear, what's the matter?

JUDGE. Look into my eyes. Are my pupils dilated? Do you notice any incipient traces of insanity about me?

MRS. K. Why, Peter!

JUDGE. I placed my hat there. Then I found it there, and saw it move there. [*Bess and Alec rock again*]

MRS. K. Good gracious! There's something under the flag. [*Judge goes up, C., throws back the top of the flag, discovering Alec and Bess in the act of kissing, unconscious of everything around them. Bess gives a slight cry. They rise quickly and stand with flag partially around them*]

JUDGE. [L.C.] There are two somethings.

MRS. K. [C.] Alec.

ALEC. [*Up L.*] We claim the protection of our country's flag.

MRS. VAN B. [*Down R.*] What are you doing, Bess?

BESS. [*Up L.*] Standing by the flag, angel.

ALEC. We were only looking for a quiet spot.

JUDGE. Well, I hope you'll find it soon—for your methods are not only original, but decidedly outré.

BESS. Please excuse us. We didn't hear anybody come in.

MRS. VAN B. Then you have patched up your little difficulty?

BESS. [*Business with flag*] Yes, we are in the same frame again.

JUDGE. And a very pretty chromo you make. [*Bess comes to Mrs. Van Buren*] Young man, does your financial condition warrant your assuming the responsibility of paying this young woman's board bills, for the balance of the term of your natural existence?

ALEC. [L.] Now, Uncle Pete, don't joke; I don't like jokes.

JUDGE. [L.C.] What's that?

MRS. K. [C.] Quite true, Peter, Alec could never bear to receive or play a joke.

JUDGE. I think, sweetheart, that you do our nephew a great injustice. I think that, with his sense of humor, he would not be averse to a joke—if it were a corking good one. [*Alec laughs. Bess starts to take package from table*]

ALEC. I'll carry them, Bess. [*Going upstairs, R.3.E., with package*] I mean to carry your burdens all through life.

BESS. [*Apart*] Alec, I'll sort all your letters over again and tie them all up with fresh ribbon. [*Exeunt Bess and Alec, R.3.E., upstairs*]

MRS. VAN B. [R.] Judge, did you have a hard day's march?

JUDGE. A hard day's ride. They sent me a car horse to parade on. Every time my sword clanked, he thought it was the car bell, and stopped. Nothing could induce him to go on but clanking it again.

MRS. K. [*Seated at table, C.*] I hope, darling, you were in no danger on such an animal.

JUDGE. Your darling hasn't been so shaken up since he went to Chicago on the B. & O. The next time I parade, I'll go down to Chambers Street and get a horse out of a harness store.

MRS. VAN B. [R.] Let me get you a cup of tea, judge. It will refresh you.

MRS. K. [C.] Yes, Peter, do. Nothing restores the tissue like tea.

JUDGE. [L.] Very well. My four hours on that Arabian steed caused a desire for something soothing. [*Aside*] I'll stand up and take a little tea.

MRS. K. I'll go with you, dear. I know just how he likes it.

MRS. VAN B. One year yesterday since you were married.

JUDGE. I'd like to begin with yesterday and live it backward. You don't mind a couple of old spoons, do you?

MRS. VAN B. Old spoons? No. It is a part of the family silver that we ought never to permit to grow tarnished.

MRS. K. Our occasional little rubs only serve to make brighter this piece of precious metal.

JUDGE. [*Playfully*] Oh, go along now! [*To Mrs. Van Buren*] There is only one thing that mars our otherwise harmonious career.

MRS. K. Indeed, what is that, dear?

JUDGE. That's the parrot. I am awakened every morning by that parrot's screaming, "De Peyster, De Peyster, it's time to get up!" Good heavens! Suppose De Peyster should get up? [*Mrs. Knox is much shocked*] My dear, I wish you would teach that bird that I am not De Peyster. [*Enter Jasper, R.2.E. Lights a piano lamp, gets flag, puts sofa downstage, lights three lamps in alcove, and exit, L.2.E.*]

MRS. K. Very well, Peter. Polly shall go into another room.

JUDGE. [*Aside*] If it doesn't, I'll give Polly a powder and turn Polly into a bird of Paradise. [*Exeunt Mrs. Van Buren and Mrs. Knox, R.2.E. Enter John, L.2.E.*] O John, have you seen Ann?

JOHN. Not yet.

JUDGE. I'm glad of that. I want to ask your help in a matter that concerns her deeply. I'm her godfather, you know, and ever since she was a little child, she has poured out her troubles to me. Now I've discovered that she's in love.

JOHN. Ann!

JUDGE. Cupid has fired into her heart everything that he had—quiver and all. I've had some experience myself, and I know what I'm talking about.

JOHN. Who is it Ann loves?

JUDGE. I prefer to keep his name to myself for the present. She went away on his account—some misunderstanding.

JOHN. Misunderstanding?

JUDGE. Now, of course, John, there's nothing that would please you and me so much as to see Ann happily married.

JOHN. She would be happy with him?

JUDGE. Oh, the man loves her. [*John turns away slightly*] I never felt so positive of it as I do at the present moment. [*Crosses to R.*] Now you talk to her, John—make her tell you the truth—the whole truth. I think you'll marry her soon. [*Music. Exit, R.2.E.*]

JOHN. Ann has given her love to someone. She will become a wife. Well, she will be happy. And her husband—whoever he may be, he must be happy in her love. O Ann, in this the bitterest loss of my life, I shall be without your help. I must suffer alone. [*He falls into chair, his head upon his arms on the table. Ann, who has passed the window on the landing, is coming down the steps, R.3.E. Then she descends*]

ANN. [*R.C.*] John!

JOHN. [*Starts, rises, and takes her hands*] Ann! Ann!

ANN. I'm—I'm glad to see you, John. [*Pressing her hand to her face for a moment as though a little faint*] I declare, the happiness of being home again is harder to withstand than the sorrow of parting. John, I just passed the old window seat where we used to sit and read together, and, I know you'll think me foolish, John, but before coming down to you, I sat there and had a good cry.

JOHN. Ah! Then you were glad to get back to the old rectory, weren't you?

ANN. Glad! Why, just now I stole into the house on purpose that nobody might know I was here, so I could go to every familiar nook and corner and say "How de do" to them all, after being away from them so long.

JOHN. They have missed you.

ANN. [*Sitting on chair, L. of table*] And I have missed them. Not a day went by—not an hour, that my thoughts didn't turn from the scenes through which I was passing to the old rectory of St. Mildred's—and my heart never failed to follow my thought. Ah, John, it is over a year since I said good-bye to the dear old place.

JOHN. Ann, you went away with trouble at your heart of which you told me nothing.

ANN. John.

JOHN. I have learned it from others.

ANN. Learned what?

JOHN. That you went away because of a misunderstanding between you and someone you love. Let me hear it from your own lips, that I may be sure.

ANN. [*Agitated*] I—I—cannot speak of it to you.

JOHN. [R.] I may be able to help you.

ANN. My love is hopeless.

JOHN. Then there is someone that you love?

ANN. [*Lowering her eyes*] Yes.

JOHN. Who loves you?

ANN. No.

JOHN. You went away to avoid him?

ANN. Yes, yes.

JOHN. You love him so much?

ANN. [*Going to C.*] More than he will ever know.

JOHN. Ann, do you think I will let a misunderstanding keep you away from the man you love when I know that he loves you? Judge Knox told me. He told me to come to you. [*Earnestly*] And do you think he would let me speak to you unless he were sure?

ANN. I—I don't know. I never in my life was quite so perplexed.

JOHN. Ann, it was in this very room, over this table, just as we are now, that I told you of a love that seemed to promise happiness. Don't shut me out of your happiness. Let me be to you now what you were then to me. Do you remember when we read together the story of David Copperfield? How the friendship between Agnes and David hid from them their love for each other?

ANN. Not from Agnes.

JOHN. True. It was only David who was deceived. And, like him, I have been blind. My love for Phyllis was like David's love for Dora. With that love I still had the friendship and sympathy of one who was to me as a sister. When Phyllis passed out of my life, I still had that friendship and sympathy and I could endure. It was only when Agnes was taken away from me that I realized what she had been to me.

ANN. [*Rising*] Then why not go to her and tell her?

JOHN. It is too late.

ANN. So David thought when he spoke to Agnes.

JOHN. But the woman I love loves someone else.

ANN. Are you sure?

JOHN. [*Up*] Yes, Ann, for it is you.

ANN. John!

JOHN. This should never have passed my lips, did I not wish you to know how dear your happiness is to me. Tell me your secret as I have told you mine.

ANN. O John, spare me; I am not myself.

JOHN. But you will tell me? You will let me help you?

ANN. You do help me, John. Have you forgotten what the feelings of Agnes were for David? When he questioned her about the man she loved, he found it was himself.

JOHN. Ann!

ANN. Now do you know why I had to go away?

JOHN. Ann—Ann—do you love me? [*Chimes*]

ANN. Yes. [*They embrace. Enter Judge Knox, R.2.E. Ann goes L.*]

JUDGE. John, did she tell you?

JOHN. Yes. [*Enter Mrs. Van Buren and Mrs. Knox, R.2.E. Judge speaks apart with Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Van Buren. Bess runs on, R.3.E., followed by Alec. Betts enters, R.C. Phyllis enters, L.2.E., with the wreath of flowers, which she gives to Betts; Betts goes up, C. Phyllis goes into alcove and takes the lamp from the mantel and places it in window*]

BESS. Brother John, it's on again for keeps. [*Bess and Alec, on stairs, R.U.E., talk confidentially. John comes down toward Ann, L.C.*]

ANN. John, shall I tell you my secret now?

JOHN. Yes.

ANN. I have loved you all my life. [*Bess on the landing with Alec. Judge and Mrs. Knox watching John and Ann, the Judge speaking of them to Mrs. Van Buren, who listens, pleased. Betts has left Phyllis and stands with the wreath on the threshold at the back, to take his departure. Phyllis placed the lamp used in Act I and Act III on the table in the alcove and is in the act of lighting it as the chimes ring out and the curtain slowly descends*]

## CURTAIN



MEN AND WOMEN  
*A Drama of Our Times in Four Acts*  
By  
Henry C. De Mille and David Belasco

“Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler, sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human.”  
Burns.

First legal and authorized publication

## THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

ISRAEL COHEN, *president of the Jefferson National Bank*

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, *the cashier*

EDWARD SEABURY, *assistant cashier*

MR. PENDLETON, *a director*

CALVIN STEDMAN, *counsel*

STEPHEN RODMAN, *governor of Arizona*

COLONEL ZACHARY T. KIP, *ex-member of Congress, at present bank examiner*

SAM DELAFIELD, *aged 26, Kate Delafield's stepson*

ARNOLD KIRKE, *stockbroker*

AGNES RODMAN, *daughter of the governor*

DORA PRESCOTT, *William Prescott's sister*

MRS. KATE DELAFIELD, *aged 26, Sam's stepmother*

MARGERY KNOX, *"Our cousin from the West"*

MRS. JANE PRESCOTT, *William Prescott's mother*

MRS. KIRKE, *wife of Arnold Kirke*

LUCY

SERVANT

WAYNE

REYNOLDS

BERGMAN

NOTE FOR STAGE MANAGER: *Pendleton and Kirke may be doubled. Servant in Act II and directors in Act III to be played by property man and carpenter.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: AT MRS. PRESCOTT'S. CLOSE OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1890.

ACT II: THE ALHAMBRA CORRIDOR, ADJOINING THE PARLORS AND THE PICTURE GALLERY AT MRS. KATE DELAFIELD'S. ONE WEEK LATER.

ACT III: THE LIBRARY IN MR. COHEN'S HOME. AFTER THE RECEPTION. THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

ACT IV: AT MRS. PRESCOTT'S. THREE MONTHS LATER.



## ACT I.

SCENE: *At Mrs. Prescott's. The close of St. Valentine's Day, 1890. A room of unique architecture and rich, but subdued decoration. The R. side occupied by a staircase leading up to a hall, in which is seen a fireplace and window, L. The fire is burning, throwing a warm red glow into the room. A door with portières, down R. An entrance, R.2.E. Through portières an alcove room is seen on L. with windows. A door with portières, down L. The C. is composed of a windowed nook, separated from the main room by portières. Outside the windows is seen Central Park with a view of the obelisk. The trees are bare, presenting the appearance of a winter afternoon without snow. The sunlight, shining across the trees of the park and through the windows, falls into the two rooms and the hallway.*

DISCOVERED: *Mrs. Prescott, standing by desk, looking at small package of valentines which she has just taken from an open drawer. Dora runs on, R.2.E., to window, C.*

DORA. Mama! Mama! Has the postman come?

MRS. P. Not yet. Are you expecting more valentines?

DORA. Yes, I haven't received the right one yet.

MRS. P. Oh! Then you are looking for some particular valentine?

DORA. Didn't you, mama, at my age?

MRS. P. [*Laughingly*] Well—I must say—

DORA. [*Laughing, pointing finger*] You needn't say at all, for your blushes betray you. What's that in your hand?

MRS. P. Valentines sent to me, a long time ago—by my sweetheart.

DORA. Papa?

MRS. P. Yes. [*Sitting*]

DORA. Well, when the parents set the example, what can you expect of the children?

MRS. P. Dora, from whom are you expecting this particular valentine?

DORA. Ned, mama.

MRS. P. Edward Seabury?

DORA. [*Kneeling down and putting her head in her mother's lap*] As if you didn't know.

MRS. P. Oh! That's why he and your brother Will walk up together every day from the bank. [*Dora, with her face still buried in Mrs. Prescott's lap,*

*nods her head*] Dora, do you know that someone else is in love with you? He spoke to me about you only yesterday.

DORA. Who?

MRS. P. Mr. Stedman. He is coming today to ask you to be his wife. So my little Dora has the choice of two good men.

DORA. Ned's my pick. I hope you agree with me, mama. What do you think?

MRS. P. When a woman gives her young love, let it be to the man whose qualities will make her look up to him, day by day, with ever increasing love, so that when she's as old as I am, she will show to her children—treasures—like these. [*Showing the package of valentines*]

DORA. Mr. Stedman may have all that, but my heart says I can look up higher to Ned.

MRS. P. Then when Mr. Stedman calls today, tell him so frankly. [*Agnes comes down the stairs, R.*]

AGNES. Dora!

DORA. Agnes!

AGNES. Has Will come?

MRS. P. The evening papers say that there's been a panic downtown. It must have detained Will at the bank.

DORA. [*Aside*] Ned, too.

AGNES. As soon as papa arrived this morning, I wrote Will a line to the bank. Something important must have detained him.

MRS. P. If Governor Rodman is as much pleased with my son Will, as I am with his daughter Agnes, this will be a happy household tonight. [*Crossing, R.*] By the way, Dora, don't forget that your cousin Kate Delafield is going to bring Margery Knox to dine with us. [*Exit, L. 3 E.*]

DORA. I've told mama about Ned, and I'm just the happiest girl in New York. Just as soon as your papa meets my brother Will, you'll be out of misery, too, won't you?

AGNES. Is it possible little Dora is talking of marriage? It seems only yesterday since my last term in our old school in Farmdale, when a little girl came into my room with red eyes and a tear-stained French grammar, and asked me to help her with her exercises.

DORA. I couldn't conjugate the verb "love" then. But I know it in French and English both now. And do you remember the last day of the term, when brother Will came to bring me home, and I introduced him to you?

AGNES. Yes.

DORA. You two didn't lose any time in falling in love, did you? And my! —wasn't brother Will gloomy when you went back home to Arizona!

AGNES. Was he?

DORA. Well, I'm not going to betray any of his secrets. But, Aggie, the moment I was done with school for good, he begged me to ask mama to invite you to spend the winter with us in New York. He said if I didn't, he'd go out to Arizona and be a cowboy, so as to be near you.

AGNES. You little chatterbox! [*Kisses her*]

DORA. I can't help it, I'm so happy. I feel like flying. Oh! There's Mr. Cohen. Well, if the president has left the bank, we can expect to see brother Will and Ned soon.

AGNES. Won't you run up to my room and bring papa down to the library? I want him to meet Mr. Cohen!

DORA. Yes. Oh! I wish Ned would come, or a valentine. [*Exit Dora. Mr. Cohen enters, L. 3 E.*]

COHEN. Miss Rodman.

AGNES. I am glad to see you, Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. Had I not felt it necessary, in such uneasy times, to remain all day at the bank, I should have called earlier. My visit this afternoon is not only to pay my respects to your father, but to speak to you. I received this morning from Washington a communication, the purport of which I have told no one. I wish to confide it first to you.

AGNES. From Washington?

COHEN. My appointment as Minister to Germany.

AGNES. Oh! Mr. Cohen, I congratulate you! [*Giving her hand*]

COHEN. Some months ago, I should have been glad to have been the recipient of such an honor. My acceptance depends now upon—

AGNES. I didn't think anything could make a German hesitate to return to the "Vaterland."

COHEN. There are two other words that he always thinks of together with Vaterland. Heimat!

AGNES. Home!

COHEN. Und Liebe. [*Agnes is silent*] You know the meaning of Liebe?

AGNES. Love.

COHEN. I wish no dearer home than this generous land has given me—no greater love than you can give—[*Agnes lets her head sink slowly. Bending over her very tenderly*] With that love, any place would be home, and no one would return more proudly than I—to the Vaterland. I have known you for a year, and for a year I have loved you. If I accept this appointment, will you let me take you with me as my wife? [*Music*]

AGNES. Before I met you, I had learned from others to admire you. But now after a year's friendship, to hear you speak as you have spoken, and not be able to answer as you desire—

COHEN. I can wait—I can wait a lifetime for your love—

AGNES. I must answer now. There is one who already holds my happiness in his keeping.

COHEN. You love someone else?

AGNES. You would have known it before, but I have been awaiting my father's arrival. It has always been his wish that, before I should promise myself in marriage, he might see and speak to the man who asked me to be his wife.

COHEN. That, then, is the real reason of Governor Rodman's presence in New York?

AGNES. Yes.

COHEN. And the man he has come so far to see?

AGNES. William Prescott.

COHEN. William? I cannot express my gratitude for the confidence you have reposed in me. May I have the pleasure of meeting your father?

AGNES. I will take you to him.

COHEN. When I told you just now, Miss Rodman—

AGNES. Agnes!

COHEN. Thank you—when I told you my good news, you offered me your congratulations. Permit me now to offer you mine. [*Exeunt, R.2.E. Enter Kate and Margery, L.3.E.*]

KATE. Come along, Margery. Here's Dora! [*Dora runs down steps*]

DORA. Cousin Kate! [*Kisses her*] Margery!

MARG. Dora! [*Kisses Dora*]

DORA. What has kept you so late?

KATE. Shopping. Margery has dragged me into every store in the city: Stern's, Altman's, Le Boutillier's, Simpson & Crawford's, Arnold & Constable's, Lord & Taylor's; and finally she insisted upon going to Macy's—and remained there until I told her that if we stayed much longer, they'd put a red star on each of us, and place us on the bargain counter.

DORA. [*Laughing*] Well, Margery, I hope you are satisfied with your first day's experience in New York.

MARG. It's a lovely town, I think—almost equal to Chicago. The Brooklyn Bridge rather disappointed me. It doesn't swing like our Chicago bridges, does it?



KATE. No. [*Crosses to L. of table, R.C., sits, laughing*] But when we drive here, we never have to stop for a steamboat to get out of the middle of the street.

MARG. That's nothing to the sights you see through the second-story windows on the elevated railroad. On one of those close curves at one time today I thought we had run over a gentleman asleep on a sofa. I never was in the bosom of so many families in one day in my life. Why, Dora, I felt like an intruder all the way up Sixth Avenue. [*Crosses to back of table. All laugh. Taking out about two dozen samples of different kinds of cloth*]

DORA. Samples!

KATE. [*L.*] Your father wrote me that, during your visit, he wanted you to see everything.

MARG. I think I saw it today!

DORA. Well, if Cousin Kate can't show you, no one else can.

KATE. You girls think because I've been married once that I know everything. I've been a widow so long that I've forgotten all I knew.

MARG. [*Spreading samples on table*] Look, Dora, tell me what you think of these. [*Dora brings small chair with back, to table; kneeling on it with hands on table*] That's my dress. I'm going to have a tea gown made of this, with a train. Wouldn't you have a train?

DORA. Um-um!

KATE. [*Back of table*] Oh! Yes!

MARG. The front part of this—[*Showing sample*] made full, you know—with a girdle of this. [*Showing another sample*]

DORA. What a beautiful shade!

MARG. Just too lovely for anything!

DORA. [*Picking out a sample*] Oh! Isn't that perfect?

KATE. I selected that.

MARG. Um-um, for a friend of mine—ball dress. She's the girl—you know—was engaged to a minister, and broke the engagement because he objected to her going to the baseball games. She'll be pleased to death with this.

DORA. Where'd you get it?

MARG. Altman's.

DORA. Let me get another light on it. Oh! How that will go with my hair! I shall get some myself.

MARG. Can't! I bought all there was—remnant—awfully cheap.

DORA. Oh! That's too bad!

KATE. Margery, I forgot to let Sam know that we should dine here to-night.

DORA. He'll find you. Wherever Margery is, there will Sam be also.

KATE. The only hard work I've ever known my stepson to attempt is his effort to follow Margery around New York. I'll send him word to come over. [*Going*] Dora, may I use your desk? [*Going L., stops, C.*]

DORA. Certainly.

MARG. [*Back to table*] Dora, you didn't see the present Cousin Kate gave me last night. [*Dora returns to table*]

KATE. [*C.*] The last five dozen that I bought in Paris.

MARG. [*Supposed to be lifting her dress just enough to show her hose*] A dozen pair—silk!

DORA. Cousin Kate gave me a dozen, too, only a different color. [*Same business as Margery*] See! [*Enter Sam, L.3.E. Seeing, with a shocked expression, throws up both hands in horror, turns his back. After a slight pause*]

SAM. [*Aside*] This is embarrassing. [*Aloud*] Ladies, may I come in? [*Business. The girls scream and separate. Margery, R., Dora, L.*]

KATE. Sam! [*Aside*] Girls, it's only my stepson.

SAM. [*Confused, nodding*] How d'ye do? Miss Dora? Good afternoon, Miss Knox!

KATE. Sammy, darling—

SAM. Mother, don't! You always treat me as if I were—[*Gesturing*] so old. If pa did leave me to you in his will, remember we are the same age.

KATE. But, my pet—[*Dora up, R. Margery back of table*]

SAM. Now, please! You've done everything but put a rattle in my hand. No wonder Margery Knox won't take me seriously. Why don't you put me in yellow knickerbockers and feed me with canary seed?

KATE. [*Crosses to R.*] Ha, ha, ha! I was just about to send you word that we should dine with Aunt Prescott tonight. [*Up the steps*] I'm going to take off my hat. Come, Margery! [*Exit Kate, R., upstairs*]

MARG. In a moment. [*Gathering her samples. Enter Mrs. Prescott, L.3.E.*]

MRS. P. Dora, Mr. Stedman has called.

DORA. Mr. Stedman! Oh, dear! Very well, mama, I'll go to him. What shall I tell him?

MRS. P. Whatever your heart bids you. [*Exit, R.3.E.*]

DORA. [*Aside*] I never refused a man before! [*Crosses*]

MARG. [*Running after her*] Come back with my samples. [*Takes sample from her back where she has stuck it on*]

DORA. [*Gives slight scream*] Ow! [*Exit, L.3.E. As Margery goes back to table, she looks steadily at Sam. Pause*]

SAM. [*Aside*] Stanley going through the heart of Africa is a Harlem ramble compared to the way that girl's glances go through me.

MARG. Mr. Delafield, do I disturb you?

SAM. Did you ever read the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den? That's how I feel when circumstances throw me into your presence.

MARG. But the lions didn't hurt Daniel.

SAM. No—but—oh, how nervous he was!

MARG. But you were not afraid of me when I was a little girl and used to come East with pa, and you would take me donkey-riding in Central Park. [*Sits*]

SAM. We were very happy in our innocent donkey-days, weren't we? [*Margery nods her head*] I've changed very much since then.

MARG. [*Knowingly*] Not so much as you think you have.

SAM. [*Aside*] She makes me feel as if I ought to sneak off somewhere and bray. [*Aloud*] Are all the girls in Chicago like you?

MARG. I'm a fair sample.

SAM. [*Aside*] I understand now why young men are recommended to go West. [*Aloud*] I'd rather have you like me than any girl in New York.

MARG. [*R.C., sitting. Aside*] I thought Chicago was a quick city, but it doesn't come anywhere near New York.

SAM. [*C.*] I hope you are going to make mother a long visit. Your father didn't limit your stay, did he?

MARG. Oh, pa lets me do whatever I please.

SAM. Pa used to let me do whatever I pleased. And now look at me. I'm an overtrained mushroom. No use to anyone on this earth.

MARG. [*Rises*] You were of use to that poor little cripple yesterday. You didn't know that Cousin Kate and I were in the carriage behind your cab. When you drew up to the curbstone and took that little ragged urchin into the cab out of the rainstorm—

SAM. [*Upstage, R.U.*] Pshaw! The horse did the work. You ought to thank him!

MARG. [*Going towards him*] Mr. Delafield, I could have taken you up in my arms and kissed you.

SAM. [*Down, R.C.*] If you talk to me like that, you'll have me driving around all day looking for urchins.

MARG. It showed me that you were a good Eastern product—only undeveloped. At least, there's no false pride about you.

SAM. What have I got to be proud of?

MARG. Much, if you'd only retire from your present business.

SAM. What's that?

MARG. Killing time. Why don't you rouse yourself?

SAM. What for?

MARG. Work.

SAM. What for?

MARG. [*Crosses, L.*] Well, what do you do for a living?

SAM. Breathe.

MARG. [*Crosses up R.*] Why don't you take a whole day off sometime, and do a little thinking?

SAM. Pa was too rich for me to think.

MARG. And I expected such great things of you, too. [*Going up steps*]

SAM. Miss Knox, is there anything this New York product can do to win your Chicago regard?

MARG. [*On landing above*] The door that leads to my heart has on it, in large letters, the word—"PUSH." [*Runs off, R.3.E.*]

SAM. From this moment, I am a working man. [*Swelling up with pride*] Strange what a feeling honest toil gives one. I don't think I can keep this up long without a tonic. I know what I'll do. I'll be a soldier—one of our standing army. The amount of work they do will just about suit me. I'll ask Colonel Kip for an appointment. He'll be here today from Washington. Let me see, where did I put his telegram. [*Fumbling quickly in his pocket. Enter William Prescott hurriedly, L.3.E. Seeing Sam, he stops*] Hello! Will!

WILL. Hello, Sam.

SAM. What's the matter? You look anxious. They tell me a cyclone swept Wall Street today. Did it affect your bank?

WILL. Been a lively day with us, watching our loans, and calling for more margins, that's all. [*Aside, anxiously*] No word from Kirke yet. [*Goes to window, C.*]

SAM. [*With a telegram in his hand*] I got this telegram from Colonel Kip today. After an emotional outburst that must have cost ten dollars, he asks where my esteemed mother will be tonight and says, "Answer quick!"

WILL. Did you?

SAM. No, I forgot it. Say, Will, if there is a pitiable spectacle before Congress now, it is Colonel Zachary T. Kip in love. I suppose he's wandering all over New York looking for my stepmother. I'll go hunt him up. If he can make *me* a soldier in twenty-four hours, I'll make him pa's successor. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

WILL. [*Up to window, looking at his watch*] Five o'clock! Why doesn't Kirke send me some word? No letter—telegram! One firm after another went down in the panic today. It seemed to me in the quiet of the bank, as the tidings came, they could hear the throbs of my heart. And I obliged to keep a cheerful face, a steady hand—and over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the bank's securities in Kirke's hands. He said he could make a half a million apiece for us, if he had them in his possession for a day. I took

them from the bank vault and gave them to him. He is shrewd and safe. But I did wrong. Nothing should have made me yield to the temptation. [*With an outburst*] Oh! I have lived a lifetime since ten o'clock this morning. [*Enter Arnold Kirke, L.3.E.*]

WILL. At last! What detained you?

KIRKE. When I found I was late for our appointment at the place we agreed upon, I hurried here.

WILL. Why didn't you send me a cipher despatch—something to let me know how the day was going with you?

KIRKE. Then you didn't receive my letter?

WILL. What letter?

KIRKE. I wrote you at noon—addressed it here.

WILL. It hasn't come. [*Without moving, glancing uneasily about*] Speak a little lower! Well?

KIRKE. Let me sit down. [*Supporting himself by table, he sways as if about to fall. William catches Kirke*]

WILL. You're as white as a sheet.

KIRKE. [*In a hoarse whisper*] Let me sit down. [*Sinking into chair*] It's been a terrible day—my strength's gone. [*William goes to sideboard in room, L.3.E., and pours out a glass of liquor. Aside*] He doesn't know yet that I used the securities he gave me, in a last effort to turn the tide. [*At this moment is heard the distant cry of two newsboys, crying "Extra! Extra!" with the sound of their voices indistinctly proclaiming the cause*]

WILL. [*Holding glass to Kirke's lips*] Here, Kirke, drink this brandy. [*Kirke drinks*] I know the market went against you in some things, but you pulled through all right, eh? After the closing quotations last night. [*With a forced laugh*] It's fortunate I sent you word not to go any further with that deal, wasn't it?

KIRKE. Yes.

WILL. Oh, what an escape! I shall return those bonds where they belong the first thing in the morning. Let me have them tonight. [*Cries nearer, "Extra! Extra!" Listens. The cry following "Extra" still indistinct*] What's that? [*Cries louder, "Extra!" "Failure in Wall St.!" William goes to window, L., pushing back portière, peers out, listening*] Another failure! [*Cries indistinctly*] What's the name? [*One of the voices heard quite distinctly, the other voice in advance of him dying away; "Extra! Failure of Arnold Kirke, Wall Street broker!" Turning*] What! Man, do you know they are calling your name? [*The voices die away*]

KIRKE. [*Immovable, looking in front of him with a dead stare, speaks in a husky voice*] That's what I came to tell you.

WILL. [*Seizing him with both hands, in hoarse whisper*] But the bonds? You don't answer; look at me! [*Kirke turns his eyes to him; whispering*] Those bonds. The securities I placed in your hands—you have not touched them? They are safe?

KIRKE. [*Almost inaudibly*] Yes.

WILL. [*With a hysterical cry, less audible than Kirke's reply*] Thank God! [*Aside, wiping his own forehead with his hand*] Poor devil! [*Aloud, feelingly*] Kirke, old fellow, if I can do anything to help you—

KIRKE. No, no!

WILL. And the bonds?

KIRKE. Let me go home, and you'll hear from me within an hour.

WILL. Without fail?

KIRKE. Without fail! [*Going towards L.3.E. Cohen's voice heard*]

WILL. [*Whose attention has been attracted, off R.2.E., starts*] Mr. Cohen, Kirke, not that way—Cohen will see you. Here! Quick! [*Hurrying him to L.1.E.*] It leads to a door on the side street. [*William puts Kirke out and draws portière. Enter Cohen, R.2.E.*]

COHEN. Ah, William, any further results heard from the panic downtown today?

WILL. They say the Acme Loan & Trust Co. will have to be wound up.

COHEN. Because of their dealings with certain brokers. It has been a terrible day. As I drove uptown just now, everybody seemed to be going along, haggard and worn out.

WILL. It's a blessing night comes, isn't it, to bring rest?

COHEN. My dear boy, the only rest a speculator gets is when he makes the deal that gives him his last bit of real estate—six by two. I have just had the pleasure of meeting Governor Rodman. William, Miss Rodman had occasion this afternoon to confide to me that she loved you. She will tell you how it came about. Believe me, I rejoice with you. [*Edward enters, L.3.E., quickly. Crosses, L., in front of him*]

EDWARD. [*C., not seeing Cohen*] Well, I feel sorry for Kirke.

COHEN. Kirke!

EDWARD. Oh, Mr. Cohen, I didn't see you.

COHEN. What about Kirke?

EDWARD. Nothing, only I met him going up the street just now. The look in his face frightened me. What he has been through today, I suppose. He only spoke a word to me.

COHEN. Edward, is Arnold Kirke a friend of yours?

EDWARD. Not particularly.

COHEN. [*L.C., meaningly*] Are you at all affected by his failure today?

EDWARD. I'm sorry the poor fellow was swamped; that's all I'm sorry for. [*Aside*] I came out three thousand ahead.

COHEN. You have been seen with him frequently of late.

EDWARD. [*Hotly*] Who says so?

COHEN. [*C.*] It matters not from whom the information first came to me. I know it to be true!

EDWARD. Well, he is a friend of mine; what of it?

COHEN. Arnold Kirke is one of the most daring speculators on the street. And the trusted officer of a bank cannot be too careful of his associates.

EDWARD. Mr. Cohen, I don't like your insinuation.

COHEN. You have more than once resented what you called my interference in your private affairs. You forget the large interests intrusted to my care. And I refuse to be responsible for a young man who declines to listen to the caution of his employer. I shall be obliged to relieve you of your duties as an officer of our bank.

EDWARD. You dismiss me?

WILL. [*Appealingly*] Mr. Cohen! [*Cohen gently extends his hand to prevent his speaking*]

EDWARD. Perhaps I deserve this, but—I—I—[*Turns away, broken down for a moment. Then, mastering himself, turns pleadingly*] Mr. Cohen, do you know what this dismissal means to me?

COHEN. [*Firmly*] As president of the bank, no other course is left me. Edward, you cannot regret it more than I—[*Going, L.3.*] William, be at the bank early tomorrow. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

EDWARD. I can thank Stedman for this. He loves Dora, and he knows that she loves me. Let Calvin Stedman keep out of my way, that's all. [*Crosses to L.*]

DORA. [*Outside, L.3.E.*] I think brother Will is here, Mr. Stedman.

EDWARD. [*Crosses to L.U.*] He's with Dora now.

WILL. [*Stopping him*] Ned, don't do anything that you'll regret.

EDWARD. I want to see him.

WILL. It will only make matters worse. [*Struggling with him*] I'll not allow you to meet him. [*Putting him in alcove window*] Here's Dora! Not a word. [*Drawing portière. Enter Dora, L.3.E., followed by Stedman*]

DORA. Brother Will! [*Kissing him*]

WILL. Ah, little one. Mr. Stedman.

STED. I want a word with you, Will.

DORA. I hope, Mr. Stedman, you won't let what I've told you, interfere with our friendship?

STED. Dora, I may speak before your brother. I cannot give up in a moment a love for you that began when you were a little girl. Let that be the pledge of my friendship for you.

DORA. Thank you! [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

STED. Will, I have just learned that your sister loves Edward Seabury.

WILL. Mr. Stedman, don't speak of it now.

STED. May I as an old friend of your family, rely upon you to prevent Dora's thinking harshly of me for whatever part I may have had, or may yet be compelled to take in his unfortunate affairs?

WILL. My sister, I know, will not be unjust.

STED. His conduct in the future will show whether he is worthy of her love.

EDWARD. [*C., throwing curtains aside*] Mr. Stedman!

WILL. Ned!

EDWARD. You've done me harm enough. It's through you that I lost my position.

STED. [*L.C.*] Oh, then you have heard from Mr. Cohen.

EDWARD. There's no fault to find with my record at the bank.

STED. Not now, perhaps.

EDWARD. Do you question my honesty?

STED. I think your dismissal came in good time.

EDWARD. You liar! [*Strikes Stedman a stinging blow in the face; Stedman strikes back. They clinch. William separates them*]

WILL. [*Holding Edward back*] Stop! Stop! I say! [*Edward sinks into chair, his face buried in his hands*]

STED. Mr. Prescott will pardon me, I know, for defending myself here in his mother's house! [*Going up*] Good day, Will. [*With his handkerchief, he wipes the side of his face that was struck, looks at the handkerchief to see if there's any blood; exit, L.3.E.*] That blow shall cost him Dora Prescott's love.

EDWARD. [*Throwing out his arms and pressing his hands to his head as he looks up in despair*] Will, how can I tell father? [*He breaks down, burying his face in his arms on the table*]

WILL. [*Standing over him, places his hand tenderly on his shoulder*] Ned, the fast life you have been leading had to end sometime and it might have been worse.

EDWARD. I don't want him to know of my disgrace.

WILL. That's the mistake that so many of us make. We hide trouble from the very one who would best help us. Go to your father, Ned, and listen to his advice. Like many another man you've caught the fever of the time. God



help the man who tries to increase his moderate, peaceful living by the quick gains of Wall Street. You have so far committed no crime.

EDWARD. [*Rising, firing up*] No! No!

WILL. You think that impossible. Every man at the *beginning* of an irregular course, thinks defalcation and disgrace impossible. But think of the long roll of sad-faced men, once honored and trusted, who, when tempted, fell. Think of those whom fathers and mothers, even wives and children, dare not mention, save in whispers and at the family fireside. Ned, even I can't advise you. Go to your father, he's the one. [*For a moment, both men, overcome, are locked in each other's arms. Edward, recovering, takes William's hand without shaking it. William, with the other hand on his shoulder*] That's right. [*Turns upstage to conceal his feelings*]

EDWARD. When Dora hears, what will she say?

WILL. She loves you, Ned. [*Dora appears on landing, R.3.E. William gives warning gesture to Edward*]

DORA. How serious you two look.

WILL. [*Aside to Edward*] I'll tell her by and by. [*To Dora*] Where's Agnes?

DORA. In the library with her father.

WILL. [*Crosses, R. Aside at door, R.1.E.*] Oh, if those bonds were only safe back in the bank vault! The lesson of today will last me to the end of my life. [*Exit, R.1.E.*]

EDWARD. I stopped in only for a moment.

DORA. Will you be back again?

EDWARD. Not tonight, Dora. I've something important to talk over with my father.

DORA. Well, I'll give you something to think of, while you are talking to him. I told mama that we loved each other, and she says it's all right. [*Lucy enters, showing in Colonel Kip, L.3.E.*]

KIP. [*As he enters*] Tell Mrs. Prescott I am pressed for time. I must be back in Washington by midnight. Fly, my girl! [*Lucy runs off, R.3.E.*] Ah, Dora—

DORA. [*Shaking hands, heartily*] How do you do, Colonel Kip; you know Mr. Seabury?

KIP. [*Shaking hands with him*] Know him! Why his father and I caught tadpoles together on the Hackensack Meadows. [*Enter Mrs. Prescott, R.3.E.*]

MRS. P. [*To R.C.*] I saw you coming up the steps.

KIP. [*Crosses to R.C., taking both her hands*] My dear friend! [*Exeunt Dora and Edward, L.3.E.*]

MRS. P. Why, only yesterday you bade us good-bye for Washington. What brings you back?

KIP. The same thing that brought Romeo under Juliet's balcony. But, somehow my moon's gone out, and I've lost my way.

MRS. P. And as usual, you've come to me to help you? [*Sits, L. of table*]

KIP. My dear friend, I will no longer keep from you the condition of my heart; it is wasting away like a chunk of ice left early in the morning on your doorstep.

MRS. P. Colonel Kip, you alarm me!

KIP. [*Bringing chair and sitting beside her*] I will confide to you my secret.

MRS. P. As if I and everybody else didn't know it already!

KIP. [*Confidentially*] I am in love with your niece, Kate Delafield. I loved her before she married Joe Delafield; I loved her all during her Delafield days. After Joe's gout had taken him to all the hot springs on earth and he went in search of those in another land, I loved her more madly than ever. I lost her once by being a day too late. This time my rival shall whistle, "Out in the Cold World."

MRS. P. Your rival? Oh, you mean the Congressman from Maine who is paying attention to Kate?

KIP. Yes, the member from Bangor. I'm glad I had business with the Controller of the Currency that took me to Washington. I ran over to the Capitol a moment. Happened to find out that the Bangorite was coming to New York tomorrow; he's going to propose to Kate Delafield, the contemptible sneak—so I thought I'd steal a march on him. I telegraphed Sammie Delafield from the Capitol corridor asking him to let me know where his mama would be at half-past five. I wanted to take her by surprise. A woman often says "yes" before she knows what she's doing. Not one word did he answer—I called at her house—out—so I came to you.

MRS. P. Well, she's here. [*Rises, goes up*]

KIP. Here! [*Rises, pushes chair back*]

MRS. P. And you shall stop and dine with us.

KIP. Eat? With that load on my heart? Why I've taken nothing since yesterday but clam juice.

MRS. P. I'll send Kate to you.

KIP. [*Stopping her*] One moment—did she mention a valentine that she received today?

MRS. P. I haven't seen her; she's upstairs with the girls. Did you send her a valentine?

KIP. A most insinuating little token. Music inside—Cupid on top. You know how fond she is of music, particularly Wagner? The first tune is a light, dreamy waltz—but the second—the Wedding March from *Lohengrin*. I gave the messenger boy implicit directions not to trust it to anybody but to give it to Mrs. Delafield herself. When she heard the Wedding March, I wonder what she thought. [*Kate is heard singing*]

MRS. P. You can ask her. Here she comes. I'll leave you.

KIP. I feel as if everything was leaving me.

MRS. P. Will she know who sent it?

KIP. I wouldn't have her know for anything in the world. But it will lead her up delicately to the subject of matrimony, eh?

MRS. P. What a diplomat you are! [*Exit Mrs. Prescott laughing, L.3.E. Enter Kate, finishing the strains of her song, and humming the air as she runs down the steps*]

KATE. Why, Colonel Kip, I'm delighted to see you.

KIP. It is worth coming two hundred and fifty miles to hear you say that. [*Aside*] I've made a good beginning.

KATE. I received a letter today from your friend, the representative from Maine; he didn't say anything about your coming to New York.

KIP. I didn't say anything either.

KATE. He says he'll be here tomorrow.

KIP. Yes, but he'll be too late.

KATE. Too late?

KIP. Oh, I mean unless he gets up very early—he'll miss the night train.

KATE. Oh, no, he means to catch the late mail.

KIP. Does he? [*Aside*] Well, he can catch all the mails he wants, as long as I catch the female.

KATE. He hopes to dine with me tomorrow night.

KIP. That's just like that man. I never could endure his intrusive ways.

KATE. [*Aside*] Jealous! [*Aloud*] For some reason you are not partial to the member from Bangor.

KIP. To be candid with you, I am not. He is forward and flippant. You will oblige me by not alluding to him as my friend again.

KATE. [*Aside*] Delicious! [*Aloud*] What is the cause of your enmity?

KIP. When I was in Congress once, I was addressing the House and urging them to remove the Navy Yard from Brooklyn to Weehawken. I was showing how New Jersey was undervalued by the United States. Said I—[*Rises*] "Vermont has her maple sugar; Illinois, her railroads; Dakota, her wheat; California, her seal rocks; but what—" [*With an impressive gesture*]

"what has New Jersey?" And what do you think that boy orator from Bangor replied?

KATE. What?

KIP. Mud! And the House roared. After that I had the *Weehawken Gazette* fling Jersey mud at him until you could plant potatoes on him. But pardon my outburst.

KATE. I'll forget all about him, colonel.

KIP. [*Aside*] I wonder by that, if she means I'm solid in her district. [*Aloud*] Mrs. Delafield, this meeting is most opportune for me. I hurried all the way back from Washington to—to—

KATE. Sit down, colonel!

KIP. [*Aside, getting his chair*] I hope she doesn't think I came all this distance only to sit down.

KATE. [*Aside*] Poor colonel, he's tried every way to make love to me but the right way. [*Aloud*] You'll go with us to the opera tonight? It's the third of *Götterdämmerung*. You know how fond I am of Wagner.

KIP. [*Aside*] She's alluding to the valentine.

KATE. [*To Colonel Kip*] You enjoy Wagner's music, too, don't you?

KIP. [*Aside*] The *Lohengrin* Wedding March has put her in the proper mood to listen to me. [*Enter Sam, L.3.E., with a very large box wrapped up in a number of colored papers*]

SAM. Package for you, mother. Found messenger boy waiting at the house and brought him along.

KIP. [*Aside, aghast*] My valentine. Then she hasn't seen it at all.

SAM. Boy hasn't been paid. Wants to know where he's to collect.

KIP. [*Aside*] Great heaven! I forgot to pay him.

KATE. I wonder what it is? Who sent it?

SAM. [*Looking at Kip*] I suspect—

KIP. [*Quickly*] Pst! Pst! [*Aside, taking bill slyly from pocket*] Give the boy this dollar—

SAM. [*Apart to Kip*] Not enough. He's been waiting forty-five minutes.

KIP. Give him a dollar besides. [*Putting money in his hand*]

SAM. Five dollars! He won't have change. [*Voice off, L.3.E.*]

KIP. [*Looking off, L.*] The boy's coming in. He'll recognize me. Get rid of the little burglar at any price! [*Exit Sam, L.3.E.*]

KATE. [*Who has been taking the papers off the package and putting them in basket under table. Aside*] Whatever this is, the colonel sent it! The dear old impostor! [*Aloud, opening it*] What is this? Candy? [*Lifting it up and examining it*] A valentine!

KIP. A valentine?

KATE. Isn't it lovely!

KIP. [*Disparagingly*] It's only a trifle!

KATE. A trifle?

KIP. [*Quickly*] No, no, lovely, magnificent! [*Aside*] A little more and I would have betrayed myself.

KATE. Here's a key. Why, Colonel KIP, if it isn't a musical valentine!

KIP. No! Is it?

KATE. Yes. [*Aside*] As though he didn't know! [*Aloud*] I wonder who could have sent it.

KIP. Evidently someone who admires you deeply.

KATE. I'm sure of that. It couldn't be—no—not yet—no—ah! Colonel, I think I know who sent it.

KIP. Do you?

KATE. I do. It was somebody who frequently goes to Washington.

KIP. [*Pleased and embarrassed*] Think so?

KATE. I'm sure of it.

KIP. [*Aside*] Clever woman!

KATE. And he hails from—Bangor!

KIP. [*Crestfallen*] That Bangorite is a thorn, but I'll cut him off from this rose! [*Aloud*] Why do you imagine that that person from Maine sent you this—er—

KATE. He is one of my most devoted admirers. [*Reading. Music Box Waltz*] "Directions. Pull Cupid's ear!" [*She does so. Valentine plays pretty sentimental waltz*] How delightful! I never had anything please me so in my life! [*Going slightly through the motions of a waltz*]

KIP. I didn't send this to have her waltz off to him. [*Suddenly struck with the tune, and listening, aside*] I don't recognize the first air.

KATE. Whoever sent it must have a soul for poetry. [*Reading*] "For music to stop, press the button." [*She does so. Music stops*] Did you ever see anything so cute?

KIP. [*Aside*] What will she say when she hears the Wedding March from *Lohengrin*? [*Aloud*] Permit me to wind the little gentleman up. If you like the first tune so much, wait till you hear the second.

KATE. Why, colonel, what do you know about it?

KIP. Eh? Oh! Er—well—er—the fact of the matter is, my dear Mrs. Delafield—I've heard these things before—they play "Annie—er—Wings" and "White Rooney."

KATE. [*During the above, with a mischievous look. She shakes her finger at him*] Colonel! Colonel! It was you who sent me this valentine.

KIP. It was—I'm not afraid to confess it now, for when you hear the next tune—

KATE. You arouse my curiosity, colonel. What is the next tune?

KIP. Something that will tell you in music the state of my feelings toward you—

KATE. The state of your feelings toward me?

KIP. Yes—listen! [*Aside*] Poor Bangor! This is an instance when Kip has the pull. [*Pulls Cupid's ear. Music box plays "Johnny Get Your Gun." Colonel is thunderstruck*] That doesn't sound like Wagner! What is it?

KATE. A request for Johnny to procure his firearm. [*Breaks into a laugh*] Colonel, I understand—you once called me a little savage—and this is your way of trying to soothe the savage—ha—ha—ha! [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

KIP. In my hurry, I sent the wrong valentine. [*To valentine, angrily*] Shut up! She'll never listen to another serious word from me again; what the devil is it you do to stop it? [*Pulls off Cupid's leg*] I've pulled off one of his legs. "Press the button." Button? Button? Where's your button? [*Pressing button*] Oh! [*Sinking into chair*] If that infernal stepson of hers had answered my telegram, my brain would have been clear when I went into the valentine store and this disaster would not have happened. Wait till he asks me to do something for him—that's all! [*Sam enters quickly, L.3.E.*]

SAM. Colonel, I got rid of him—I want you to get me an appointment in the army.

KIP. [*Rising, indignantly*] You dare ask a favor of me?

SAM. What's happened? I gave him your five dollars.

KIP. Why didn't you answer my telegram?

SAM. I forgot it. Forgive me.

KIP. Never, sir. [*Taking up box, and crossing to door*] I'll send this thing to the Society for the Prevention of Vice and ask them to stop the exposure of these little French Cupids.

SAM. [*Following him up*] But colonel—

KIP. Don't speak to me, sir. I thought Congressmen had nerve, but young man, you've got nerve enough to start a Moxie factory.

SAM. But, colonel, I want to be a soldier.

KIP. Soldier? Do you know what appointment in the Army I'd like to get for you?

SAM. What, colonel?

KIP. A target for Johnny to shoot at with his gun. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

SAM. Thinks I'd make a good target, does he? That's it—the moment I try to work, they want to put bullets in me! I'll fix him. Before he's done mak-

ing love to my stepmother, he'll need more Moxie than I can manufacture in a year. [*Exit, R.2.E. Music. Agnes comes downstairs*]

AGNES. Will? Will? Where are you? They said he had come home—  
[*Goes to door, R.1.E., and knocks*] Will!

WILL. [*Outside*] Yes.

AGNES. I'm waiting for you. [*William enters, R.1.E.*]

WILL. Agnes! [*Taking her in his arms*]

AGNES. How late you are tonight! Did you receive my note today, telling you papa had arrived?

WILL. Yes. Nothing but most important business has kept me from you so long.

AGNES. Papa is in the library. He'll be here in a moment. O Will, the time has come at last when you and my father will meet.

WILL. And then the whole world may know that you are to be my wife! Agnes, you are leaving a home where you had everything you could wish for, to become the wife of only a moderately prosperous man.

AGNES. [*Putting her arms around his neck*] My darling!

WILL. Agnes, in the hope of giving you more than I can offer now, I nearly lost you.

AGNES. Will!

WILL. I never cared for wealth until I loved you—only then, that I might place you in a home like that from which I was taking you. At night, after you and mother and Dora had all gone to rest, I have stayed awake, planning, working, scheming, to find the means. So much do I love you, Agnes—oh, what would I not do for you! Ah! But the danger is over now, and from this time forth, it shall be the care of my life to take every care out of yours. [*Dora runs on, L.3.E.*]

DORA. [*Excitedly*] Agnes! Brother Will! The postman brought all these. Margery! Margery! Valentines! Here, brother Will, here's one for you. [*Gives it to him, aside*] He'll never guess I sent it.

WILL. [*Apart to Agnes*] Dora's handwriting. [*Opening it*]

DORA. [*Reading*] "For me there's not a lock of—" [*Margery runs downstairs. Beckoning*] See, Margery! [*The girls snuggle up close together*] Ned scratched out "jet" and wrote "gold"—

"Along your temples curled—

Within whose glossy tangled net—"

Oh, yes, that rhymes with the "jet" he scratched out.

"My soul does not at once forget,

All—all the thoughtless world."

MARG. The mail bag that brought that must have dripped sugar.

DORA. Oh, I forgot. Five or six here for you. Sam gave them to me, when he came in just now.

MARG. For me?

DORA. And oh! Brother Will—there's another for you.

AGNES. Another! [*Takes it from Dora*]

MARG. Let's go up to your room and read 'em over.

DORA. Yes, let's! [*Girls run upstairs and exeunt*]

AGNES. Will, your valentine. [*Edward enters quickly, L.3.E.*]

EDWARD. Will—Miss Rodman.

WILL. You open it, Agnes. [*Agnes goes to table, takes a paper knife and opens the envelope*] What's the matter, Ned?

EDWARD. I told you I met Kirke a moment ago in the street. I was going by his house just now—saw a crowd in front of the door—I met Dr. Leland coming down the steps. While Mrs. Kirke, who had sent for him in a hurry, was telling him of her husband's condition, they heard a shot, hurried to his room, and found he had committed suicide!

WILL. Dead?

EDWARD. And I have with me now money and bonds he paid me today as my profit in a speculation. [*To Agnes*] I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Rodman; I only wanted to say a word to Will. [*Exit Edward, L.3.E.*]

WILL. [*Who has been standing as if almost stunned*] Dead! What has he done with the bonds he was to return to me?

AGNES. [*Who has opened the envelope and taken out a letter*] It is a letter signed "Arnold Kirke." [*Handing it to him. William, with a superhuman effort, controlling himself, takes the letter*] Why, how cold your hand is!

WILL. [*After glancing at the letter, aside, in a quiet whisper*] The bonds gone! [*In spite of himself, he sways and supports himself by grasping the back of a chair*]

AGNES. [*Frightened*] Will! What ails you?

WILL. [*Quietly*] The envelope! [*She hands it to him; he looks at it quickly*] Posted at noon.

AGNES. Bad news?

WILL. Agnes, don't speak of this to anyone. The poor fellow who wrote it a few hours ago, Ned tells me, has just killed himself.

AGNES. Oh!

WILL. This comes like a message—from the dead. It contains the reason for his act—a reason that he wished no one else to know.

AGNES. Terrible—did he leave a family?

WILL. Wife and children.



AGNES. O Will, the poor woman whose life will now be so desolate. The more happiness I feel in your love, the more I shall think of her. [*By this time, the rays of the setting sun are seen through the curtains, shining upon the windows at the back. As the daylight has faded away, the red glow of the fire falls into the room below*] Papa will be here now; I'll open the curtains so that the light shall come in. [*As she draws the curtains back, the sunset rays are thrown into the room. She pauses for a moment, looking for the place where the light falls the brightest*] And you sit here—[*Moving chair to R. of table, R.*] where the light falls upon you. I want to watch your face when papa tells you what he has come so far to say. [*Glancing off*] He is coming. [*Nervous*] Will you promise?

WILL. Yes.

AGNES. [*Going up L. to alcove*] I can see you from the room there. [*Pointing*] Will, tell me again that you love me!

WILL. [*Taking her in his arms*] I love you!

AGNES. [*Going. Turns to him with her finger pointing at him*] Mind now, just where I can see you! [*Exit, L.3E.*]

WILL. The loss of those bonds makes me a defaulter. They may be missed at any moment—then—arrest! No! No! I must hide the disgrace as long as I can for the sake of my dear mother. But I'll save Agnes. Oh, for the strength to give her up! [*Enter Stephen Rodman down steps, R.2E.*]

ROD. Is this William Prescott?

WILL. [*Turning, approaching him*] Governor Rodman.

ROD. [*Pretending not to see his outstretched hand and looking intently into his face*] I asked my daughter to let me introduce myself.

WILL. Governor Rodman, when you first learned of my love for Agnes, you requested that you might speak to me before our engagement was made public.

ROD. Such was my wish!

WILL. I don't know how to begin what I want to say.

ROD. [*Kindly*] I can guess what it is. But before I hear it, listen to me.

WILL. [*Offering the chair*] Will you be seated? [*Rodman crosses in front of table and sits in armchair. William, passing behind the chair designated by Agnes, waits until Rodman is seated. He then sits facing him, the sunlight from window falling full upon him*]

ROD. Have you ever read in *Les Misérables* of Jean Valjean?

WILL. The convict—yes.

ROD. Did you ever stop to think how often the story is enacted in real life? [*Will, who has been listening intently, leans back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon Rodman*] You are surprised, and yet I know of such a case.

WILL. You?

ROD. A strange introduction to the subject of your marriage with my daughter, is it not? But listen to the end, and you will understand why I speak of it. One day in the winter of 1872, the passengers in the waiting room of the Grand Central Station saw a young woman looking with anxious eyes as though expecting the arrival of someone. There drove up to the door a prison van. From it descended a batch of convicts. As they marched by, the woman, half rising, eagerly scanned face after face. At the very end came a solitary convict, his eyes bent on the floor, oblivious to everything but his shame. The woman, with a cry, rushed to him and buried her face upon his breast; he made a move to put his arms around her, but the irons held him back, and he could only press a kiss upon the quivering lips that reached up to meet his. In that one moment, she forgot that the eyes of the world were watching her, forgot the disgrace of her husband. Then, she turned her tear-stained face and met the gaze of the crowd. With a look of mingled defiance and pitiful appeal, she slipped her hand into his and passed on with him to the train. In the short journey from the prison van to the cars, his young wife walked by his side. The clasp of her hand was that of an angel of God stretching forth from Heaven to save him. *He had been a defaulter.* In the panic of Black Friday he had used the securities of the bank where he was employed, and the end was what you have just heard. [*During this, with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, William has sat like a man of stone*] Through the six years he spent in Auburn prison, he cherished but one hope—to live for that woman and his child. When, broken-hearted, the wife died, still there came to his ears, through the thick walls of stone, the baby voice of his little girl and he lived for *her*. Released from prison, he went far away, into the great West, under another name grew rich and powerful until now he stands at the head of the community in which he lives.

WILL. [*Still seated*] And that man—

ROD. Myself! I don't want the shadow of a crime to overhang my child's married life. I forget self. I come to her future husband and, man to man, confide to him all my past for her sake, and for his—[*Rising*] I deal with him as I should want him to deal with me.

WILL. [*Aside*] He has paid his debt to the law. I am seeking to avoid mine. The criminal is here.

ROD. Now that you know whose daughter Agnes is, I will hear what *you* wanted to tell me.

WILL. [*Aside*] If I give her up now, she will think it is because of this.

ROD. You hesitate?

WILL. [*Aside*] And her eyes are on me!

ROD. You are like the rest of the world?

WILL. Governor Rodman, today I have realized more than ever, that I am not worthy to call your daughter—my wife!

ROD. I have Agnes's word for that. [*Offering his hand. Agnes appears from alcove, her eyes fixed eagerly upon William*] Will you take my hand?

WILL. [*Seeing Agnes, rises and places his hand in that of Rodman*] I consider it an honor! [*Agnes, who has approached, comes between them with an arm around the neck of each; she raises her lips to her father, then lets her head fall gently on William's breast as the curtain falls*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: *The Alhambra corridor adjoining the parlors and the picture gallery at Mrs. Delafield's. One week later. The scene represents an apartment of Moorish architecture, built after the pattern of a room in the Alhambra. Large arches hung with portières leading to rooms, R. and L. Windows of Moorish glass above and at back, those at back leading to terrace showing a night view of New York City after a snowstorm. The snow still falling at intervals. Hanging Moorish lamps shed a soft, mellow light throughout the room. Off through entrance, L., is seen a flood of light as though coming from the brilliant parlors beyond. Through the archway, R., is seen the picture gallery from which a soft light proceeds. From a niche below the entrance to the picture gallery there comes into the room the yellow light as from a fire. Through the windows at back is the dull gray of a snowy night. But little furniture must be used, the room presenting a picture of simplicity combined with the charm of oriental splendor. As the curtain rises, low strains of music are heard as from stringed instruments, guitar, mandolin, and harp.*

DISCOVERED: *Mrs. Delafield appears, L., as coming from the parlors and speaking to someone inside.*

KATE. How late Colonel Kip is! And usually he's the first one to arrive. In answer to my invitation he wrote: "If circumstances over which I have no control do not prevent, expect me early." Something has evidently happened. [*Starting*] Was that the bell? [*Going L. Enter Margery, L.*]

MARG. Look at me! I got all tangled up in that last waltz. I was dancing with a young man from Boston. The way he dipped and glided and recovered with that suburban step of his! [*Looks at her dress as she crosses*] Am I torn? No, I seem to be all here. Well, it's a wonder! I thought I'd left a flounce or two with my partner. Isn't Agnes a picture tonight? I declare,

every time I look at her, I go up and congratulate Will all over again. And Cousin Kate, excuse the expression, but your reception to them is way above par.

KATE. I thought this would be a pretty way of announcing their engagement to our friends. At one time today I thought we should be obliged to postpone the reception. I was afraid that Will would be prevented from coming.

MARG. Because of the run on the bank.

KATE. Yes.

MARG. I don't wonder. Why, when I drove by the Jefferson National this afternoon, people were pouring into the building. The police were at the doors keeping the mob in order.

KATE. What can you expect after the failure of three national banks yesterday? The Jefferson National has had a two days' run, but it has met all demands. [*Enter Sam. R.*]

SAM. Mother, has Colonel Kip come?

KATE. No!

SAM. [*Aside*] That's all right.

KATE. I hope no accident has befallen him.

SAM. [*Aside*] Wait till she hears what has befallen him. I'm a Moxie factory, am I?

KATE. Sammy, when he comes, let me know at once.

SAM. With pleasure, mother. [*Exit Kate*] Miss Knox, after your advice to me last week I attempted to push. First, I asked Colonel Kip to get me an appointment in the army. I didn't get it. Then, I decided to become a lawyer, but when I tried to read, every letter became "U" and every other letter "I," and do what I would, my eye would only see you. Next day, I took up medicine.

MARG. With what success?

SAM. I put it down again. The pictures frightened me. [*Crosses, L.C.*] However, Mr. Cohen has given me a chance. I'm his confidential secretary.

MARG. Splendid. He's a nice man.

SAM. But he sits up too late for me. I don't think I'll last. I've come to the conclusion that the only position in which I would appear to advantage is a dummy in front of a clothing store.

MARG. Any man who understands himself as thoroughly as you do, ought to come to Chicago and live. Now if I could get pa to take you into one of his schemes. Let's see. There's his railroad, his cattle-yard and his corner on the Board of Trade. Which would you prefer?

SAM. I think the cattle-yard is more in my line.

MARG. Just let pa once get hold of you and—well, everything he touches goes up with a boom.

SAM. Good gracious! I've a great mind to let your pa boom me. What do you think he can make of me?

MARG. Anything from mincemeat to a millionaire.

SAM. I seem to run to "M's." Wonder which one of the "M's" it will be. Excuse me a moment. [*Aside, counting his buttons*] Millionaire, Mincemeat, Margery. [*Holding his finger on the last button*]

MARG. Pa'll give you your choice.

SAM. [*Eagerly*] Will he? [*Aside*] That button's Margery! [*Aloud*] I'll think it over!

MARG. Leave it to pa and he'll make you—a business rocket.

SAM. Oh, I go up and burst—no matter. I wouldn't care how high he sent me, provided somebody was there to catch me when I fell.

MARG. Pa catches everything that falls on the Board of Trade. [*Enter Servant, R., with letter which he gives to Sam*]

SAM. From Colonel Kip. [*To Servant*] No answer. [*Exit Servant, R.*] This is the ninth in the last hour.

MARG. Mr. Delafield, there's mischief in your eye.

SAM. No! Revenge!

MARG. Against whom?

SAM. Colonel Kip!

MARG. What has he done?

SAM. When I asked him to help me become a soldier, he said I was only fit for a target!

MARG. What for?

SAM. For Johnny to shoot at me with his gun. But, I'm fixing him. When mother sent him his invitation to this reception, I wrote him a letter; pretended to be his friend. I told him, if he ever expected to win my stepmother after that musical fiasco, he must do something romantic—get shot somewhere, break an arm or so.

MARG. To excite her sympathy?

SAM. Yes.

MARG. That's why you were so anxious for Cousin Kate to invite the Congressman from Bangor.

SAM. Then I told the colonel that his rival would be here.

MARG. But where is the colonel?

SAM. He's in a cab at the door. I sent him word that above all things, to increase the suspense, he must come late. He's been there for the last hour.

MARG. Have you seen him?

SAM. No. I'm keeping out of his way. He has written me a note every five minutes. In the first he said, "What accident did you tell her had befallen me?" I only answered, "Come late." A few minutes after, another: "Why don't you let me know where I am hurt? Our stories must agree. P.S. Am I late enough?" I replied, "Don't worry. Bangor attentive. But your maimed condition will give you the advantage. P.S. You are nearly late enough." [*Enter Servant with a second letter which he gives to Sam*] Here's another. [*To Servant*] No answer. [*Exit Servant, R.*] This makes the tenth. [*Opening it*]

MARG. He must have a district messenger office in his cab.

SAM. Great Caesar! [*Margery about to take it*] Excuse me. If this letter could speak, the air would turn blue. I'll send him word it's time to make his appearance. You go find mother, tell her I've heard from Colonel Kip—to meet me in that room. [*Pointing to L.1.E. and going, R.*]

MARG. But Mr. Delafield, think of the consequences.

SAM. I'm going to prove to you that I can do something, if it's only to make it pleasant for Kippy. [*Exit, R.*]

MARG. I had no idea I'd make him as desperate as this. But I mustn't betray him. Oh, dear! I haven't been so upset since the day I visited the Eden Musée, when I went up and touched a man that I thought was wax and he winked at me. [*Exit, L.3.E. Stedman enters, R.2.E.*]

STED. Cohen not here yet? If by ten o'clock tomorrow he fails to raise the money, the bank will have to suspend. Dora Prescott will yet be my wife. Her lover may explain why he struck me in the face. But he cannot escape the consequences of our discovery today, that over a hundred thousand dollars of the bank's securities are missing. And tonight the officers of the law are shadowing him. My young friend Seabury, the advantage is mine now, and I don't mean to let the ruin of a bank stand between me and that girl! [*Crosses, L. Dora runs on, R.3.E., and crosses to R.*]

DORA. Everybody is happy tonight. I wonder why Ned isn't here?

STED. Dora!

DORA. [*Starting*] Oh—Mr. Stedman!

STED. Dora, I hope I'm wrong, but I have fancied since our talk last week that you have avoided me.

DORA. After what occurred in our house between you and Edward Seabury. O Mr. Stedman, he was nearly crazed with grief at the loss of his position. Unfortunately he cannot deny that he has been speculating. All

this past week I've wanted to come to you and apologize and speak in his behalf, but I was afraid.

STED. And you, of all people in the world, have least cause. Do you think because you have given your love to someone else, that I can forget mine? Unspoken it may be—unseen by you—[*Half meaningly*] after tonight. But whatever happens, I beg of you remember—it lives, to protect you!

DORA. Agnes is going to speak to Mr. Cohen for Ned tonight.

STED. Will Edward Seabury be here tonight?

DORA. Yes. If Mr. Cohen can be induced to reinstate him, will you not withhold your opposition—for my sake?

STED. Yes—if Mr. Cohen can be induced to overlook what he knows of his conduct!

DORA. [*Joyfully*] Oh, I thank you! [*Sam runs on, R.*]

SAM. Miss Dora, won't you please ask Margery Knox to come here?

DORA. [*Laughing*] Certainly!

SAM. [*Aside, looking off, R.*] Kip's coming to his doom.

DORA. [*To Stedman*] Let me take you to brother Will and Agnes. [*She takes his arm and they go, L.*] I heard brother Will asking if you and Mr. Cohen had arrived. Here's Margery! [*Margery enters, L.3.E., passing Stedman and Dora*]

MARG. Good evening, Mr. Stedman. You are late!

STED. Good evening, Miss Knox. [*Exeunt Dora and Stedman, L.3.E.*]

SAM. Here comes the other late one.

MARG. Colonel Kip. Well, Cousin Kate has just gone into the room there. [*Pointing, L.1.E.*]

SAM. [*Taking her, R.3.E.*] You wait in the picture gallery and see what happens.

MARG. There's someone there.

SAM. [*Pointing, C.*] Do you mind taking a corner?

MARG. [*Going up C., into alcove*] Like pa, I'm partial to corners.

SAM. [*Taking up a screen and placing it before her*] Is the harp in the way?

MARG. Oh—no! It makes the corner just heavenly.

SAM. If they reach an explanation and the colonel gets dangerous, give me a signal, won't you?—put me on my guard.

MARG. If I'm not too nervous.

SAM. [*Crossing, L.1.E.*] Now, I'll prepare mother.

MARG. [*Showing her head above the screen*] What are you going to tell her?

SAM. I don't know.

MARG. Sh! Here he is! [*Her head disappears. Sam rushes out, L. & E. Colonel Kip appears, R., at portière with his body concealed, peeps in cautiously*]

KIP. Wonder if I'm late enough. [*Coming in. He wears a sling in which he carries his R. arm. He looks about*] Where is that young imp? I can't meet Mrs. Delafield until I meet him. Either I have lost the power of expressing myself on paper, or Sam has lost what little intellect he had. I never saw such blatant asininity in my life. What story has he told his mother? What accident has happened? Where am I wounded? Can't be my leg, or I couldn't get here. So I've ventured my right arm. I have never suffered such agony as I did in that cab, knowing that that pine tree sapling was here, trying to throw me into the shade. Yet, Sam writes, "Don't worry." Does he imagine my heart's cast in bronze? [*Looking off, L., with glad cry, throwing up both arms*] There he is! Now I'll find out! [*Going towards L., halts suddenly*] Horror! Mrs. Delafield is with him. [*He retreats to the portière putting his L. hand in sling, then looks*] He's been telling her something. She looks anxious. If I can attract his attention—[*Comes forward a step or two and makes one or two grotesque efforts to attract his attention*] Pst! Pst! They're both coming this way. [*Business. Looks around in despair for a moment, then darts behind easel and picture, up R. Enter Sam, L., followed by Kate, who appears quite anxious*]

SAM. [*Aside*] The valentine coquette is behind the easel.

KIP. [*Aside*] What's that he said?

KATE. What was the accident, Sammy?

KIP. [*Peeping. Aside with great relief*] Ah—now I shall know! [*Listens intently with his hand to his ear*]

SAM. Well, you see, mother, it was like this—[*Too low for Kip to hear*] Between ourselves it wasn't very serious. But—[*Aloud*] the accident was—

KATE. Well?

SAM. [*Low*] Really unavoidable.

KIP. [*Coming out a little farther. Aside*] What's that?

SAM. [*Aside*] His left arm in a sling. [*To Kate, aloud*] It was late at night.

KIP. Night.

SAM. [*Low*] He was strolling down Broadway deep in thought—he had reached Union Square. He was just passing the statue—you know—Washington—[*Aloud*] on his horse!

KIP. Horse! Oh, I was on horseback!

SAM. [*Low*] He was standing there. Everything was quiet.

KATE. [*Eagerly*] He was attacked?



SAM. [*Nods*] Yes.

KIP. I was attacked. I wish he'd speak louder. [*Pushes easel a little closer*]

SAM. [*A little lower*] And not in the way you think. He had—[*Loud*] his right hand. [*Kip shifts arms, putting his right in sling, then his left as he catches Sam's words*—was in his pocket. He was standing under an electric light. It was as bright as day. You see, mother, when a man has an ache on the left side, and he wants to get on the right side of the woman he loves, and has left it to anyone else to set him right with her, the way left to set him right in her eyes—the only right thing that is left in fact for me, is, to do what's right by you, and not to have you left in suspense. [*Kip who has vainly endeavored to keep up with him, in desperation throws both arms in the air and rushes out*]

KATE. What's that?

SAM. It looks like Colonel Kip. It is.

KATE. [*Gladly*] Then he managed to get here.

SAM. [*Calling*] Colonel! Colonel! Mother is here.

KATE. Poor Colonel! But Sam, you haven't told me where he was wounded.

SAM. In the heart, and you are responsible. His heart is completely lacerated.

KATE. And you've both been trying to make me believe—

SAM. 'Twas his fault, mother.

KATE. I'll punish him.

SAM. He deserves it! [*Calling*] Colonel, you're wanted. [*Kip appears, R., with both arms in sling. Apart to Kip*] She's in a good mood to listen to you.

KIP. [*Apart to Sam*] Yes, but where am I wounded?

SAM. Explain everything yourself. [*Crossing, R.*]

KIP. [*Endeavoring to detain him*] But what am I to say?

SAM. [*Looking him full in the face, very loud*] Moxie! [*Exit, R.I.E. Kip looks after Sam in blank dismay*]

KATE. [*Realizing Sam's motives, with smothered laughter*] Sam's revenge for what the colonel said to him the other day. Colonel Kip, I'm glad to see you.

KIP. I am very glad to be here, I assure you.

KATE. My stepson has been telling me of your wound. [*Extending her hand cordially*] I congratulate you that it is no worse.

KIP. [*Forgetting, grasps her hand with his right and shakes it warmly*] Thank you.

KATE. Oh, it isn't both arms.

KIP. [*Remembering quickly*] No, no. I'm not accustomed to this yet, and I get my arms mixed up. That is, I pat this one—[*The left*] a good deal with the other. [*The right. Aside*] It must be the left now.

KATE. [*Pointing to his arm in the sling, in surprise*] Is that where you were hurt?

KIP. [*Aside*] I hope it isn't the wrong one. [*Aloud, nervously*] Of course, Sam told you.

KATE. He said it was on the left side.

KIP. [*Aside, with much relief*] At last! [*Aloud boldly*] Yes!

KATE. [*Very tenderly*] Does it pain you at all?

KIP. Pain? For the last hour nobody knows how I have suffered.

KATE. Oh, I'm so sorry. [*Stroking his arm tenderly*] Do you suffer much now?

KIP. Not as much as I did. [*Aside, stealing a glance at her*] Sam may be a little asinine at times, but his scheme works to a charm.

KATE. How did it happen?

KIP. Eh? Oh! Didn't you hear all about it from your offspring? I mean your step-offspring?

KATE. [*Looking innocently into his face*] He told me the locality of the wound, but his description of how it happened was rather vague. [*Sweetly*] You tell me!

KIP. [*Moving his head only, looks off, R., helplessly*] You see, Mrs. Delafield—I—I—[*Quickly*] I don't like to talk about myself—really I don't!

KATE. But I insist. Come now, where did it occur?

KIP. Well, it was at night. The road was lonely—

KATE. Wasn't it Union Square?

KIP. Oh, yes, that's it. I was riding along—on horseback.

KATE. Sam said you were walking.

KIP. [*Aside*] I certainly heard "horse." [*Aloud*] Yes, I was—afterwards; I got off the horse, because the night was so dark—

KATE. I thought you were standing under an electric light.

KIP. Eh! Er—er!

KATE. [*Shaking her finger at him*] Colonel—Colonel—Sam distinctly said—

KIP. [*Forgetting, takes his hand out of the sling and impressively slapping the palm of his left with his right*] Now, my dear Mrs. Delafield—

KATE. [*Taking his L. hand*] Aren't you afraid you'll hurt it?

KIP. [*Dropping both hands at his side in abject despair*] I give it up. I used to live in Washington. That's too near Mount Vernon to try to tell a lie.

KATE. You cruel man! If Sammy hadn't told me the truth—

KIP. He betrayed me? [*Aside*] Wait till I meet that young popinjay face to face!

MARG. [*Appearing above screen*] He looks dangerous. What signal can I give to warn Sam? [*As Colonel turns, her head disappears*]

KIP. My dear Mrs. Delafield—[*Aside*] I wish I knew how Joe Delafield proposed. [*Aloud*] I have made several attempts to tell you—

KATE. I know you have, colonel, but the best way after all to make a person understand you, is to speak frankly, isn't it?

KIP. May I speak so?

KATE. Yes.

KIP. Will you be my wife?

KATE. Certainly.

KIP. [*Staggered*] What? [*Kate gives him her hand; he takes it*] Believe me, this is my first—[*About to draw her to him. At this moment a chord followed by a few notes is heard from the harp*]

KATE. [*With a startled cry, slips out of his arms*] Somebody's playing the harp. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

KIP. [*Listens, paralyzed, then looking up in air around him, in a quiet voice*] Harp? [*Looking up*] Joe Delafield! [*Harp ceases*] It must have been my imagination—no matter, he can plunk away. She's mine now. [*With a self-satisfied chuckle*] Oh! Let me carry the news to Bangor. [*Goes to door, L.*] Then I'll seek out funny little Sammy, and before I get through with him, he'll wish he was with his papa playing duets. [*Exit, L.I.E. Margery comes from behind screen. Sam comes quickly from R.3.E., meeting her*]

MARG. He's raving!

SAM. Tomorrow I'll ask Mr. Cohen to release me. Then I'll take the Limited for Chicago.

MARG. If you push like this in the West, they'll throw you into the Lake. [*Plaintive waltz heard, off L., in distance*] That's my waltz with Will Prescott. [*Exit, L.3.E. At this moment the snowstorm is seen to be at its height. Enter Mr. Cohen, R.2.E. A great mental anxiety is evinced by the terrible calm of his manner. Cohen crosses to L. and looks off into parlor*]

COHEN. Sam! [*Sam moves a step nearer to him*] I want to speak to Mr. Stedman. Tell him I'm here. [*Sam crosses to L.; as he passes in front of Cohen*] Sam! [*Sam stops*] Are the books at my house?

SAM. I took them there myself.

COHEN. Return at once; see that everything is ready for the directors' meeting. I shall be home within an hour.

SAM. Yes, sir. [*Aside*] No more ball for me tonight. Another one of his all-night sessions! [*Exit, L.3.E. The moaning of the wind is heard*]

COHEN. That city, so silent tonight, will be as pitiless as the storm if we close our doors against the people tomorrow. I would give every drop of blood in my body to ward off the blow that will strike us, unless something is done tonight. [*Enter Stedman quickly, without a palpable effort or any pause but with the instinct of caution; partly draws the portière, that meeting with Cohen may not be seen from the parlor*]

STED. You sent for me? [*Sam crosses from L.3.E. to R. and exit*]

COHEN. I can get no one to take A. F. Jordan's loan off our hands, nor the loans to Bennett and Franklin. The dip in the market has wiped out all their margins. We've got to carry them. Everything depended upon my negotiating that loan with Van Wart tonight.

STED. Well?

COHEN. He has withdrawn his offer. You knew the condition we should be in if I failed to negotiate that loan. Why did you tell Van Wart what you did?

STED. He came to me for advice.

COHEN. You—the counsel for the bank?

STED. I am his counsel as well. I told him that the risk was great. It was at half-past ten that you sent Prescott down to the vault for the securities, and found them missing. Bank Examiner Kip should have been called at once, and Seabury arrested.

COHEN. Seabury's defalcation must not be made public now. The run on the bank would be doubled, and nothing could save us. [*Going up and looking off, R. and L., as though to see that no one overhears*]

STED. [*Aside*] Exactly what I want. That bank shall be ruined through Seabury's defalcation.

COHEN. With two hundred thousand in my hands tomorrow morning, I will meet the crisis. Since you advised Van Wart not to lend the money, you must help me persuade our directors to pledge the amount needed when they meet at my house tonight.

STED. They will do nothing more.

COHEN. Have you advised them, too? [*Stedman turns angrily*] Your conduct makes me believe that you have something to gain by the embarrassment of this bank.

STED. Mr. Cohen! [*Enter Kate, L.1.E., followed by Mrs. Prescott*]

COHEN. Our charming hostess! [*Crossing to Kate*]

KATE. Welcome, Mr. Cohen. It was so good of you not to let today's run on the bank interfere with the reception.

COHEN. What is the dry business of a bank compared to the happiness of two human hearts?

Mrs. P. I hope you have seen the worst today. William was awake all last night with anxiety.

COHEN. My dear Mrs. Prescott, William is aware that we would not all be here tonight, if we did not know the condition of our bank. I hope Miss Rodman will prevail upon her father to make a longer stay than he at first intended. [*To Stedman*] Of course, you have met the governor?

STED. I caught a glimpse of him tonight in one of the rooms. I haven't had the pleasure of an introduction. Something familiar to me about his looks. I suppose a likeness to his daughter.

KATE. I shall be glad to present you.

COHEN. [*To Kate*] With your permission, I will pay my respects to the coming bride and bridegroom. [*Goes, L. Governor Rodman appears, coming from parlor, L., conversing with Dora. He is at first unseen by all except Cohen and Mrs. Prescott, who both join him and Dora in the back part of the room. The glare from the firelight, R., falls upon the Governor. Cohen shakes hands with him and exit, L.3.E.*]

KATE. [*C.*] The excitement must have been terrible downtown today.

STED. I have never seen anything like it since Black Friday. [*Governor Rodman, at the mention of "Black Friday" calmly turns his head toward the speaker*] The events of that day were impressed upon my mind, by a trial in which I was afterwards engaged. I was United States District Attorney at the time, and I had occasion to prosecute a man whose defalcation had wrecked a bank as strong as the Jefferson.

KATE. Did you send him to prison?

STED. Yes. When the judge pronounced the sentence of six years, the prisoner turned his head and looked at me—the man who had fastened the crime upon him. That look I have never forgotten. Time, and the changes it brings, may have altered the man, but I should know him by the expression of his eyes.

KATE. It must be terrible to feel that you have shut out a fellow creature from the light of the world.

STED. It was my duty to put him out of harm's way, and to the end of his life, even after leaving prison, to guard the community from him as a dangerous man.

KATE. No wonder people call you merciless.

STED. Stand where I have stood, a public prosecutor, in the courts! It is my fight against crime that has made men call me merciless. But I am merciless only to protect homes like yours, Mrs. Delafield. [*During the above Rodman has excused himself and joined Kate*]

KATE. Governor, will you permit me to introduce Mr. Stedman? Governor Rodman. [*Stedman and Rodman meet. As Stedman takes his hand, his attention is arrested by what he seems to recognize in Rodman's looks*]

ROD. Mr. Stedman, I overheard your remarks. May I be permitted a word. My position, too—enables me to speak with some authority.

STED. Your position must have brought you into contact with many criminals, Governor Rodman.

ROD. You think when a man has once been buried in a prison cell, that it is impossible he should ever rise from that grave of his reputation to a life in which men will honor him again? Is there no such thing as reformation?

STED. Not with a prison as its birthplace. Whatever the cause, every day adds its proof to the fact, and we lawyers deal with facts.

ROD. But, suppose a case—well, take for instance that man of whom you spoke just now—if you should meet him, find him respected among those who knew nothing of his antecedents, occupying a place of trust—

STED. Under his own name?

ROD. Granting he was compelled to lay that aside—we all know the taint clinging to a name that has once been exchanged for a number. Suppose he had raised himself to a position—well—like mine—

STED. That man's crime was the wrecking of a national bank. By the United States law he is forbidden to hold any office under the government. His very position would be a lie!

ROD. You would show him no mercy?

STED. None! [*Soft strains of light music are heard, off L.*]

ROD. But if to expose him were to drag others down in his fall? [*Agnes enters from the parlor, L. In contrast to Act I, her manner is that of one supremely happy. She goes joyfully to Mrs. Prescott, who takes her in her arms. Agnes at the same time extending her arm draws Dora to her and kisses her*] If he had a son—or a daughter—

AGNES. Papa!

ROD. Would you visit the sin of the father upon his innocent child? [*During this, Rodman, without moving his eyes from Stedman, extends his arm to receive Agnes, who leaving the group at back, with a pleasant laugh, comes down to him*]

STED. It is one of the first laws of God.

ROD. Then why not leave its enforcement to the wisdom of God? Mr. Stedman, you know my daughter?

AGNES. [*With a laugh*] Why, papa, Mr. Stedman and I are the best of friends. [*To Stedman*] Aren't we? What are you two discussing so earnestly?

ROD. A matter upon which Mr. Stedman and I do not agree.

STED. Pardon me. The last argument that you presented to me, I cannot answer. [*Enter Cohen from parlor, L.*]

COHEN. Governor, I don't consider that my congratulations are complete until they have been offered to you upon the engagement of your daughter to William Prescott.

ROD. [*Feelingly*] I am grateful to you—[*Looking at Stedman*] and to others for the assurances of good will that have reached me tonight.

KATE. [*Who has been looking off, L.*] Colonel Kip has the representative from Bangor on a sofa in the corner. If I don't rescue them both, there'll be a tragedy! [*Kate exit, L., laughing. Governor Rodman with Mrs. Prescott goes toward the back of the room; Dora crossing to R., looking off; Agnes joining her Father and Mrs. Prescott at back*]

STED. [*Apart to Cohen*] Seabury will be here tonight. At least you'll agree with me that he should face the directors.

COHEN. Such is my purpose. He shall go from here to my house.

STED. By taking him unawares at the directors' meeting, he may be made to confess the truth.

COHEN. The evidence is conclusive. There is no escape for the guilty man. [*Edward Seabury enters, R. At the same instant William comes from the parlor*]

STED. He is here! [*Edward is met by Dora. They go to Mrs. Prescott, who gives him her hand. He bows to Governor Rodman and shakes hands with Agnes. Aside, going*] Now to let Bank Examiner Kip know our condition. Then let me once get Seabury in Cohen's house, and he will leave it with the irons on his wrist. [*Exit, L.*]

WILL. [*Apart to Cohen*] I begged you to let me postpone this reception.

COHEN. [*With his hands on William's shoulder*] This is a time when a breath would precipitate the danger. By letting everything proceed as arranged, you have done the bank a greater service than pouring over the books.

EDWARD. [*Extending his hand*] Will? [*William with a slight start, turns to Edward and allows him to take his hand. Edward, still holding William's hand, bows to Mr. Cohen*] Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. Edward, when you leave here, are you going directly home?

EDWARD. Yes, Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. Will you stop at my house for a moment on your way?

EDWARD. Certainly, I will! [*Cohen joins Governor Rodman and Mrs. Prescott*]

DORA. Agnes!

AGNES. Well, Dora! [*Dora draws Agnes apart from the others*]

EDWARD. [*Apart to William, with hope*] Will! Perhaps he means to restore me to my position. I'll tell Dora.

WILL. [*Calmly restraining him*] No, I wouldn't say anything about it, Ned. [*Putting both hands on Edward's shoulders and looking intently into his face*] My boy, you have always regarded me as your friend—haven't you?

EDWARD. Old fellow, you know—

WILL. Yes. Then I wouldn't tell Dora. I don't mean to say things may not result favorably for you—but I—I would wait if I were you. O Ned! Ned! [*In his suffering, his head almost sinks on Edward's breast*]

EDWARD. Will!

WILL. [*Recovering*] Your hard luck and my—happiness, that's all. [*Edward goes to Dora*]

DORA. [*Apart to Agnes*] Here's your opportunity. Mr. Cohen won't refuse you anything.

AGNES. I'll speak to him at once.

DORA. [*Kissing her*] That's for good luck! [*Going with Edward, L. Apart to him*] Ned, I'm going to have something to tell you tomorrow.

EDWARD. And I hope to have something to tell you in the morning. [*Exeunt Edward, with Dora on his arm, L.*]

ROD. [*Joining Agnes*] William! [*Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Prescott move, L. Cohen, unseen by her, looks at his watch and directs a glance off, R.*]

AGNES. Mr. Cohen, may I speak with you presently?

COHEN. When the queen of this little kingdom commands, who dares disobey? When you need me, I shall be at hand. [*Retires with Mrs. Prescott, L.*]

ROD. I have waited for this time with an anxiety that you both can understand. Now that it is at hand, I want your marriage to take place as soon as possible that I may return to Arizona.

AGNES. Papa!

WILL. Governor Rodman, you don't think of returning at least for a month?

ROD. Much sooner.

WILL. But—

ROD. Surely, you do not protest. It gives you a wife the sooner. Within the next ten days I want to place—[*To Agnes*] your hand in his at the altar. [*Goes to R., aside*] My child will be safe whatever comes to me! [*Exit, R.*]

AGNES. [*Her arms about his neck*] Your wife. O Will! [*Lets her head sink on his breast*] As you once told me, "They may take everything else from me in this world, if they will only leave me—you."



WILL. [*Aside*] I must go on to the end. Oh! If she knew the price I am paying to keep her love! [*Enter Cohen, L.*]

COHEN. William!

WILL. Mr. Cohen, I heard Agnes say just now she wanted to speak with you. [*Crosses, L.*] I wish to have a word with my mother. I've already explained to Agnes that business will compel some of us to leave a little before twelve. [*Exit, L.*]

COHEN. You had something to say to me?

AGNES. Tonight in my happiness, I have promised Dora to speak to you in behalf of Edward. I'm sure that his dismissal has been sufficient warning to him and that henceforth you will have no more faithful officer of the bank than our little Dora's sweetheart.

COHEN. Since it is Agnes that asks me, I will tell her why I must refuse. You heard William speak of business that would keep us late tonight. It is a meeting of the directors of the bank at my house, to face what may be a crisis—brought upon us today by the discovery of a serious defalcation.

AGNES. A defalcation!

COHEN. The defaulter—Edward Seabury!

AGNES. [*Wringing her hands. As she turns and crosses, L.*] Dora! Dora!

COHEN. Unfortunately circumstances establish his guilt beyond a doubt! [*Enter Sam hastily, R.*]

SAM. Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. You will excuse me. I see I am wanted. [*Crossing to Sam*] Well?

SAM. Colonel Kip has just driven around to your house.

COHEN. What! There is no time to lose.

AGNES. [*Alarmed*] Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. Mr. Stedman has made known the condition of affairs to Bank Examiner Kip. [*To Sam*] Tell William Prescott to come to my house at once. [*Exit Sam, L. 3 E.*]

AGNES. Then Edward will be arrested?

COHEN. Yes. And the bank will close its doors. But I shall not give up yet. Agnes, I must bid you good night. A man's honest record must count for something in a fight like this. [*Exit, R. Dora bounds on anxiously, L.*]

DORA. Agnes, what did he say? [*Half frightened by Agnes's manner, she changes and speaks in a tone of pleading anxiety*] Agnes! [*Agnes extends her hands, drawing Dora to her*]

AGNES. I was wrong, dear, to bid you hope.

DORA. [*Looking at her intently*] Why! How strangely you say that! You are keeping something from me. [*Clinging to her*] What? What?

AGNES. You might learn it more harshly than from me, and that gives me strength to tell you.

DORA. You frighten me!

AGNES. [*Tenderly*] Dora, we have been deceived in Edward!

DORA. [*With slight cry*] Oh!

AGNES. [*Drawing her closer and quickly putting her fingers over Dora's lips*] Sh! No one else must know it yet. I tell you now, that you may from this moment—Oh! My darling! There is no help for it! I wouldn't meet him again tonight! [*Dora makes a movement as if to speak*] There! What I say is terrible—but better to have learned the truth now, than to have suffered as his wife.

DORA. [*In terror*] Something has happened to Ned!

AGNES. Can you be a brave little woman and listen to your sister?

DORA. Yes. Tell me.

AGNES. [*With effort*] Mr. Cohen has discovered since his dismissal that he is a defaulter. [*Dora gives a half-stifled agonized cry. Agnes quickly places her hand over Dora's mouth and, supporting her with the other arm, sits on a couch, drawing Dora down with her, who sinks on her knees beside her*]

DORA. Ned! Agnes! There must be some mistake!

AGNES. It is true, or Mr. Cohen would not have said it.

DORA. Can we do nothing to save him?

AGNES. It is you that I am thinking of now. I can imagine what the pain must be—but you are young, with life before you—and—

DORA. Oh! I can't give up Ned!

AGNES. It is because I know what your fate would be, that I have the courage to say to you, "From this moment, give him up." [*With a moan, Dora buries her head in Agnes's lap; Agnes, in a trembling, half-broken voice, bending over and pressing Dora's head with both her hands*] Dora, there is a place away up in the north of this state, where a cluster of hemlocks shelters a grave! A woman sleeps there! [*Aside*] My mother! [*Aloud*] She was placed as you are now, only she was already a wife, and she is lying there of a broken heart. Not all the remorse of the man, whose crime, like Edward's, blighted her young life, can stop the moaning of the hemlocks above her grave!

DORA. [*Through her tears*] Ned! Ned! [*Servant enters, R., with salver and card and comes down to Agnes*]

AGNES. Sh! Someone is here. [*Dora rises, and wiping her eyes, turns her face, L. Looking at card*] Mrs. Kirke. Ask her in here. [*Servant exit, R. Taking Dora to R.*] Come, Dora, you go upstairs. I'll send your mother to you, and as soon as I can, I'll come to you myself.

DORA. What will they do to Ned?

AGNES. We shall know all about it tonight when Will returns home.

DORA. [*Clasping her hands fervently*] I will go, Agnes! I will pray that he may be innocent! [*Agnes kisses her. Dora goes out, R. & E. Agnes, without moving, follows her with her eyes. Mrs. Kirke, a young woman about the same age as Agnes, enters, R., about the place where Dora went off. She is dressed in deep mourning. Her veil is thrown back from her face. She stands hesitating at the portière*]

AGNES. [*Seeing her, extends her hand*] Mrs. Kirke!

MRS. K. [*Coming forward and taking her hand*] Miss Rodman!

AGNES. I'm very glad to see you. [*Motioning her to be seated and sitting L. of her*]

MRS. K. I knew you would grant me a moment alone, and I wanted to mingle my good wishes with those you have received tonight. I need offer no further explanation of my presence to the woman who extended her aid and sympathy in the darkest hour of my life!

AGNES. The favor was on my side, Mrs. Kirke, and I thank you for having allowed me the privilege of relieving you and your children from temporary embarrassment.

MRS. K. [*Looking earnestly at Agnes and speaking tremulously*] I am afraid there were others that suffered through my husband, besides his wife and children. [*Agnes lays her hand tenderly upon Mrs. Kirke's arm*] In looking over some of Mr. Kirke's papers late this afternoon, I found a letter that I remembered came to the house a short time before his return—that terrible day. It was not opened until I opened it. It was from Mr. Prescott.

AGNES. [*Quietly drawing her hand away in surprise*] Mr. Prescott!

MRS. K. Upbraiding Mr. Kirke for not having returned certain securities. [*Agnes lets first one arm, then the other, fall on the couch beside her, supporting herself and looking intently at Mrs. Kirke*] It was only a line, giving no particulars, but it was evident that my husband had been borrowing extensively from him. The very food my children had for their supper, I was able to give them only through the goodness of the woman whose promised husband my husband had wronged.

AGNES. [*Who has followed her words breathlessly, in a voice that she endeavors to render calm*] What did you do with that letter?

MRS. K. Destroyed it with the other papers. But I couldn't keep the knowledge of its contents from you.

AGNES. [*Quieting her*] There! There! Whatever wrong has been done is past. Don't give yourself further anxiety. Tomorrow I'll come and see you and the children.

MRS. K. It isn't the words I speak, I want you to hear, but those I cannot speak. [*Rises*] Good night! [*Agnes rises, extending her hand. Mrs. Kirk raises it to her lips, then goes out, R.*]

AGNES. That other letter—that Will received—the same day—signed—Arnold Kirke! His looks when I gave it to him! [*As the truth dawns upon her, horror comes into her face; her hands are drawn back across her temples; she stands frozen as though fighting back the awful truth; then she starts to utter a wild cry which she stifles by pressing her handkerchief in her clenched fist over her mouth, and for a second a smothered pitiful sound is heard. Enter Edward quickly, L.*]

EDWARD. Mr. Cohen must have gone. I can't wait. [*Seeing Agnes*] Miss Rodman. [*Agnes, with superhuman effort, controls herself*] I've been looking for Dora to tell her good night. I'm going to Mr. Cohen's house. He wanted to see me. [*Half laughing*] I don't dare hope, and yet what else can it mean? Tell Dora I left good night for her, and I'll come to her the first thing in the morning. Good night, Miss Rodman! [*Edward passes out of the room. His voice is heard beyond the portières*] Good night.

AGNES. [*Starting, R., to call him back*] Edward! [*With outstretched arms, the words dying away on her lips*] Edward! [*She turns, clinging to the portières, and directs a frightened look into the parlor, L. As she realizes that to proclaim the innocence of Dora's lover would be to reveal her own lover's guilt, her head sinks back and she is only prevented from falling to the floor by the portières. Swaying forward, she totters out of the room, R., calling in a low hoarse whisper*] Father! Father!

### ACT III.

SCENE: Library in Mr. Cohen's house. Same night as the reception. The midnight meeting. The scene represents a magnificent, massively furnished library. On the L. are broad steps and balustrade leading to a landing, where are seen large double glass doors, opening into a room above. The portion of this room seen when the doors are opened is in marked contrast to the library. A hanging lamp in the room, dimly lighted. A door, L.1.E., with portières leading to a more private part of the house. A door, L.2.E. On the R. are large doors opening into a hallway which stops at the doors. In the hallway a somber light is burning. From the doors, R. to R.C. at back, are windows through which is seen a low balustrade and trees completely shutting out the view of the street beyond, with the exception of a portion of one house, which is seen through the branches of the trees. At the back of the

room, running obliquely to the R. is a large fireplace. Above the fireplace is a niche in which is set a stained-glass picture of the Magdalen at the feet of the Savior. The picture is not discernible at first, that part of the room being in the shadow. A soft red glow proceeds from the fire in grate. The hanging lamp sheds a subdued light over the room. A lamp with a dead green shade stands turned down. Everything outside is covered with snow. The storm has ceased. The clouds have broken in places, showing small portions of a cold moonlit sky, a dull blue light pervading the atmosphere outside. Let the house lights be arranged before the curtain rises, every light possible being turned out. There is heard the distant sound of a bell striking twelve o'clock. At the fifth stroke a low weird strain of music is heard. At the eighth stroke the curtain is raised, being timed so as to reveal the entire stage picture on the twelfth stroke. The music continues. The doors of the room, R.I.E., are opened, and Sam with two books comes down into the library. He is no longer in evening dress. He goes to the large lamp, L., and is turning it up as Mr. Cohen enters, R. He appears as though he has just left his cab, having on his hat, overcoat, and gloves. He leaves the door, R., ajar.

COHEN. [*Removing his gloves*] Who is here?

SAM. Mr. Bergman and Mr. Wayne. They are talking to Colonel Kip.

COHEN. The books?

SAM. They are here, sir. [*Sam has been assisting him to remove his overcoat. He takes the coat and the hat from table, R., and hangs them in the hall, R.*]

COHEN. [*Taking keys from his pocket, crosses to the back of the table, C., and inserts the keys in the lock*] None of the servants are up?

SAM. [*Turning in the doorway*] Except Andrews.

COHEN. [*Whose attention is attracted, crosses to the window*] A cab has just driven up to the door. Tell Andrews, when Mr. Seabury calls, to show him into the back parlor and let you know. Do you know if my mother has retired?

SAM. The servant said she fancied at dinner that you were not well, and she thought she'd sit up until you returned home. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

COHEN. The bank examiner will take charge. [*Enter Sam hastily, R.I.E.*]

SAM. Governor Rodman and his daughter have called. They want to see you at once.

COHEN. [*Surprised*] At this hour? Ask them here. [*Exit Sam, R. Mr. Cohen, crossing to front of table, turns the light higher*] Agnes and her father! What can bring them to see me now? [*Governor Rodman appears,*

*R., having his overcoat on, and his hat and gloves in his hand. He is followed by Agnes, wearing her wrap, the hood being partly pushed back from her head*] Governor Rodman! Agnes! [*Placing a chair for Agnes. Agnes grasps the back of the chair, supporting herself, and stands rigid with the effort of her self-control. Sam has meantime withdrawn, closing the doors*]

ROD. Mr. Cohen, I came at the request of my daughter. She was led to confide in me by the hope that I might be of assistance to you. I could gain from her no particulars except that your bank was in trouble, and that young Seabury was accused of a grave offense. Her anxiety is natural, when we consider that he is engaged to be married to Dora, William's sister. As I live only for my child's happiness, I share her anxiety; therefore I am here.

COHEN. [*Extending his hand*] I thank you. You can be of great service to me. But as to Edward Seabury—

ROD. It is Agnes's wish that I save this young man at any cost.

COHEN. The affair is now in the hands of the directors. The bank examiner is, at this moment, waiting to confer with them.

AGNES. [*Sinks into the chair*] But, Mr. Cohen, your word is all powerful. If you were to speak in his behalf—

COHEN. I should be false to my trust as head of this bank if I tried to shield a defaulter.

AGNES. [*Aside*] God in Heaven, help me! [*Aloud*] Father, will you let me speak with Mr. Cohen alone? [*Rodman looks at Cohen*]

COHEN. [*Indicating room, L.I.E.*] Will you be seated in that room?

ROD. Thank you. [*Crosses and exit, L.I.E., closing the door. Cohen turns to Agnes, who, leaning on the table at the R. front corner of which she is seated, raises her eyes to him*]

AGNES. Wasn't it in this very room that your mother once showed me that picture of the Savior?

COHEN. The window? Yes. [*Pointing to window at back*] It is there. The night is too dark to see it now.

AGNES. It represents him pronouncing forgiveness to the Magdalen who kneels with bowed head before Him.

COHEN. Yes.

AGNES. Adhering as you do to your faith, why do you keep in your home that picture?

COHEN. Because of my admiration for the man. Whatever the Nazarene may have been, His treatment of mankind, His help to them, His hope for them, puts the breath of Heaven into the words of His philosophy. What picture could I have in the house of a Jew more appropriate than this picture of a Jew.

AGNES. He taught mercy. [*Slowly rising*] And it is mercy I came to beg of you.

COHEN. Agnes!

AGNES. [*Pointing*] The night hides that picture now. Is darkness to hide its teachings from your heart, in an hour like this?

COHEN. You could not plead more earnestly, if it were your own lover. And if it were your lover, I could give no other answer.

AGNES. Did you not tell me once that you loved me?

COHEN. Agnes!

AGNES. By that love, show mercy to Dora—to me. [*Supporting herself by leaning on table. She bows her head low in supplication*]

COHEN. You—whom I once—hoped—to call—my wife—appeal to me, by my love! [*Aside*] Ah! if it were only the man who had to deal with the case, and not the president of the bank! Agnes, I can give you but one promise!

AGNES. [*Breathlessly*] Yes?

COHEN. Let me call your father. [*Crossing and opening door, L.I.E.*] Governor Rodman. [*Rodman appears, L.I.E.*] I will take no part in the prosecution of this young man, but will lay your proposition before the directors and leave it to them. [*A knock heard, R.*] Come in. [*Sam appears, R.*]

SAM. Mr. Stedman is here.

COHEN. Has Mr. Pendleton come, and Mr. Bergman?

SAM. Everyone is here except Will Prescott.

COHEN. Ask them here. [*Opening door, L.2.E.*] Governor Rodman, will you be within call? [*Sam passes out, R., leaving the hall doors wide open. To Rodman*] I will take your daughter to my mother. [*Governor Rodman goes into room, L.2.E.*]

AGNES. If they refuse my father's offer?

COHEN. I do not wish to hold out hope. They cannot accept it, unless every other means to save the bank fails. [*Agnes, pressing her hand against her heart, gives one helpless, frightened look, off R. Cohen holding the portière and extending his hand.*] Come. [*Agnes places her hand in his and he leads her out of the room. Enter Sam. He turns up the stand lamp, R., as Mr. Wayne and Mr. Reynolds are seen in the hallway in earnest conversation. Mr. Wayne, a man of 45, with brown hair, dressed in a plain business suit; Mr. Reynolds of about 60, with white hair and white side whiskers. He is in evening dress. Mr. Bergman enters, a man of 35, black hair, dressed in Prince Albert coat, with light trousers. He crosses to the fire and stands warming his hands, with his back to the audience. Stedman, still in evening dress, enters with Colonel Kip. Stedman and Kip stand in front of table, C.,*

*Stedman talking, Kip listening impassively, and examining the books of the bank. Mr. Pendleton appears in hallway, a short, stout man of about 70. His hair is a little long and bushy, no beard, his head representing somewhat the appearance of Ibsen's. He is slightly deaf. He hangs his overcoat in the hall, places his hat on his stick in the corner. Sam places chair, L. of large table, for Kip, who sits. Stedman stands resting on the corner of the table talking to Kip. Sam closes the curtains to window, R. Pendleton is seen to speak to Wayne and Reynolds in the hall, putting his hand to his ear to listen to their reply. One of them points to Kip. Pendleton nods his head and comes into the room, taking off his gloves, which he slaps together and puts into his pocket]*

PEND. [*Shaking hands with Kip*] Ah! Colonel, sorry to see you!

KIP. Mr. Pendleton, I trust you'll be able to tide over matters without my interference.

PEND. [*Stooping over, hand to ear*] Eh?

STED. [*Speaking in his ear distinctly*] He says he hopes this time tomorrow night you'll be in bed.

PEND. [*To Kip*] Oh! Thanks, I hope so, too. [*Joins Bergman at the fireplace*]

STED. Yes. He hasn't heard a resolution or a motion for ten years, but he never misses a meeting.

PEND. [*Who has been questioning Bergman, puts his hand to his ear*] Eh? You don't know? [*Sharply*] Well, you ought to. I heard it. And I told Cohen about Kirke two hours after he discovered the securities were gone.

STED. [*To Kip*] That's a fact. If there's anything you want to find out, ask old Pen. We call him the Wizard of the Board. What he doesn't hear he sees. [*Cohen enters, L.1.E. He has removed his dress coat, and wears a plain Prince Albert. He closes the door and draws the portière*]

COHEN. Gentlemen! [*Wayne and Reynolds come in from hallway. Sam, who has placed the chairs, brings from room, L.3.E., two books which he places on large table, C., then goes out, R., closing the doors*]

KIP. [*Rising and offering his hand*] Mr. Cohen.

COHEN. [*Taking his hand*] Colonel Kip, from the first I have opposed your being called in. Not for one moment have I relinquished my belief that we can pull through.

KIP. I hope so.

PEND. Ah! Mr. Cohen! How de do? How de do? My feet have fallen below zero. The sidewalks from my house here—

COHEN. Surely you didn't walk, Mr. Pendleton?



PEND. You don't think I'd take my horses out a night like this, do you? You are just like your father. I remember being called to a meeting once—it was in the winter of '67—one night—

COHEN. [*Pleasantly*] Yes, my dear old friend, I have heard you tell that story a great many times. [*Going to chair, back of table*]

PEND. It's a good one, though, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha!

COHEN. [*Across the table*] The way you tell it, it certainly is. [*Stedman, with his hands behind him, has walked anxiously to the door, R., as though expecting someone*]

PEND. [*Turning to Stedman*] What did he say?

STED. That affairs are too serious tonight for anything but business.

PEND. [*Apart to Stedman*] Oh! I don't worry. I knew his father. I can see by his manner he has found a way out of the difficulty. [*Goes up to fire*]

STED. [*Aside*] Has he? [*Mr. Cohen has meantime motioned the directors to be seated. Kip sits a little back from the table at Cohen's R. Stedman sits in front of the table at the R. corner. A chair is left vacant at L. side of table. Bergman, R. of table, some distance off. Pendleton has seated himself close to the fire with his back to the others, his feet on the fender. When all are seated, the doors, R., open and William enters. He is still in dress suit and wears a cape overcoat. He closes the door and looks for a moment as if to see where to sit*]

COHEN. [*Pointing to vacant chair at his L.*] William.

WILL. [*Crossing to Mr. Cohen*] I drove home to get—to get my memorandum book. Am I late?

COHEN. No. [*William sits, placing his book on the table before him*] Aren't you going to take off your overcoat? [*William, seeing that he has forgotten to remove his overcoat, looks quickly at the coat, then at Cohen; gives a slight laugh, and without rising, takes it off, letting it fall over the back of the chair*]

PEND. [*Without looking around*] If it's agreeable to the rest of the board, I'll sit here and toast myself.

COHEN. [*To Colonel Kip*] Has the exact condition of affairs been made known to you? We have our Daily Statement Book and our General Ledger here—

KIP. Mr. Stedman has given me the particulars. I have examined your Statement Book and looked over your Bond Accounts.

STED. Mr. Cohen, for once in his life, is assuming a greater burden than he can carry. Against his earnest remonstrance, I urged you gentlemen to call in Bank Examiner Kip, that we might not be blamed for keeping from him

our precarious condition, and the fact that a crime has been committed by an officer of our bank.

KIP. Then it is the wish of the directors that I lay the affair before the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington?

STED. I see no other way.

COHEN. I am the bank's largest stockholder; my risk is the greatest, and I say, "No." Yesterday, we met the run without much difficulty. Today a new trouble was discovered. Even then, when these gentlemen would have called you in, I withstood the run. When my brother directors had done all they felt called upon to do, I used of my private fortune as much as could be turned into ready money. But by ten o'clock tomorrow morning there will be two hundred thousand more cash in the bank. The Imperial Trust Co. has made us a loan of that amount on our remaining bonds.

STED. [*Without looking at him*] It is not enough.

COHEN. [*To Stedman*] But it will give us time.

KIP. Will anyone pledge an addition to that? I do not feel justified in permitting you to continue business in the morning, unless you have, at least, five hundred thousand in your bank before noon and a provision for more on the following day.

COHEN. I'll manage with half that sum.

KIP. Mr. Cohen, the condition would be even more severe, but for my confidence in you. The Tenth National this morning had a million to commence with, and yet, at noon today, it closed its doors. [*Sam opens door, R., and stands on threshold looking at Cohen*]

COHEN. Gentlemen, Mr. Seabury is here. [*At the mention of Mr. Seabury's name, William, unseen by the others, gives a slight start*]

STED. [*To Sam*] Let him come in. [*Sam withdraws, leaving the doors open. The eyes of everyone directed towards the doors, R.*]

COHEN. [*Looking straight before him, in thought*] Five hundred thousand by tomorrow noon, and provision for the day after! [*Aloud*] Gentlemen! [*They look at Cohen, with the exception of Stedman, who simply turns his head and listens*] It is my wish to recover as many of the missing securities as are still in Seabury's possession. After the investigation of his case I have a proposition to lay before you, which, if you accept it, will save the bank.

STED. [*Aside*] What the devil is he going to do now? [*Edward enters quickly. As he sees the Directors, his look of eager expectation changes to one of surprise; he checks himself and watches the faces that are turned toward him. William, as Edward comes into the room, places his elbow on the table, leaning his head upon his hand, so as to shade his face. Sam, withdrawing, closes the door*]

EDW. Mr. Cohen, I didn't expect to see anyone but you. [*Bowing*] Gentlemen! [*They make no return of his salutation*]

COHEN. [*Pointing to chair, down R.*] Will you be seated? [*Takes papers from the table drawer. Edward, perplexed, glances from face to face, draws the chair toward him and sits. During the following, William remains immovable, his head still resting upon his hand, but not so as to hide his face from the audience. Stedman, with his back to Edward, is watching Cohen*] Today we had occasion to use bonds of the Chicago & Northwestern, Delaware & Hudson Canal, and Gold Sevens. These, together with Milwaukee & St. Paul first Eights, Cairo & Fulton, Western Union Debenture Sevens, three bonds of the Brooklyn Permanent Water Loan and two of St. Paul & Manitoba first Sevens, were not in the safe. [*Edward starts, looking at Cohen in amazement. With marked emphasis*] One hundred and five thousand dollars of the bank's funds are missing.

EDW. [*Breathless*] I remember those securities when I had charge of the safe.

COHEN. I have asked you here tonight to account for their disappearance.

EDW. [*Starting to his feet*] Mr. Cohen! Do you impute any wrong dealing to me?

COHEN. To deny what you have done in the face of the most conclusive facts, is simply to add to your offense.

EDW. [*Vehemently*] I do deny it. As God hears me, until this moment I knew nothing of this loss. I deserved everything you said to me last week, and when you dismissed me because you feared I had dealings with Arnold Kirke, you were right; I had been speculating that very day. [*At this admission, Stedman makes a note upon a sheet of paper on the table before him*] But I have never stolen. When you confront me with this terrible accusation, I say it is a lie! A lie! And it emanates from that man! [*Pointing to Stedman*] He was responsible for my dismissal. I struck him in the face for that. And now, damn him—[*As Edward rushes at Stedman, Kip seizes him from behind and drags him back. All except Stedman and William start to their feet*]

KIP. [*Holding Edward's hands behind him*] Seabury! Seabury! This can do no good.

EDW. [*In frenzy*] He loves the woman who is to be my wife. He has been my enemy ever since he knew she loved me. [*Stedman rises and crosses to doors, R. Edward, struggling to reach him, turns as he crosses*] And now, not content with driving me out of the bank, he tries to complete my ruin. [*With superhuman effort*] I'll kill him. [*A general movement. Kip, from whose grasp Edward wrenches his hands, stands in front of him. Stedman has during this opened the door and beckoned to someone in the hallway*]

STED. [*Speaking off*] Officer, give me those. [*A pair of handcuffs are handed to him by someone outside. To Edward*] Your bravado is not only useless but delays this investigation. Upon the complaint of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Wayne this afternoon a warrant was issued for your arrest.

EDW. Arrest?

STED. The deputy marshal is here to serve it. If our efforts to do what we can for you are met with abuse and violence, there is but one thing to be done. [*Edward sinks down in his chair. Stedman passes to the front of the table, placing the handcuffs down L.C. of table. As the handcuffs touch the table, William involuntarily draws back, lowering his hand until his arm rests upon the table. Without making a sound he moves his fingers, drumming on the table. The others have resumed their seats. Stedman stands by his chair*]

KIP. Young man, I advise you to answer the questions that these gentlemen may ask.

COHEN. Mr. Stedman.

STED. In view of what Mr. Seabury has just said, I will ask you to hear the facts, not from me, but from the lips of his friend, the cashier of the bank, Mr. Prescott. [*To William*] State the circumstances connected with your absence a month ago.

WILL. [*Rising*] When I tell you that Edward and I have known each other from boyhood, that he is engaged to be married to my sister, you will understand my feelings, and that sooner than speak a word that would incriminate him I would have my tongue paralyzed for ever.

EDW. Speak out, Will; you know I am innocent, don't you?

COHEN. [*To Edward*] Only three people have access to that safe—you, Prescott, and myself. If you did not take those securities, then either Prescott or I did.

EDW. Then somebody else has duplicated the keys, and found out the combination of the locks, for I did not.

COHEN. [*To William*] You owe it to me, to yourself, to speak.

EDW. Speak out, Will; I ask it.

WILL. May I be seated? [*Cohen assents; William sits*] About the middle of last November my health began to fail. The doctor ordered rest. I refused to leave my duties at the bank. When January came and my condition was becoming worse, Mr. Cohen insisted that I should follow the doctor's advice, and I yielded. With my sister Dora and Miss Rodman, my affianced wife, I went to the mountains of Virginia, turning over the securities of the bank and giving the combination of the reserve safe and the keys of the tin boxes there, to the assistant cashier.

KIP. Mr. Seabury.

WILL. Yes. I was away only two weeks and upon my return received back the keys from my substitute, with his statement that the contents of the safe were just as I left them.

STED. When you transferred the cashier's safe to Mr. Seabury, was any one present?

COHEN. I was.

STED. [*To Cohen*] The securities and the cashier's statement were compared?

COHEN. They apparently tallied exactly.

STED. [*To William*] Was the same plan pursued on your return, when Mr. Seabury delivered back the keys?

WILL. Yes.

STED. [*To Cohen*] Also in your presence?

COHEN. Yes.

STED. That last examination—state exactly, Mr. Prescott, how it was made.

WILL. The bonds were tied in packages. As Mr. Seabury called off each denomination from his statement, I selected the package and counted its contents.

PEND. The first time, who did the counting?

WILL. I did.

PEND. And the last time, too?

WILL. Yes.

PEND. Eh?

WILL. [*Louder*] I counted the packages in both cases.

PEND. [*To Cohen*] You see him?

COHEN. I am always present at such transfers.

PEND. [*Musing*] Then how could he have—[*Abruptly to William*] Did you break the bundles?

WILL. No.

PEND. Speak louder.

WILL. [*Louder*] I saw that the ends looked correct, and then counted the edges.

PEND. Oh! [*Nodding his head*]

EDW. There was no call for any of those securities while they were in my charge.

STED. [*To William*] When you received them back from Mr. Seabury, did the packages present the same appearance as when you delivered them to him?

WILL. I thought so.

STED. And it was not until today, when there was a sudden call for them, that, upon opening them, you found that some of the bonds had been stolen?

WILL. Yes.

STED. [*Turning to Edward*] You admit that you had dealings with Arnold Kirke.

EDW. Yes.

STED. With what result?

EDW. I cleared three thousand dollars.

STED. We learned today, that during the past week, you sold two bonds. Were they not part of what Kirke paid you?

EDW. He gave me those two bonds and the balance in money.

STED. What kind of bonds were they?

EDW. [*Starting*] You are trying to make the circumstances tell against me.

KIP. Answer.

STED. Were they not Chicago & Northwestern first mortgage bonds?

EDW. Yes.

STED. You heard Mr. Cohen say that those were some of the bonds missing.

EDW. I knew that the bank held bonds of the same kind.

STED. Did you know that bonds, corresponding exactly with those missing, were sold by this broker?

EDW. I did not know it.

STED. Don't you see, we have reason to believe that you did not obtain those bonds from Kirke, but on the contrary furnished him with those he sold on the day of the panic? If we are mistaken, surely there is someone you can bring, who will testify to the exact nature of your dealings with Kirke.

EDW. No. Mr. Kirke is the only one who could tell.

STED. And Mr. Kirke is dead. [*Edward, in despair, covers his face with his hands*]

COHEN. Edward, the wisest course is for you to restore as many of the securities as possible.

EDW. If you were to offer absolute freedom from any further investigation, I could not give you back what I never took from you.

COHEN. [*Pointing to L. 3 E.*] Will you go into that room and wait for me? [*Reynolds and Wayne join Pendleton at the L. of the fireplace. Bergman goes to the group at the back. Cohen moves his chair towards Kip and they converse seated. As Edward crosses to William, L., Stedman rises and walks silently out of the room, R., leaving doors open*]

EDW. [*Apart to William*] Will, how am I to clear myself? Everything points against me, and the only one who could save me is in his grave. God in Heaven! What am I to do? Don't let Dora believe this of me. You have Agnes's love; and you know what it would be to lose it, if you were in my place, don't you?

WILL. Yes. [*Edward, turning L., passes into room, L.3.E. Stedman enters, R.*]

STED. [*Speaking off*] Officer, wait till I call you. [*Closes the door and resumes his seat*]

COHEN. [*Drawing his chair to its place behind table and standing*] Gentlemen! [*The Directors resume their seats. Stedman, with his face turned away from Cohen, listens intently*] I have received an offer of funds sufficient to fulfill Colonel Kip's conditions and place the bank beyond the reach of danger, provided—[*Stedman looks at Cohen*] we abandon proceedings against Edward Seabury. [*The Directors show surprise*]

STED. [*Sharply*] Who makes that proposition?

COHEN. Governor Rodman.

WILL. [*Aside*] Agnes's father.

PEND. [*Hand to ear*] What's that about Governor Rodman?

KIP. He wants to save the bank.

PEND. Well, nobody wants to stop him, do they?

KIP. [*To Pendleton*] On the condition that Seabury goes free.

PEND. Save the bank. Save the bank. If you have to put Seabury on a pension.

STED. It is my wish that Governor Rodman present his proposition himself.

COHEN. [*Indignant*] Mr. Stedman, you have my word.

STED. [*Quietly*] I say again, let him come before these gentlemen and make that proposition himself.

COHEN. [*Crossing to L.2.E., opens the door and speaks off*] May I trouble you? [*Rodman appears, L.2.E.*] Gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you Governor Rodman. [*Rodman acknowledges the introduction and goes down, L. William rising, offers his chair. Rodman stands beside it. William goes to the back of the room and stands alone at the fireplace*]

PEND. [*Who sits, R., apart to Stedman, half rising, with his hand to his mouth*] What did I tell you, Stedman? I thought Cohen had a surprise. I knew his father. Can't get around them.

STED. [*Meaningly, as he speaks the name*] Governor Rodman, are you prepared, at such short notice, to place at the bank's disposal the large sum necessary to avert its ruin?

ROD. I can place three hundred thousand in your hands by noon tomorrow, which will give me time to raise the balance.

STED. May I ask how you came to know the conditions of the bank?

ROD. From my daughter.

STED. She induced you to make this effort to save Seabury?

ROD. Yes.

COHEN. I see no need of further questioning.

STED. You will before I have finished. This offer is most extraordinary!

COHEN. [*To the Directors*] Not when you reflect that it is made in behalf of the lover of Dora Prescott.

STED. [*Hotly*] That explanation is not sufficient. There is some other motive. [*Agnes opens the door and appears on threshold, L.I.E. She is pale and makes a superhuman effort to appear calm, as she stands between the folds of the portières*]

COHEN. Miss Rodman.

WILL. Agnes. [*Cohen goes to her*]

AGNES. [*To Cohen*] I could not wait upstairs any longer. [*To the Directors*] I beg your pardon, gentlemen. From that room I heard my father's voice, and I was anxious to know the result of your conference with him.

COHEN. It is not yet determined.

AGNES. Surely there can be no doubt. May I speak to these gentlemen?

COHEN. I beg of you—

AGNES. [*Crossing to L. front corner of table*] I want to add my plea to that of my father's. I want to avert ruin from two lives—one of those, my schoolgirl companion—the sister of him who, this very night, has received the good wishes of some of you, as my promised husband! [*To Stedman, appealingly*] What stronger motive could there be? Edward may have been reckless, perhaps, careless in his way of living—I know how strong appearances are against him—but he is young, and all this has been a terrible lesson to him; he still has a future before him—and Dora's love. Gentlemen, I implore you not to wreck his life. I know you will say that where crime is so evident, punishment must follow. I know that I am laying my petition before the officials of a bank, whose duty it is to guard its welfare. I bring to you, as officials, my father's offer to save the bank. But to you, as men, I plead in behalf of a woman's breaking heart.

STED. Miss Rodman, I regret to have to tell you that the directors are powerless.

AGNES. No! No!

STED. The defalcation is known to a United States officer. If we did not press the charge, Bank Examiner Kip would be compelled to do so.



AGNES. No, he must not do that. [*To Kip*] I know my prayer is unreasonable. But think of the poor child, who has given him her love, who is lying at home prostrate with grief. All the way here in the cab, I could not shut her sobs out of my ears. If she had the strength, she would be here herself kneeling before you, begging for her lover's life—God forgive me that I ever counselled her to do otherwise, but I did! I did! And now I come in her place. [*During this, William has stood at the fireplace, his hand resting on the mantelpiece, his being the only face turned away from Agnes*]

KIP. [*Rising*] As an officer of the government, it is my duty to do what will best protect the depositors, whose interests are involved in the safety of the bank. If, when a man turns state's evidence, the state lets him go free in order to punish one or more of his associates in crime, surely I am justified in letting one man go free, to save thousands of innocent people. I advise the directors to accept Governor Rodman's offer.

COHEN. Then, gentlemen, it is for us to decide.

STED. Before we do so, I must beg that Miss Rodman withdraw.

COHEN. [*Conducting her to L.I.E.*] Wait here!

AGNES. Yes, I will wait! [*Aside*] God help me! [*Aloud*] I will wait! [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

STED. We cannot move too cautiously. The bank examiner has acted with extreme forbearance. I wish to protect him and ourselves from even a greater danger than that of honest failure.

COHEN. What danger?

STED. That this man's promise is not a sufficient guarantee. [*The Directors are astonished*]

COHEN. Zeal for the bank can hardly account for your words, Mr. Stedman.

STED. [*Firm but quiet*] I'll make them good unless—[*Meaningly, as he looks at Rodman*] he wishes to withdraw his offer.

ROD. [*Looking steadfastly into Stedman's face*] He does not!

STED. [*Rising, his manner changing*] Then the consequences be on his own head. My objection to him is that he once faced me in the prisoner's dock. I prosecuted him for wrecking a bank, of which he was a trusted officer. Rodman is not his name. He is holding the office of governor, in violation of the law, for he is—an ex-convict! [*A general movement. Wayne and Bergman rise. Pendleton leans forward. Reynolds half rises. Kip, who has been standing, looks first at Stedman, then at Cohen in amazement. Cohen, indignant, turns to Stedman. Rodman, at the denunciation, does not move in the slightest degree*]

WILL. [*Coming down*] Mr. Stedman!

ROD. [*Quietly*] William!

WILL. I have been silent long enough. But when this man utters such words against you, it is time for me—

ROD. [*Placing his hand upon William's arm, firmly*] Let me speak! [*To all*] What you have heard is true. Through this gentleman I was sent to prison for six years. When my trial ended, and I, submitting to the decree, paid the price of my misdeeds, I thought prosecution would cease. But it seems that six years were not enough, for there stands the prosecutor still, and I am as much the convict as when I stood in Auburn prison. Had I no other motives for wishing to save this young man, the knowledge of what a prison cell will make of him—what it would have made of me, but for my child—arms me in his defense. Let a man once wear the stripes of a convict, and the world will permit no new life for him, except through the portals of the grave. Gentlemen! An ex-convict asks you to let him save a fellow creature from his fate.

STED. [*Sitting*] If Colonel Kip sees fit to accept this offer, the comptroller at Washington shall not hold me responsible for criminal negligence as a director and the counsel for this bank.

COHEN. [*Rising*] I stand here tonight, with nothing which I can call my own, except this house that shelters my aged mother's head. I will give that as security if Colonel Kip will accept my guarantee for this man's good faith.

STED. It is not enough.

KIP. You see how completely my hands are tied through what seems to me the mistaken judgment of your counsel. Mr. Cohen, I would have saved you, had I been permitted to do so.

COHEN. [*To Rodman*] In being compelled to decline your offer, it is with the assurance that what has passed here will be held sacred by everyone present. [*To the others*] Am I right? [*All except Stedman assent*] Mr. Stedman?

STED. Yes.

COHEN. The same staunch trust the bank demanded when it came to my care from the hands of my father I have guarded by day, by night, with main and heart, for this. Gentlemen! The Jefferson National will close its doors tomorrow.

PEND. This thing's getting serious. [*Comes to Cohen*] When a man offers to give up his home a cold night like this, that means he's done all he can, and his father's friend is right here by his side. Look here, Stedman, have you got any objection to me?

STED. Do you wish to save this defaulter?

PEND. No. But I'll save the bank if it takes a million a day. [*With a bang of his fist on the table*] Damme.

COHEN. [*Taking his hand*] My dear old friend, I—

PEND. That's all right. I knew your father. [*Seeing that others have risen*] Oh, the meeting's broke up? I'm sorry. I was just getting warmed up. However, good night.

STED. [*Aside*] Seabury will go to prison. Then, Dora—

PEND. Kip, what time will you be ready for me in the morning?

KIP. As early as you please, Mr. Pendleton.

PEND. [*Looking at old-fashioned silver watch with fob*] I've lost so much rest tonight, I want to sleep an hour later. I'll meet you at seven o'clock.

KIP. [*Laughing*] That's a little too early for me. Say nine o'clock.

PEND. At the bank—nine sharp. I'm going to give Van Wart the devil tomorrow for backing out. He's got more money than I have. Anybody going my way? [*During the above Reynolds and Wayne have said good night. They now pass out with Pendleton. During this movement, the furniture can be arranged as needed for the rest of the act*]

KIP. Mr. Cohen, I congratulate you.

COHEN. I thank you for your efforts in our behalf.

KIP. The officer will take charge of Seabury.

STED. I will attend to that.

KIP. Good night, gentlemen. [*Exit, R. Turns out the light, R.*]

COHEN. [*To William*] You will wait for Agnes. Don't let her father go until I bid him good night. [*Stedman is crossing toward door, L.3.E. Intercepting him*] Don't you think it best that you now leave Edward Seabury to me?

STED. I wish to see that he leaves this house in charge of the officer.

COHEN. As you please. I have no other motive for dealing with him but the good of the bank. You were willing to bring ruin upon us for your own personal ends. [*Exit, L.3.E.*]

STED. Astonishing what a man will endure, and what he will do, for the sake of a woman. Nothing can save him now. [*Exit, L.3.E., closing doors. As the lights were turned down in the room, the glass doors, L.3.E., were slightly illuminated by the light within that room. The firelight falls upon William, who is now standing by his chair, L. of table, C. The room is dark enough to permit the moonlight to be seen over the tops of the windows, a few colors of the stained-glass window over the fireplace being barely discernible, the picture itself being still invisible*]

WILL. [*Realizing that he is alone, with a choking cry staggers to the windows, R., with both hands pushes them open, and clutching both portières,*

*pulls them apart, standing rigid in the moonlight. Then, pressing his forehead, he draws both hands back to the sides of his head, his face staring out into the night in an agony of despair. With a half articulate groan*] Oh! If the cold could only reach the fires of Hell that are burning in my brain! I to keep silent! How many years has it been since I came into this room. The face of Heaven seems instinct with life tonight; the stars, like eyes, peering down upon me. O you clouds, that come to shut those looks from my sight, are not blacker than my sin! [*Turning his face from the window*] What can I do? What? What? If I let Edward suffer, it will be only Dora. To save him is to bring misery not only to Dora, but to my mother—to Agnes. [*With a cry*] Oh! When once we have fallen, with what excuses we seek to justify sin. In all the world—through the space that stretches out before me, is there a creature so damnable as I? And Heaven holds its peace! [*Agnes appears, L.I.E., her face ghastly white. She continues to hold the portière, until she almost reaches its length, when she lets it fall and extends her arm toward William, in an effort to speak. With a second effort, in a tone scarcely audible, she speaks*]

AGNES. William—

WILL. Agnes—

AGNES. William. [*Without moving, glances about the room*] No one—is here?

WILL. [*Advancing*] No one.

AGNES. Edward—where is he?

WILL. [*Pointing, L.3.E.*] In there—with Mr. Cohen—and the officer.

AGNES. [*In breathless tones*] Arrested?

WILL. Yes.

AGNES. Oh! [*Is about to fall*]

WILL. [*Extending his arms*] Agnes!

AGNES. [*Starting back, quickly*] No, no!

WILL. [*Startled*] Agnes!

AGNES. [*Tenderly*] Forgive me! Forgive me!

WILL. [*With his eyes fixed intently on her, in a quiet ominous voice*] Come here. [*Agnes, with drooping head, and averted face, holds back*] Come here. [*She approaches him, he takes her hand*] Look at me. Look into my face. Tell me what you read there. [*She looks pitifully into his face. He holds both her hands in one of his*] God set a mark upon Cain, that he might be known to all men. Has He stamped “treachery” on my face already? [*Agnes, with a cry, breaks down, bowing her head upon his arm and sobbing. He presses his other hand to his eyes*] Oh! [*A slight pause*] You were

right to shrink from me. You should not cling to me now. Why—why do you?

AGNES. I love you.

WILL. But—I am guilty.

AGNES. I love you.

WILL. Heaven has not been silent! Its punishment has begun! How did you find it out?

AGNES. Mrs. Kirke—found your last letter—to her husband. She did not guess its meaning. She came to me tonight.

WILL. Tonight!

AGNES. I remembered—Valentine's Day—the letter—

WILL. But the letter from the dead—who else knows?

AGNES. No one but us.

WILL. [*Changing his manner*] It is time—they should know.

AGNES. [*Frightened*] Will!

WILL. The thought of you kept me back. I told you there was nothing I could not do for love of you. Now that I have lost all that a man holds most dear, I will be the craven no longer.

AGNES. Someone will hear you.

WILL. That boy is there, where I should be. Tell him. Tell Mr. Cohen.

AGNES. [*In terror, lest he should be overheard, in whisper*] Not so loud.

WILL. [*Stronger*] What do I care? They ought to know me for what I am—a thief.

AGNES. [*With a frightened cry, placing her hand over his mouth*] Sh! [*At that instant, a shadow is cast by the moonlight on the curtain from the figure of a man outside the window, the man himself not being seen. Terrified, low, pointing*] There's someone there!

WILL. [*Without looking*] Where?

AGNES. Outside the window. [*She steals to the window, looks and then recoils, clasping William*] An officer! [*The shadow passes away from the window. Relieved, she sinks into chair, R. front of table*]

WILL. Do you want to save me?

AGNES. [*Clasping her hands*] My mother! Help me!

WILL. Is there no way to make you despise me?

AGNES. What you did was done for me. I know it. Let the world call us women weak if it will—when trouble comes to those we love—only her loved ones—[*Rising*—and God knows the strength of her devotion.

WILL. [*Clasping her in his arms*] Oh! I cannot give you up. I cannot! I cannot!

AGNES. No, no. You must not. Will, Will, what is to be done? What shall we do?

WILL. Try and compose yourself. Your father—where is he?

AGNES. [*Pointing, L.1.E.*] There.

WILL. [*His manner unnaturally calm*] Go to him! Go to him! I'll think of something. Just give me a little time. [*Taking her to door, L.*] My darling—kiss me.

AGNES. [*Kisses him*] You have some plan—some plan?

WILL. Yes, yes. Go now. [*Puts her off and closes the door. Takes a pistol from his pocket and stands with the pistol at his side. Repeating her words*] "I love you." I am not fit for such a love. I am not fit to live. I thought the end would come tonight, so I went home, for the last time—for this—Mother! Sister! Oh, what a name I leave to them. Death will not take away the shame—nor the memory of that shame from me. I may destroy the body, but I cannot kill the soul. No, no, let me not add to my crime that of suicide. It is the refuge of a coward—a coward! [*Low strains of solemn music are heard. The moonlight has, by this time, illuminated the stained-glass window, gradually revealing the picture over the fireplace*] Oh, where can a man go to escape himself? [*Sinking on his knees on the floor with his head bowed in abject humiliation*] Does the mercy of God reach down as far as the depths of my sin? [*At this instant, the picture of the Savior and the Magdalen is distinct, the light from it falling on the bowed head of William*] "Out of the deep—[*Slowly raising his head with his arms uplifted*] do I cry unto Thee; Oh, Lord, Lord, hear my voice." [*His eyes for the first time see the picture. Reading the inscription underneath*] "Go and sin no more."

COHEN. [*In room, L.3.E.*] You refuse to confess. I see no hope for you. I leave you in the hands of the law. [*A single heart-rending cry is heard from Edward. William, who has listened breathless to Cohen's voice, at the sound of Edward's cry, as if repeating it, starts to his feet, and standing bolt upright, listens for a second, then, like a changed man, walks to chair back of table, C., and sits. Slowly he takes the handcuffs, and placing one of them on his wrist, locks it with a click. As he fastens his other wrist, his hands sink into his lap, hidden by the table. He sits upright in his chair, motionless, waiting. The doors, L.3.E., open. Cohen, entering, comes down to the R. side of William. Agnes appears on threshold, L.1.E., concealed from them by portière*] The crime is fastened at last upon the guilty man.

WILL. [*Almost inaudible*] Yes.

COHEN. [*Placing his hand on William's shoulder*] Poor fellow—he was your friend. I can understand how you feel. But we must do what is just to others.

WILL. Yes—do what is just. [*Cohen goes to R. of table. Stedman enters, L.3.E.*]

STED. [*Comes down, L. of table*] I left a pair of handcuffs on the table. [*Cohen turns up the light a little. Stedman, after looking on the table, to William*] Do you know what has become of them? [*William looks first at Stedman, turns his face toward door, L.1.E., not seeing Agnes; then rising, extends to Stedman his manacled hands*]

COHEN. My God! William! William! [*Agnes staggers toward William, and looking at Stedman, places her hands upon the irons, and half fainting, falls across the table*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE: *At Mrs. Prescott's. Three months later. Everything is the same as Act I, except that it is now springtime, the trees being covered with foliage. It is afternoon, just before sunset.*

DISCOVERED: *Mrs. Prescott seated at her desk, L. She is just finishing a letter. Dora runs on brightly by the hallway, R., coming down the steps. She is in her walking dress with hat.*

DORA. Mother, has Ned come home?

MRS. P. No.

DORA. [*Removing her hat and placing it on table at back*] I walked down toward the elevated station, thinking I might meet him. [*Glancing out of window, C.*] My husband is much later than usual.

MRS. P. [*Smiling*] You seem to be very fond of using that word.

DORA. Is there any better one that a wife can keep upon her lips? Our honeymoon has been a quiet one, but we've been very happy. [*Going behind her Mother, placing her arms tenderly around her neck and kissing her hair*] I'm afraid—happier than we ought to be.

MRS. P. That terrible night three months ago—and that day of agony that followed—my William awaiting the decision of the bank officers—but for Mr. Cohen and Agnes's father, we should have had to face the worst.

DORA. [*Looking, R.*] Ah! mother—if it were not for Agnes, would the light ever have come into our lives again?—and she isn't a married woman, like me, either.

MRS. P. Nothing but words of comfort and cheer have been upon her lips.

DORA. We are all that is left to brother Will now. To think that after trying so hard to get work—he finally succeeded among strangers, only to be dismissed.

MRS. P. His employer found out that he had been discharged from the bank.

DORA. The soldier in battle doesn't need half the courage that my brother shows, in his fight alone, to win back what he has lost. Already he has obtained another position. While it's only clerk in a shipping-house, it's a good start—and—[*In tears*] we mustn't let him see us crying, must we? It only adds to his burden, doesn't it, mother dear? [*With a sob, she breaks down, then suddenly lifts her head*] Ned's come. I hear his step. [*Wiping her eyes, her face radiant with smiles, she runs out, L.3.E. Mrs. Prescott closes the desk, as she hears Dora's voice, off L., looks toward them with a smile. Outside*] Ned, you're nearly five minutes late.

EDWARD. [*Outside*] As much as that? [*Enter Edward, L.3.E. Kissing Mrs. Prescott*] Mother. [*To Dora*] I brought you a box of candy.

DORA. That's a sweet excuse; where is it? [*As she reaches for it, he kisses her*] Marshmallows! I love them.

EDWARD. [*To Dora, taking her in his arms*] Yes, little wife, I—[*Mrs. Prescott looks around at them*]

DORA. [*On tiptoe, looking at her mother over Edward's shoulder*] What's that you say, mother?

MRS. P. [*With a slight laugh*] Nothing.

DORA. Well, I know what you're thinking. You were saying, Ned—

EDWARD. You see, little wife, I happened just now to meet Mr. Stedman. "Well," said he, "you're back in your old place!" "No thanks to you," I replied.

MRS. P. Edward, you are such an impulsive boy!

EDWARD. Then he said, "She was worth the fight. And I believed you unworthy. I was mistaken." With that, he offered me his hand. I couldn't forget what he made me suffer.

DORA. But Ned, he was more merciful to brother Will.

EDWARD. That is why I gave him my hand. [*Mrs. Prescott, placing her hand affectionately on his head, presses her lips to his forehead. Dora throws both arms around his neck and kisses him. At the moment, William enters, L.3.E. He is pale, his hair slightly tinged with gray, his manner calm, and though he tries to be cheerful at times, we see the hidden suffering that is weighing him down. He is dressed in a very plain, ordinary suit of clothes, and carries in his hand a soft felt hat. When he first comes into the room, his manner is depressed; seeing the others, he changes*]



WILL. [*Pleasantly*] Mother!

MRS. P. [*Turning quickly*] My son! [*He kisses her. Taking his hat, she goes up and pressing it to her lips, lays it down*]

DORA. [*Running to him*] Brother Will!

WILL. [*Taking her in his arms and kissing her*] Ah! Little one! [*Still holding Dora, he extends his hand to Edward*]

MRS. P. You are home much earlier tonight.

WILL. Yes.

DORA. It's usually dark when you come home.

WILL. Is it? Where's Agnes?

MRS. P. Upstairs.

DORA. I'll run and tell her you are here. [*Starts to go, R.*]

WILL. No, Dora, not yet; I'll go to her presently. [*Joining Edward*] Well, Ned, old chap, how has business gone with you today?

EDWARD. Oh!—er—very well, Will.

WILL. [*Smiling*] You say that as if you were sorry.

EDWARD. [*About to speak to him apart*] Well—you see—I—[*Seeing Dora, who is listening. Pointing to her*] Now you go talk to mother. I've just a word to say to Will. [*Dora, pouting her lips at him, with a playful toss of her head, joins Mrs. Prescott who has gone to the window, C., and opened the curtains wider. To William*] I haven't told them. I don't know how to say it, Will. Under any other circumstances, I'd consider it a stroke of good luck.

WILL. You've been advanced at the bank, Ned?

EDWARD. Yes.

WILL. You are now—

EDWARD. They have made me—cashier.

WILL. [*Pressing his hand. Then aside*] Thank God, that debt is paid. [*Aloud*] Mother! Dora! [*Mrs. Prescott and Dora come down*] I've good news. They have given Ned my old position at the bank; congratulate him. And he, foolish boy, didn't want to tell you. Why, mother feels just as I do—[*Taking her in his arms*] only she doesn't know how to say it. Half the regret at my loss is taken away by the knowledge that Ned is benefited. And again I say, Ned—[*Grasping Edward's hand and wringing it warmly*] with all my heart, I'm glad of your good luck.

EDWARD. [*Affected*] Will—[*Mrs. Prescott, turning away, furtively wipes her eyes, and sits in the armchair, R.*]

WILL. Not a word. [*To Dora*] Here! You take your husband and go and tell his father. Come now, run along. [*Pushing them L.*] Oh—and er—I saw Cousin Kate and Colonel Kip driving. They must have made up again.

DORA. [*Apart to Edward, as she realizes William's effort at cheerfulness*] O Ned!

EDWARD. [*Apart*] Come, Dora. [*Exeunt Edward and Dora, L.1.E.*]

MRS. P. [*Stretching out her hand*] William.

WILL. [*Going to her and holding her hand in both of his*] Mother.

MRS. P. Now that we are alone, you may tell me.

WILL. Tell you what?

MRS. P. You may be able to hide it from them, but not from your mother. What has happened?

WILL. I don't go back to work tomorrow.

MRS. P. Not go back?

WILL. I have been discharged. One of the customers of the bank happened to come into the place today. He saw me in the front of the store, marking some bales of merchandise. This afternoon my employer sent for me to come to his private office. O mother!—my first thought was of you all, for I knew what it meant. It had happened once before. Mr. Campbell expressed his regrets, but said, as I had come to him without a recommendation, and he had learned that I was the William Prescott who had been in trouble at the Jefferson National Bank, he would be compelled to dispense with my services from today. He paid me what wages were due and—I left the place. And that's why I'm home earlier than usual. O mother! How long is this to last! [*With a cry, he falls on his knees and burying his head in his Mother's lap, sobs aloud*]

MRS. P. [*Keeping back her own feelings, tenderly strokes his head*] My son! My son!

WILL. I am free to walk the streets, but it must be those that are unfrequented, to escape the humiliation of being passed by former friends who pretend not to see me. I have health, ability, would be thankful for the meanest position they can offer, but no one will trust me. My home is left to me, but it is to behold suffering brought to my dear ones by my disgrace.

MRS. P. William!

WILL. O mother! You may escape the law of men, but not the chastening hand of God; His punishment lasts as long as memory.

MRS. P. It must be the hand of God that brings a man to his mother's feet. My boy! My darling boy! Don't give way! You are just beginning life all over again, where you started at first—at your mother's knee. Now, come with mother to her room. [*Rises and crosses with him, R.1.E.*] Agnes may come downstairs, and she'll see you are troubled. Come! [*Exeunt Mrs. Prescott and William. Enter Margery, L.3.E., in walking dress with parasol, carrying a bunch of red roses; she places parasol and roses on sofa at back*]

MARG. Nobody here? Lucy said they were all here. [*Speaking off*] Come in. [*Sam enters, L3.E., dressed in a very light fashionable suit of clothes, with a natty necktie and a light derby; he still wears his gold spectacles, but his face is clean shaven, except the tiniest mustache, whose ends have been waxed and pointed upward*] Cousin Kate said she'd meet us here after her ride. And I know you want to see Mrs. Prescott and Dora.

SAM. Just stopped a moment to introduce myself to the maid. She didn't know me.

MARG. It just shows what Chicago can do for a New Yorker.

SAM. Do you think I'm improved?

MARG. You look like a Lake-Lily. It's a wonder they let you come back home.

SAM. The first thing your father did was to take me to the Palmer House barber shop. He said my parting gave him pain. He had me clipped all around.

MARG. That's just like pa—began by making you lose your margin.

SAM. When I saw all those dollars on the floor—

MARG. Didn't you—know they were glued onto the floor?

SAM. No, I tried to pick up a few. Next day your father introduced me to the Board of Trade.

MARG. Ah! That's the place to pick up dollars off the floor. How did you come out?

SAM. Through the air shaft, I think. I don't know what happened after I went in. I think they made me a Mason. Seems to me I rode everything—from a goat to a Chicago hog. [*Triumphantly*] But I'm a member. That night your father informed me that I had dropped five thousand dollars. I asked him if he had picked it up—and he said "Oh, yes." [*Laughing*] Ha, ha, ha! I had a good joke on him. I counted my money and found it was all there in my pocket book.

MARG. Ha, ha, ha!

SAM. See?

MARG. Yes.

SAM. He must have picked up somebody else's money. I told him I didn't miss it, send it to you. Did he?

MARG. Sent me a draft on you for five thousand.

SAM. Eh?

MARG. Pa meant that you lost five thousand in speculation, and he won it.

SAM. I must have done that while I was changing animals.

MARG. That's nothing to the reception Colonel Kip will give you. He'll never forgive you for that arm joke.

SAM. Nothing but the affairs of the bank that night saved me. I left for Chicago the very next morning. I suppose Kip and I will have to meet to-night. When he came in the front door today, I went out through the basement.

MARG. Much better to have it all over.

SAM. That's what the early bird said to the worm.

MARG. Well, as I'm partly responsible, I'll have to stand by you. Give me that bunch of flowers—I'll take them up to Agnes.

SAM. [*Handing the flowers to her*] So much obliged for all the trouble you've taken with me. [*Margery selects a rosebud and pins it on the lapel of his coat*] How is it that no one but you could blow away the cloud that has hung over my head?

MARG. I suppose because I came from the Windy City.

SAM. [*Aside*] This is a good opportunity to tell her all I feel. [*Abruptly*] Margery.

MARG. [*Dropping the flowers on the floor*] Goodness me! How you startle a body! [*Sitting on a low ottoman beside the chair, she rearranges the bouquet*] Mr. Delafield, you never called me that before.

SAM. [*Aside*] For the first time I realize what a quick city Chicago is. [*During the following, she drops on her knees to gather some of the roses from the floor, placing them on the chair; then moves up snugly to it, and as she picks up the single flowers and replaces them in the bunch, coquettishly brings her head close to his, which he gradually pushes entirely through the lower part of the chair back. As her head comes close to his, he, embarrassed, moves up a little to a narrower part of the chair*]

MARG. I only let people call me that who are very near to me.

SAM. I wish I were your cousin, or something.

MARG. Why? [*Bringing her head close*]

SAM. I should be nearer to you than I am. Why is it we are told there are no marriages in Heaven?

MARG. Probably because there are no men there.

SAM. [*Aside*] That was a failure. [*Aloud*] How do you think it feels to be an engaged couple?

MARG. How should I know. I couldn't be an engaged couple, all by myself. Could I? [*Bringing her head close as before*]

SAM. [*Aside*] If she does that again, I'll use my opportunity. [*Aloud*] But if you had someone to help you?

MARG. I fancy it would be like going up to the seventh story of Heaven in an elevator of roses—[*Lifting her bunch*] cushioned with violets, and a little modest daisy as a bellboy. [*Throwing her head back and looking*

*straight into his eyes*] Does that come anywhere near your idea of the picture?

SAM. There is only one thing lacking.

MARG. [*Bringing her head very close to Sam's*] What? [*Sam kisses her. Enter Dora, L.I.E.*]

SAM. Tulips! Beg pardon—you took me up in that flowery elevator and I couldn't help it.

MARG. [*Starting to her feet*] Oh!

SAM. Eh! [*In raising his head he gets it fastened so that he is unable to extricate it from the chair back; in his efforts to extricate himself, Sam has turned the chair so that it faces the front. After trying to move his head down, he stands, the picture of hopeless despair. Looking from one to the other*] Beg pardon, ladies. Either this chair has shrunk or my head has swelled; I can't get it back.

DORA. [*Laughing at him*] I'm very sorry that I happened to come in when I did.

SAM. So am I. [*Quickly*] I beg pardon. The fact of the matter is, Miss Dora, what you saw me doing just now was pure impulse—there was no meaning in it whatsoever.

MARG. Eh?

SAM. Oh!—oh! I beg pardon. I did mean it. [*Going up to Dora and speaking to her*] I love her with all my heart. Indeed I do. I have loved her from the time I first saw her. And, now so great has become my admiration that I cannot live without her. Oh, believe me, I love her—I want her to be my wife. [*During the above, Dora retreats a step or two under the fusillade of his declaration. Margery with comic indignation that Sam does not make the avowal to her instead of Dora, takes up a sofa pillow and throws it at him*] December oats, forty-two. Oh, I thought I was on the Board of Trade again.

MARG. To which of us are you making this declaration? She's a married woman.

KIP. [*Outside*] Left your purse in the carriage? I'll get it for you.

KATE. [*Outside*] Thank you, colonel.

SAM. Here's Colonel Kip. I'm at his mercy in this helpless position. [*Margery and Dora seize the chair and try to lift it. Sam gets on tiptoes*] Oooo—the other way, please.

MARG. There's no other way. We'll have to get a carpenter.

SAM. Get a corkscrew.

DORA. He's coming.

SAM. I'm doomed.

MARG. Dora, give me that shawl. [*Dora gets shawl from sofa, Margery drags Sam, R., pushes armchair back of table and places Sam, with the chair still about his neck, alongside of the table*] Here, Sam. Quick, Dora. [*They throw the shawl quickly over his head and the back of the chair, tucking the shawl in so as to make his head present the appearance of a pillow*] Give me that ribbon. [*Snatches ribbon from Dora's neck or waist*] Make it look like a pillow. Pin your side. [*They pin the ribbon*]

SAM. Ooo—

MARG. [*Tapping him on the head*] Keep quiet. [*Enter Kate, L.3.E.*]

KATE. Why, girls, what's the matter?

SAM. I feel like an apple dumpling.

DORA. Sam!

MARG. We're trying to save him from the colonel.

KATE. Sh. [*Margery and Dora stand hiding the chair from Kip, who enters, L.3.E., with Kate's purse*]

KIP. Allow me. [*Giving her the purse*] I found your purse on the step of the carriage.

MARG. and DORA. [*Nervously, trying to be pleasant*] How de do, colonel?

KIP. Young ladies, I salute you. Hello, what's the matter with you two?

MARG. and DORA. [*Holding their dresses so as to hide the chair*] Nothing. Nothing.

KIP. You look as though you were on dress parade.

MARG. and DORA. [*Innocently*] Do we?

KATE. By the way, colonel, Sam arrived this morning.

KIP. Yes, I know, and I can't tell you how anxious I am to meet him.

SAM. Ladies, don't desert me.

MARG. and DORA. Sh!

KATE. Now, Colonel Kip, won't you forgive him?

KIP. Never. Kitty, when your stepson and I meet, I'll take him down to Mott Street and let the Chinese make groceries of him. [*Sam sways the chair nervously. Dora and Margery give slight cry*] Keep me three hours in a cab, will he, waiting to come late with that wounded arm. For your sake, Kitty, I don't want to get anywhere near him. [*Crosses over and sits in the chair where Sam is; leaning back, he jumps up with a cry*]

KATE. What's the matter?

KIP. That's the most extraordinary chair I ever sat upon. Must be a new style of antique. [*Feeling Sam's head*] That pillow feels as if it were stuffed with a cannon ball. [*Punches the head*]

SAM. [*Groans*] Oh—h—h—h! [*Kip starts back aghast, looking at Sam's head*]

MARG. What's the matter, Colonel Kip?

KIP. Either I'm crazy or that pillow spoke.

SAM. [*Throwing shawl from his face*] Mother, take me home.

KIP. You at last. [*Starting to seize him. Sam darts out, L.3E. Dora, Margery, and Kate give a slight cry and intercept Kip as he is about to follow Sam*]

MARG. Please, Colonel Kip.

DORA. Please, colonel.

KATE. Colonel Kip! If you harm my stepson, I'll break our engagement.

KIP. [*Softening*] Strange what a feeling of tender longing comes over me for that boy! I would like to take him on my knee and pet him. [*To Margery and Dora*] Girls, tell the dear boy that I forgive him.

MARG. [*Giving bouquet of flowers to Dora*] Give these to Agnes. [*Dora goes up steps, R., and out*]

KIP. I'll have to take Sam to the kitchen and let the cook carve him out. Kitty, for three months, I've been trying to find out when you intend to make me your husband.

KATE. Sometime or another.

KIP. This suspense is wearing out my tissue.

KATE. Our engagement is so pleasant that I'm going to make it last as long as possible. You must admit, colonel, there's a great deal in that.

KIP. Not for me, Kitty. Once more I beg of you, name the day that will make me—[*Hand on his heart*] your lord and master—[*Correcting himself*] No, I don't mean that; I mean your devoted slave.

KATE. [*Laughing, knowingly*] Ah! You see. [*To Kip*] Impossible. You are such a delightful lover that I hate to lose you by making you my husband. [*At door*] Colonel, discretion's the better part of widows. [*Exit, R.1E.*]

KIP. There's nothing green about Kate, if she has been in weeds. They call us men the stronger sex! Why, one little weak woman, if she selects the right music, can make every one of us dance to any tune she pleases. And I'm getting a thorough education in dancing. I like it, too. So do we all, if we would only—confess. [*Enter William, R.2E.; seeing Colonel, he stops*]

WILL. Colonel Kip—I—didn't know you were here.

KIP. [*Going to William and taking his hand*] William—I'm glad to see you. This is one of those few occasions when I can't make a speech. If I talked till midnight—[*Kate enters quickly, R.1E.; seeing them, halts*] I couldn't tell you all that my heart wants to say. There never will be a time when you need pluck as much as you do now. And I—want it to go on record that Zachary T. Kip is your friend.

WILL. I thank you, colonel.

KATE. [*Going to William*] And his cousin thanks you, too. [*Kisses William*] Come, colonel, I've something to say to you specially.

KIP. [*Eagerly crossing to her*] What is it?

KATE. June 18th, and I prefer the Teutonic. [*Exit, R.1.E.*]

KIP. It will be my first sea voyage. [*Exit, R.1.E. The sun is now low in the sky, the red rays falling across the room, the daylight fading from the room, and during the following the light from the hall lamp, R., falls upon two figures*]

WILL. [*Standing by the window, C., looking up to the hallway*] I heard Agnes come downstairs and go into the library. Three times have I approached the door and each time the thought of what I had to tell her drove me away. [*Agnes comes down the stairs, R.; seeing William, she stops at the foot of the steps, then goes quickly to the back of the sofa and kisses him. Starting to his feet*] Agnes.

AGNES. [*Coming in front of the sofa, puts her arms around his neck*] Will, your mother has told me.

WILL. I tried to do so, but my heart now, for the first time, begins to fail.

AGNES. You mustn't be downhearted. I know everything looks black before you, but try and see with our eyes. We all have such faith in you. The trial is bitter, but you have us, and the end will come. I had a letter from father today and he said, "Speak to William three words from me: courage, endurance, hope."

WILL. From the man who resigned his office as governor, because his past was revealed to those men that night—I am beginning to think there is no future for me.

AGNES. [*Clinging close to him*] Will, we can go away where we are not known, in some other land if need be.

WILL. That will not give me back my good name. No, Agnes, the name my mother bears—here I brought disgrace upon it; while life lasts, I will remain and try to take away the stain. [*Taking her face in his two hands*] But I have no right to ask you to wait for me.

AGNES. Will!

WILL. Yesterday I could not have told you, but today, Agnes, I will not let you make any further sacrifices for me. [*Agnes draws away frightened, as she realizes his meaning*] The time has come for us to—

AGNES. [*With a cry she stops his lips with a kiss; after a slight pause*] Will, listen to me. My place is here with your mother and you. Now, or when you will, make me your wife. I shall be at your side to help you.

WILL. [*Holding her in his arms, as he raises his eyes with deep feeling*] Oh, then, dear God, for her sake, light my way. [*Enter Edward, L.3.E.*]



EDWARD. Will, Mr. Cohen is here. [*Enter Cohen, L.3.E. Exit Edward, R.1.E.*]

COHEN. [*Giving his hand to Agnes*] Agnes, William, I have come to say good-bye.

AGNES. Good-bye?

COHEN. Yes. I have accepted the appointment of Minister to Germany. Certain affairs of state make it obligatory that I start at once. I might have let you know sooner. But I wanted to postpone as long as possible the last handshake with my friends. [*To Will*] But I also came tonight to give you this letter.

WILL. For me?

COHEN. [*Handing letter to William*] Read it together. [*Goes to window. Agnes crosses to William*]

WILL. [*Opening the letter, reads*] "Dear Prescott: Since a boy I always took the weaker side in a fight. I need an assistant bookkeeper at my factory. Report tomorrow morning at seven sharp. It isn't much, but it's a start."

AGNES. [*Reading*] "I'm glad I'm able to put something in your way, for I knew your father. John Pendleton."

WILL. Mr. Cohen, I have to thank you for this.

COHEN. It needed very few words, William, to get Mr. Pendleton to write that.

AGNES. God bless him.

COHEN. And now I have to bid you all a long farewell.

WILL. Tell Agnes good-bye before the others come. [*Cohen kisses Agnes on the forehead and grasps William's hand. Enter Mrs. Prescott, Edward, and Dora, R.2.E.*]

MRS. P. Mr. Cohen.

AGNES. [*Going to them with letter*] See. See. [*Enter Kate, Kip, R.1.E.; Margery and Sam, L.3.E.*]

SAM. [*Holding Margery's hand and going to Kate*] Mother, we want your consent.

KATE. My consent?

MARG. Yes, please, ma.

SAM. You can't refuse me; mother, you and I were brought up together.

KATE. [*Shaking hands with Cohen*] The colonel tells me that you are going to leave us.

KIP. We'll call and see you in Berlin.

SAM. We?

KIP. June 18th, Sammy.

SAM. Date of the Battle of Waterloo—you have my blessing.

AGNES. The light is coming, Will.

COHEN. Through the darkest valley a man may find his way, if there is left to him Love—and Home; Heimat und Liebe. [*During the above, Margery goes up the stairs and leaning over the railing in hallway is talking to Sam on the steps. Dora and Edward, going into room, L.3.E., stand by the windows. Kate is seated on sofa, and Colonel bending over the back, paying her marked attention. William, C., Agnes at his L. Mrs. Prescott at R. Cohen a little apart from this group. The daylight has faded away from the room. The last red rays of the sun shining through the windows upon the people at the back, the light from the lamp in hallway falling upon the group, C. Picture*]

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# THE HEART OF MARYLAND

*& Other Plays*

BY DAVID BELASCO

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

GLENN HUGHES  
AND GEORGE SAVAGE

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## INTRODUCTION

**D**AVID BELASCO (1853-1931) is, and for a considerable time will remain, an intriguing figure to the student of American drama. His life was colorful and in some respects enigmatical; his contributions to the technique of theatrical production were numerous and influential; his work as a playwright offers to the historian a bewildering *mélange* of originality, collaboration and adaptation.

Born in San Francisco of Jewish parents who had migrated to the West Coast of America from England, but whose origin was Portuguese, he was educated in a monastery at Victoria, B.C., and at the Lincoln Grammar School in San Francisco. The monastic influence remained with him throughout his life, and extended even to the manner of his dress.

From a very early age Belasco manifested a feverish love of the theater. On occasion he played small parts in professional productions, and he composed plays of his own which he directed and in which he acted. His first play, *Jim Black; or, the Regulator's Revenge*, he wrote at the age of twelve.

By 1873 he had won himself a position as assistant stage manager at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and later in the same year he filled a similar engagement in Virginia City, Nev., where he met the versatile Dion Boucicault and became his secretary. From Boucicault he learned many secrets of acting, staging and playwriting.

Refusing an offer to continue as Boucicault's secretary, Belasco resumed his career in San Francisco, and in 1874 became assistant stage manager and actor at Maguire's New Theatre. Here he was associated with James A. Herne, and that association was continued with the opening of the Baldwin Theatre in 1876, where Herne was titular stage manager, but Belasco stage manager in fact.

Eager for success in the East, Belasco made a trip to New York in 1881, carrying with him the manuscript of *La Belle Russe*, which he hoped to sell to Lester Wallack. Obstacles arose which prevented the deal going through as Belasco had planned, and, although the play eventually came into Wallack's hands, Belasco felt discouraged and returned to San Francisco for another season at the Baldwin Theatre. New York, however, continued to attract him, and in 1882 he travelled East with the Gustave Frohman Dramatic Company, playing en route, and in the autumn obtained through the

Frohman's position as stage manager at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, succeeding Steele MacKaye. This post he held for two years.

After various other engagements in New York, Belasco returned in the summer of 1886 for a six-week period of direction at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, and then became stage manager for Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, where he remained until 1890. During this engagement he collaborated on a number of plays with Henry C. De Mille, several of which achieved great popularity.<sup>1</sup>

In 1890 he became an independent producer, and suffered a considerable amount of adversity until 1895, when his production of *The Heart of Maryland* established his fame as a playwright and producer and stabilized his financial position.

The closing years of the century found Belasco fighting the Theatrical Syndicate, and planning a theater of his own as a bulwark against the Syndicate's attempt to control his activities. In 1900 he obtained a lease on the Republic Theatre, and remodelled it to suit himself. In 1906-07 he built a new theater, first called the Stuyvesant, but later the Belasco. Thus he achieved the security which was essential to his artistic independence, and in his own playhouse he created a long series of productions which included many sensational successes and which earned for him the reputation of being the foremost producer in the American theater.

Belasco's characteristics as a producer are familiar to all students of the contemporary theater: his lavishness in the matter of stage settings, costumes and properties; his meticulous attention to detail in the training of actors and the creation of stage business; his fanatical quest for perfection in lighting effects; his emphasis on the emotional rather than the intellectual. Those who scorned him insisted he was superficial, but not even his bitterest detractors could deny his genius. The worst epithet they could hurl at him was master of hocus-pocus, and there was admiration in that phrase.

As a playwright Belasco had his training in a rough-and-ready school, where action and strong, simple motives were dominant. Although in the course of his life he passed through many phases, and although he adapted himself somewhat to changing styles and points of view, he never relinquished his fundamental belief in simplicity of motive and strength of situation as the basic factors in drama. A direct approach to the human heart was his chosen path, and from that path he never strayed. Many of his plays disclosed a love of the morbid, but his morbidity was natural, not decadent. Even his sensuousness escaped the charge of perversion.

<sup>1</sup> Five of these—*The Main Line*, *Men and Women*, *The Charity Ball*, *Lord Chumley*, and *The Wife*, are published as Volume XVII of *America's Lost Plays*, and edited by Dr. Robert H. Ball.

Realistic effect was his forte. Knowing that, he could indulge his fancy, for to a showman like Belasco the theater is primarily a place where the implausible is made plausible. In print many of his plays seem today too implausible, but plausibility in the theater is a variable thing, and in their day, presented by the hand of the master, they were plausible. History is consistent on that point.

It was Belasco's magic touch, as playwright and producer, which brought many other writers to his door. And the fact that most of his collaborators failed in their independent efforts indicates to what extent they were indebted to Belasco. In many cases, it may be assumed, he played a major rôle in the composition; in others his contribution was smaller. But it was always vital.

Working as he did—adapting, collaborating, revising—Belasco could not have hoped to escape legal difficulties. And of these he had his share. Plagiarism suits dogged him through the years, but from most of them he won vindication. The real victim of Belasco's methods is the dramatic historian, who, seeking exactness of authorship, finds instead a maze of evidence, incomplete and contradictory.

The plays chosen for inclusion in this volume are representative of the principal phases of Belasco's writing during the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Plays written by him prior to 1880 are all probably either lost or destroyed, and even if they were available it is doubtful that they would prove worthy of publication. His work after 1900 is already well represented in print.

A considerable number of Belasco plays in manuscript form are to be found in the Theatre Collection of the New York Public Library. Among the unpublished items in that collection are the following well-known titles: *Zaza* (1898), *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* (1902-03), *The Lily* (1909), *The Governor's Lady* (1912), *Van Der Decken* (1915), *The Son-Daughter* (1919), and *Kıkkı* (1921). The manuscript of *Pawn Ticket 210* (1887) exists, and is privately owned.

The texts herewith reproduced are, with the exception of *The Strangers of Paris*, taken from manuscripts in the above-mentioned collection, and have every claim to authenticity. *The Strangers of Paris* is a "pirated" version belonging to the Division of Drama Library, University of Washington, acquired from an agent whose business it was in the heyday of stock and touring companies to furnish directors' scripts of all plays requested, regardless of copyright. Such pirated versions were sometimes maltreatments of the original plays, but again they were improvements. Prepared for practical use in the theater, they usually represented a decrease in the number of

characters, a simplification of the settings, and a condensation of the dialogue. Admitting the illegality of piracy, we must admit our frequent artistic debt to the pirates. And it is worth remembering, in this connection, that it was only these "bootleg" versions which the majority of American audiences knew.

For convenient reference, the introductory note to each play in this volume has been placed immediately preceding the text of the play.

G.H. AND G.S.

University of Washington, Seattle

LA BELLE RUSSE

*A Duel in Four Acts*

(1881)





## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**L**A BELLE Russe was first produced at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, July 18-30, 1881, with the author as stage manager. The cast was as follows:

CAPTAIN DUDLEY BRAND	OSMUND TEARLE
SIR PHILIP CALTHORPE	GERALD EYRE
MONROE QUILTON	JOHN W. JENNINGS
ROBERTS	J. MCCORMACK
*BARTON	EDGAR WILTON
†GERALDINE	JEFFREYS-LEWIS
LADY ELIZABETH CALTHORPE	JEAN CLARA WALTERS
AGNES	CELIA EDGERTON
LITTLE BEATRICE	MAUDE ADAMS
‡ELISE	EDITH LIVINGSTON
‡RIGNOLD HENDERSON, <i>Superintendent of Police</i>	E. H. HOLDEN

The first New York production of the play opened at Wallack's Theatre on May 8, 1882, and continued until June 28. The cast was as follows:

CAPTAIN DUDLEY BRAND	OSMUND TEARLE
SIR PHILIP CALTHORPE	GERALD EYRE
MONROE QUILTON	JOHN GILBERT
ROBERTS	C. E. EDWIN
BURTON	H. HOLLIDAY
GERALDINE	ROSE COGHLAN
LADY ELIZABETH CALTHORPE	MME. PONISI (Mme. Ponsi)
LITTLE BEATRICE	MABEL STEPHENSON
AGNES	CECILIA EDGARTON (Celia Edgerton)

The play was revived at Wallack's Theatre in May 1883, and in 1885 was sent on tour with the Wallack's Theatre Company under the management of Charles Frohman. The first English production was at the Pavilion Theatre, London, on April 17, 1886.

\* In the New York production this name appears as BURTON. The character does not appear at all in the version of the play included in this volume.

† GERALDINE appears as BEATRICE in the version included in this volume.

‡ These characters did not appear in the New York production, nor do they appear in the version included in this volume.

In the composition of *La Belle Russe*, Belasco borrowed from two plays which had been produced under his stage management: *Forget Me Not*, by Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove, and *The New Magdalen*, by Wilkie Collins. He did not, however, announce this fact, but, following the current fashion, advertised the new play as "from the French." Nor did he acknowledge his authorship of the piece until it had been proclaimed a success.

It was Belasco's hope to use *La Belle Russe* as a spring-board to New York, and with that in mind he had arranged for the engagement at Baldwin's Theatre of two actors from Wallack's Theatre, New York—Osmund Tearle and Gerald Eyre. Shortly after the production of the play he persuaded Thomas Maguire, lessee of Baldwin's Theatre and Belasco's employer, to finance a trip to New York. There Belasco planned to sell the play to Lester Wallack. But Maguire, who claimed a half interest in the piece, proved a stumbling block to the negotiations, and Belasco ended by selling the rights to Frank L. Goodwin for a modest cash sum. Discouraged at not having succeeded in dealing with the great Wallack, Belasco returned to San Francisco, whereupon Goodwin sold *La Belle Russe* to Wallack at a considerable profit to himself.

In reviewing the first performance of the play in New York, the *Daily Tribune* referred to it as being "apparently an adaptation from a sensational French novel," and criticized it as being based on "a set of highly distorted circumstances," as having an exceedingly weak first act, and speeches which are "needlessly long and sometimes tangled." On the other hand it found the play to contain "a most interesting exposition of monstrous feminine wickedness," and to open "a fertile field of reflection as to the infatuation that may be caused by love and carnal beauty." "Furthermore," said the *Tribune*, "it suggests to the moralist the curious spectacle of hellish depravity stumbling among its own self-justification."

Belasco himself took considerable pride in *La Belle Russe*, and claimed that it was the production of this play which retrieved the fortunes of Lester Wallack, lost when the latter moved into his new theater. The frankness of the play, said Belasco, made it a forerunner of the realistic dramas of the next decade. And as for its craftsmanship, we have the following statement from William Winter, who had it direct from Belasco: "Bronson Howard, at the height of his success, declared, in a public lecture, that it was a model of construction, and confessed that he had already seen it seventeen times, each evening discovering some new technical excellence in it."

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN DUDLEY BRAND

SIR PHILIP CALTHORPE

MONROE QUILTON, *of the firm of Quilton & Pembroke, attorneys at law*

ROBERTS

BURTON

GERALDINE

LADY ELIZABETH CALTHORPE

AGNES

LITTLE BEATRICE

ACT I: OFFICE OF MESSRS. QUILTON & PEMBROKE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
AFTERNOON—"AFTER MANY YEARS."

ACT II: AT CALTHORPE MANOR.  
MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY—"FACE TO FACE."

ACT III: AT CALTHORPE MANOR.  
NOON—"AT DAGGER'S DRAWN."

ACT IV: AT CALTHORPE MANOR.  
EVENING—"AT LAST."



## ACT I.

AFTER MANY YEARS

SCENE: *Offices of Messrs. Quilton & Pembroke, attorneys at law. Enter Monroe Quilton from R.C. He goes to desk, R., and glances at letters on card receiver.*

QUIL. Old clients! Bah! [*Throws them back without opening any. Rings bell, picks up newspaper and sits R. of desk, his feet towards fire. Enter Roberts from R.C.*]

ROB. Did you ring, sir?

QUIL. Yes. Has Mr. Pembroke returned from court yet?

ROB. No, sir.

QUIL. When he does, tell him that consultation takes place here at six.

ROB. Very well, sir. [*Starts to go*]

QUIL. [*Turning*] Stop! Has anyone been inquiring for me today?

ROB. No one, sir.

QUIL. You may go. [*Faces fire again*]

ROB. [*Going*] Yes, sir.

QUIL. [*Looking up*] Roberts! Remember my instruction in regard to strangers calling on me. Should any call, I will see them. To all others I am not at liberty—you understand.

ROB. Yes, sir. [*Exit, R.C.*]

QUIL. [*Faces desk, lays newspaper down, looks at his watch*] Five o'clock! Bless my soul! I must write to Lady Calthorpe and give her the old, old answer. Poor lady! How she does long to make atonement for her cruelty to her son. Let me see. [*Takes letter from file, glances over it, then reads*] "Before I close I make one last appeal! What more can you suggest that may, with Heaven's help, bring me tidings of my poor Philip's lost wife?" [*Puts letter back in file*] Ah, my dear Lady Calthorpe, I fear it is useless. The affair has been in the hands of the very best detectives in London and they have given it up in despair. [*Picks up newspaper again*] And even this advertisement which has appeared in the principal newspapers for the last three years has failed to elicit the slightest information about her. [*Reads*] "One hundred Pounds reward!" "The above sum will be paid to anyone giving information of the whereabouts of Geraldine Calthorpe, maiden name, Geraldine Hatherly, 12 years ago a resident of Westerham, Kent. The

same reward will be paid to any person giving authentic information of her death. Address Monroe Quilton, Attorney at law, Bedford Row, London." Oh, the suspense is killing Lady Calthorpe—[*Running his fingers through his hair*] and I believe that it will drive me to a lunatic asylum. [*Throws down newspaper*] Shall I ever find her? [*Enter Robert, C. Annoyed*] Well, what is it?

ROB. A person to see you, sir.

QUIL. [*Changing*] Stranger?

ROB. Yes, sir.

QUIL. Lady or gentleman?

ROB. Lady.

QUIL. [*Rising, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead*] Then why don't you show her up?

ROB. Yes, sir. [*Exit, C.*]

QUIL. Phew! I'm in a cold perspiration! [*Walks up and down*] A stranger and a lady! If it should be—[*Sinks on sofa*] Thump-pi-ty—[*His hand on his heart*] Thump it goes! I hope I'm not going to make an ass of myself. [*Enter Roberts followed by Geraldine; she is dressed in mourning, her face covered with a veil*]

ROB. The lady, sir.

QUIL. [*Rises, greatly agitated, and bows, crosses to R. of desk, seeing Roberts who still stands at door*] What is the matter with you? What are you standing there for? Why don't you go?

ROB. Yes, sir. [*Exit, L., quickly*]

QUIL. [*Turning to Geraldine*] Pray be seated. [*Geraldine sits, L. of desk. Aside*] Why doesn't she raise that veil! I wonder what she looks like? [*Stands R. of desk. Aloud*] You have business with me?

GERALD. I have, sir.

QUIL. Madam, you are fortunate, I am not often in my office so late. I am entirely at your service. What is it?

GERALD. My business is of the utmost importance.

QUIL. [*Wiping his forehead. Aside*] Now it's coming! [*Aloud*] Proceed then. [*Sits R. of desk*]

GERALD. You are the Mr. Monroe Quilton mentioned in this advertisement? [*Hands him copy of an English newspaper*]

QUIL. [*Taking it and looking to where she points*] Bless my soul! [*Wipes his forehead*] Excuse me! I'll open the window with your permission. [*Rises, goes to window, opens it, then returns to his seat*] You bring news of Geraldine Calthorpe?

GERALD. I do.

QUIL. [*Excited*] Well—Well!

GERALD. [*Throwing back her veil, showing her face which is pale but resolute*] I am Geraldine Calthorpe. [*Stands at desk*]

QUIL. [*Springing to his feet*] Bless my soul! Can it be possible? You—you—Geraldine Calthorpe?

GERALD. Yes. [*Slowly*] I am Geraldine Calthorpe.

QUIL. [*Loudly*] When, why—I beg your pardon, madam! But why—[*Abruptly*] Excuse me, but don't you feel a terrible draught here? I think I had better close the window. [*Closes window and returns, motions her to be seated*] Why didn't you answer the advertisement before? We've been hunting for you for the last three years. [*Sits at desk*]

GERALD. I have no money to spare to buy newspapers, and very little time to read them. I am a very poor woman, working from morning till night to support myself. It was by the merest accident that I saw your advertisement a week ago.

QUIL. You saw the advertisement a week ago? But it takes you a whole week to make up your mind to call on me?

GERALD. No, I came immediately.

QUIL. You came immediately? In what part of London do you live?

GERALD. I only arrived in London today. For the last ten years I have lived in Naples.

QUIL. Oh! I see—you read the advertisement in Naples?

GERALD. Precisely.

QUIL. What a fool I am! [*Sharply*] Naples—eh? Hum! You say you saw the advertisement by the merest accident?

GERALD. Yes.

QUIL. Explain.

GERALD. [*With a half smile*] I cannot explain; it was as I said before, accidental, or it was—[*Slowly*] Fate.

QUIL. There—there—never mind how it was—you have come and that's quite enough. Have you resided in Italy long?

GERALD. I have never left Naples till now, since my husband deserted me—[*With effort*] left me in want and misery, yes—dying of starvation.

QUIL. [*Moved*] Starvation! [*Wiping his eyes*] Poor girl! Poor girl!

GERALD. Girl? [*Smiling*]

QUIL. [*Abruptly, rises*] I mean exactly what I say! You may be fifty but you don't look a day over twenty. [*Geraldine with a laugh is about to speak*] There—there—don't contradict—don't speak! [*Sits*] Now, go on.

GERALD. Tell me if my husband is alive or dead? [*Anxiously*] Is it he who is searching for me now?

QUIL. It is not.

GERALD. [*Greatly relieved*] No?

QUIL. No; and as to his being alive or not, it is impossible for me to say; for he has never been heard of since he disappeared nine years ago.

GERALD. Then it is his mother?

QUIL. My dear madam, how do you know that?

GERALD. Because there is no one else in the world that can have any interest in finding Geraldine Calthorpe.

QUIL. Very true. It will be necessary to produce some proofs of your identity. I suppose you can do so; it is a necessary form, merely a form in this case, for I have seen your portrait.

GERALD. [*Starts*] You have seen my portrait?

QUIL. Yes, madam. It is in my desk at this present moment. [*Opens drawer*] When your husband wrote to his mother informing her of his marriage with you, he enclosed in his letter the portrait of his bride. [*Takes out portrait*] See!

GERALD. [*Standing. Seizes the portrait tremblingly, turns from him and gazes at it eagerly*] Yes! Yes! How like, how like!

QUIL. [*Taking it back and looking from it to her*] Very. Twelve years have not changed you in the least. [*Looking at her fixedly*] Your face is not one to be mistaken—[*Suddenly*] But—

GERALD. I understand. [*Takes small satchel, opens it and takes packet from it*] This contains my husband's portrait, his letters to me before we were married, and my marriage certificate.

QUIL. [*Opens packet and examines articles, the marriage certificate last*]

GERALD. I have no other proofs to offer, save the story of the sorrowful past.

QUIL. [*Putting the articles in the drawer with the portrait*] Nothing more is required, my dear madam—and your child, you spoke of a child—

GERALD. I did. Born after my husband deserted me.

QUIL. Eh! Born after your husband deserted you?

GERALD. Yes, six months after.

QUIL. Girl or boy?

GERALD. [*C. After slight pause*] A girl.

QUIL. Ah, that's a pity! A boy to inherit the family property and perpetuate the family name would have suited the old lady's ambition so much better. But I suppose she must rest contented with an heiress instead of an heir. Your little girl is then nearly nine years old?

GERALD. Yes, sir.

QUIL. Has she endured hardship and privation, too?



GERALD. Oh, no, I contrived to keep her at boarding school, having deprived myself of almost everything to save her from suffering.

QUIL. Where is she now?

GERALD. [*Pointing*] In your reception room.

QUIL. That's fortunate. There is no time to be lost. I will telegraph to Lady Calthorpe at once, apprising her of your arrival, as she is in a very fever of anxiety about you. Bless my soul! How surprised and delighted she will be.

GERALD. I shall be very happy to meet Philip's mother.

QUIL. Pardon me—Sir Philip. [*Rising and offering his hand*]

GERALD. Sir Philip?

QUIL. Yes, if your husband, he is Sir Philip Calthorpe, of Calthorpe Manor.

GERALD. Then I am Lady Geraldine Calthorpe.

QUIL. [*Bows*] Yes, Lady Geraldine Calthorpe. Daughter-in-law of the richest and proudest old lady in the country. [*Returns to desk and begins to write*]

GERALD. [*Half turns from him, a look of joy passes over her countenance*] When do I start for Calthorpe Manor?

QUIL. When? [*Looking at his watch*] At once. [*Continues writing hurriedly*] You have just time to catch the last train. My carriage is at the door, and I'll see you to the station. Don't speak! Unfortunately I cannot go with you as I have an important consultation here this evening. So take this letter and give it to Lady Calthorpe; it explains everything and if you will you may inform her that I'll take the first train tomorrow, and be at Calthorpe Manor by noon. [*Gets his hat*] Lady Geraldine! I am so glad I have found you at last. Come! Will you be quiet? You'll neither know what to say or how to act if you don't give me a chance to explain. [*Continuing, he exits with her, R.C. Enter Roberts with an armful of law books. He looks after them for a second, then crosses to L., and arranges books in bookcase*]

ROB. Mr. Quilton seems to be greatly excited. I wonder if she is the person that he and Lady Calthorpe are so anxious to discover. [*Laying briefs on desk*] Here's more about that miserable young woman charged with an attempt to murder, and Mr. Quilton actually considers her perfectly justified in spite of conclusive proofs against her; and he has undertaken her defense simply because it is a woman. Mr. Quilton has one very great fault, and that is, he likes and allows the opposite sex to get the better of his feelings, and that is just where he and I differ. They never have any influence with me under any circumstances whatever. [*Bell, off C. Goes to door to look*] More strangers. He's been looking for strangers long enough and now they

will all come at once. [*Enter Sir Philip Calthorpe and Captain Dudley Brand, whose face is greatly disfigured by a large ghastly scar*]

SIR P. [*To Roberts*] Mr. Quilton is not in I believe? The boy said he would return, although it is after office hours. My business is urgent, so I will wait, if you will permit me?

ROB. Certainly, sir. What names shall I give?

SIR P. [*Sits R. of desk*] None, thanks. We will introduce ourselves.

ROB. As you please, sir. [*Exit, C.*]

SIR P. Ah, Dudley, it is ten years since I was here last, and now I would almost as soon be facing the Sepoy bullets in that horrible mutiny again.

BRAND. [*At window*] Why?

SIR P. Because a worse fate may await me, a fate more terrible to me than any death those black devils could have inflicted.

BRAND. What do you mean?

SIR P. My wife, whom I have not seen nor heard of for nine years, may—

BRAND. What! You married! I never suspected that secret! [*Coming down, L.C.*]

SIR P. Does it surprise you?

BRAND. Yes, why have you never told me of this before?

SIR P. [*Seriously*] Because I was ashamed of my desertion of my wife, and I feared that had I told you I should have lost your respect and friendship. [*Rises and goes C. Putting his hand on his shoulder*] Brand, I left her alone and friendless—think of it, Dudley! Alone and friendless in London—and she, Heaven bless her, she was an angel!

BRAND. [*Coming C.*] Calthorpe! I am sorry for you. When a fellow talks in that strain there is nothing like tobacco. Does old what's his name, allow smoking here?

SIR P. Well, he used to when I was younger—I wonder if he keeps his cigars in the old place? [*Opens bottom drawer in desk and takes out box*] Ah, here they are; I think I may take the liberty of offering you one.

BRAND. [*Takes cigar*] Thank you. [*Lights it and hands matches to Sir Philip*]

SIR P. [*Lights his cigar, returns matches to Brand and puts box back in drawer*] You are a strange man, Brand.

BRAND. [*Carelessly*] So they say!

SIR P. [*Grasping his hand*] But a true friend—

BRAND. Yes, I am indeed a strange man—[*Cynically*] Would you believe it, I was considered a handsome man at one time?

SIR P. I can quite believe it, and but for—

BRAND. This scar—would be so still, eh? Yes, I think I would. It has, so to speak, changed me from an Adonis to a Caliban. It cost me a wife besides—

SIR P. Cost you a wife? Oh, I see! Your fiancée backed out of her engagement.

BRAND. No, we were already married. [*Puffing*]

SIR P. What! You married! I never suspected that secret. You mean that she deserted you and for that. What a heartless creature she must have been.

BRAND. All women are heartless when you come to find them out. [*He motions Sir Philip to be seated, then sits carelessly on lounge, L.*] She was in the first blush of womanhood and an heiress! I, a poor devil, who had ruined himself by fast living, with nothing left in the world to recommend me. I thought I had made the most of my stock in trade; for my pretty heiress married, she was my wife for exactly one minute—for it was at the altar I was [*After a slight pause*] ornamented with this. [*Indicating scar*]

SIR P. How! What do you mean?

BRAND. Oh, not by her! I pass over the scenes that followed—the tears—the hysterics—the wild lamentations—my wife abhorred my altered looks—[*Sitting up*] there was nothing for it but a divorce—between us we arranged it without noise or scandal, and madame became mademoiselle once more, went abroad with papa, and mama—[*Puffs*] I read of her marriage some two months later—she had hooked a nobleman this time.

SIR P. And you?

BRAND. I went abroad also—went to Spain [*Blowing cloud of smoke*] to build the only kind of castles I could afford. From Spain I went to Italy—from Italy I drifted to India—and but for my daughter—

SIR P. [*Surprised*] Your daughter!

BRAND. Yes, my daughter—Of course she was not the child of my pretty heiress—Oh, no! Her mother has never known where I placed her.

SIR P. Oh, that then explains the scar. Brand, I'm afraid—[*Rises*]

BRAND. Why so? No man is perfect!

SIR P. Very true. Well, and your daughter?

BRAND. Was a disagreeable nuisance in long clothes then—[*Crosses to fireplace, R., and knocks ashes off cigar*]

SIR P. Dudley, you have frequently during our long acquaintance, started to relate your history and invariably when you are about getting interesting you break off in this way.

BRAND. Be patient. Some day you may hear the rest of it. [*Sits R. of desk*] At any rate, consider yourself fortunate, for it's not often I recall the past. Perhaps it was the secrets we are now discovering that bound us so closely together.

SIR P. Tell me, Dudley, but for that scar—

BRAND. [*Half bitterly*] I might have been somebody in the world, instead of the beggarly adventurer and soldier of fortune I am. On such [*Puffing*] trifles hang the destiny of the poor puppet we call man.

SIR P. [*Seriously*] But that scar is no trifle, by Jove! [*Rising and crossing L., putting his hand to his own face*] Why, it is enough to make you fore-swear the sex.

BRAND. I foreswore them long ago.

SIR P. Egad! You do hate them!

BRAND. [*For a moment losing his coolness and speaking savagely but intensely*] Hate them? Yes! but I have forgiven them all but one—and if ever I meet her—[*Closing his hand and speaking through his teeth*]

SIR P. Ah, I understand—you mean—

BRAND. The mother of my child.

SIR P. How this woman must have wronged you.

BRAND. Wronged me? Don't let us speak of it—I've not returned to England to—[*At R. of desk with fierce intensity*] search for her; I am afraid to meet her, for if I do—[*Brings his hand down heavily on the desk, recovers himself*] But pshaw! [*Walks upstage, then crosses to window and throws away his cigar, takes out case, lights another, and smokes as before*]

SIR P. [*After a slight pause, goes R.*] God help that woman if you ever do meet her!

BRAND. [*Coming down, L.*] So say I.

SIR P. Ah, Dudley! What a difference, and yet what a similarity, between us. You return dreading to meet a woman. So do I—you, the woman you hate—I, the woman I love. [*Captain Brand reclines on sofa. Sir Philip sits, L. of desk*] Listen, you may as well know my story now. Nine years ago at Westerham, a small out-of-the-way place in Kent, where I generally passed a few weeks each season, fishing with some college companions, I married the girl I loved—beautiful and pure as an angel. She was the daughter of a poor clergyman; I, the second son of Sir Harold Calthorpe of Calthorpe Manor; my father was dead. My haughty mother considered her noble name disgraced by such an alliance, and I was cast off at twenty, to find my own way in the world.

BRAND. [*With a laugh*] Just my case reversed. Romantic no doubt. Well, how did you and your angel get on?

SIR P. We starved. I returned to London, thinking like many other poor fools, that there I should find employment. Day after day I tramped the pitiless streets. I saw my darling's face grow whiter and thinner, but the angel smile never left her lips, the love-light never left her eye; not once did she

reproach me. At last I grew desperate, reckless, mad! About this time there was a call for men to join the army, and I enlisted. My regiment was ordered out to India; she bore our parting nobly, and with her heart breaking, bade me go. We were ordered about from one station to another so often, that her letters never reached me. As for me, I wrote to her constantly. At last while in India, I saw an announcement in an old copy of the *Times*, of the death of my brother, Harold, and I had been Sir Philip Calthorpe for three years without knowing it. But just as the future began to grow so bright, just as I was dreaming of a happy meeting with my angel, imagine my surprise on receiving my letters returned to me, from the Dead Letter Office. Whether my poor wife had died or left London it was impossible for me to discover, although I made every inquiry. But if Geraldine Hatherly is alive I will find her.

BRAND. [*Starting up and taking cigar from his mouth*] Who?

SIR P. Geraldine Hatherly.

BRAND. Hatherly?

SIR P. That was my wife's maiden name—why, Dudley, how you stare. [*Suddenly*] You never knew Geraldine Hatherly?

BRAND. [*After a slight pause*] The name sounded familiar, that was all. Had she a sister?

SIR P. No, she had no living relations.

BRAND. Then I was mistaken—[*Comes down*] Hatherly is not a very uncommon name and ten years is a long time. Your wife may be—

SIR P. Brand, I pray to God, my wife is not dead!

BRAND. You would have found that out if she were. You may possibly discover her and if you do, she may be very unlike the picture you drew of her a few moments since—prematurely old and wrinkled, haggard and gray, the “angel” youth and beauty gone forever.

SIR P. [*Clasping his hands*] Then I'll love her all the more. Let me find my wife alive and well, changed even beyond all recognition—let me only find her—and I'll ask no more.

BRAND. [*Offering his hand against the desk*] You have my best wishes. And if I can aid you in any way, command me, Calthorpe. [*Quilton appears, R.C.*]

SIR P. [*Grasping his hand affectionately*] Thanks! Thanks! [*Brand goes to fireplace*]

QUIL. [*Starting at sound of name*] Calthorpe!

SIR P. [*R.C., seeing him*] Why Quilton, old fellow, how are you?

QUIL. [*Gasping*] Sir—Sir—Philip Calthorpe?

SIR P. [*Seizing his hand and wringing it heartily*] Sir Philip Calthorpe.

QUIL. [*Sinking on chair, C.*] Well, this is a day's adventure. First, the—

SIR P. You knew I would come back on your hands didn't you. Bad shillings always do. [*Clasping his hand again and bringing him to his feet*] And how have you been all these eternal ages? But I beg pardon—an old friend of mine—Captain Dudley Brand—Mr. Monroe Quilton, our family adviser. [*They bow*]

QUIL. [*C., turning to Sir Philip*] When did you arrive? [*From now till curtain, must be played very hurriedly*]

SIR P. Half an hour ago we came here direct.

QUIL. Then you haven't heard—but of course you haven't!

SIR P. Of course, if you say so. What is it?

QUIL. Your wife—[*The following is worked up very strong, Sir Philip seizes Quilton by the arm*]

SIR P. My wife! For heaven's sake, do you know anything of my wife?

QUIL. Don't get excited! We have found her.

SIR P. Where is she now?

QUIL. Keep cool.

SIR P. Where is she?

QUIL. [*Greatly excited*] She is now on her way to Calthorpe Manor.

SIR P. [*Sinking on sofa*] Thank God! Thank God! [*Burying his face in hands, weeps*]

QUIL. Come, come, Sir Philip—[*Slapping him on back*] Why aren't you cool and calm as I am? Good news should not knock a fellow like you over in this way. [*Wild with delight*] Sir Philip, the old lady is dying for one sight of her lost son. Come! Be a man! [*Blowing his nose*] Don't sniffle. For heaven's sake, don't be a—baby—why—why—you dear boy—confound it—d-d-don't do it—[*Bursts out. Goes R.*]

SIR P. [*Rising and crossing to Quilton*] When and how did you discover the whereabouts of my wife?

QUIL. Why don't you keep quiet and give me a chance to breathe? [*Grasping both his hands*] But there, there, my boy! Don't pay any attention to me—sit down and I will explain everything.

SIR P. [*Getting his hat*] We must follow her at once. You can explain on the way. Come.

QUIL. The last train left an hour ago; you must be patient and wait till morning.

SIR P. "The last train gone?" "Be patient and wait till morning?" I cannot! [*To Brand, who during this dialogue has been seated at fireplace*] Ah, Dudley, dear old boy—[*Putting his arm around him*] My heart's bursting with joy—tomorrow, you shall see my angel!

BRAND. [*Rising*] You still desire me to accompany you to Calthorpe?

SIR P. Most assuredly! We have shared pain and hardships together, why not share joy and happiness? You will come, old fellow?

BRAND. [*Grasping his hand*] I will.

## ACT II.

FACE TO FACE AT CALTHORPE MANOR

DISCOVERED: *Lady Calthorpe in armchair, R. Little Beatrice standing beside her.*

LADY C. [*Caressing Beatrice*] Look around you, my dear, look around you, my little heiress; for all you can see is your own. We Calthorpes have held this noble estate since the days of King Edward the First.

BEA. [*In childish ecstasy. Looking about room*] Oh, how pretty! O grand-mama! This beautiful place is like Heaven! And are the pretty things I see my own, grandmama, for always?

LADY C. Your own forever, little one! And a thousand times as many more pretty things. Only wait until Beatrice sees all the pretty new dresses, and hats, and dolls, and picture books, and the gold watch, and the black and white pony, grandmama is going to give her. You would like to have a watch and a pony, my pet?

BEA. Oh, yes, grandmama! A large gold watch! And a small black and white pony.

LADY C. [*Smiling*] Very well, my darling! Tomorrow we'll go to town and purchase them; what do you say to that.

BEA. [*In glee*] Oh, oh, oh; won't that be nice.

LADY C. [*Rising*] Now that is settled, wouldn't you like to go with Agnes and see the pretty garden you are the little mistress of?

BEA. [*Clinging to her*] No, I want to remain here with you.

LADY C. Remain here with me this beautiful morning! [*Rings bell*] A nice walk in the fresh air among the flowers will do you more good. There, don't say a word, but go and get your hat.

BEA. [*Taking her hat from table at back and brings it to Lady Calthorpe, who helps her to put it on*] If I go, grandmama, may I pick some of the flowers. Oh, I love to pick flowers!

LADY C. Certainly. They are all yours. Surprise mama with a large, beautiful bouquet; I know she'll be delighted. [*Enter Agnes, R.*]

BEA. [*Throwing her arms around Lady Calthorpe's neck*] O grand-mama, I never saw you until yesterday, yet I love you as much as though I had known you ever so long.

LADY C. [*Embracing her, overcome*] Heaven bless you, you shall never regret it. [*To Agnes*] Agnes. [*Agnes comes down, L.C.*] Have you informed Lady Calthorpe that I desire to see her?

AGNES. Yes, my lady.

LADY C. [*To Beatrice*] Then run along with Agnes, my pet, and don't forget mama's bouquet.

BEA. Oh, I won't forget! Good-bye! [*Rises and goes to C., then runs back*] I'll come as soon as I've picked my flowers. [*Coaxingly*] May I?

LADY C. Yes, my little tease.

BEA. [*Hugging and kissing her at each word*] Oh, you dear, good, kind grandmama! Good-bye till I come back.

LADY C. Good-bye, you darling. [*Beatrice exit with Agnes, L.C. Lady Calthorpe gazes after her*] And this is my little girl—my Philip's child. I have been a very cruel mother in the past—but I will atone for it to Philip's wife and child in the future. [*Enter Geraldine. Lady Calthorpe meets her, C.*] Ah, Geraldine, you are here at last. [*Embraces her*] Again, my daughter, welcome to Calthorpe. Oh, how impatiently for three long, long years I have watched, I have prayed for this happiness. [*Wipes her eyes, then takes both her hands*] And so we have really found you? Come, sit down. [*She sits in armchair, R. Geraldine sits on sofa, L.*] Ah, how strange it is that we should be at last united. It seems like a dream.

GERALD. [*Without turning her head*] Very—like a dream, madam.

LADY C. [*Hurt*] Madam! Is it so hard then to say mother? For Philip's sake, Geraldine.

GERALD. [*Going to her and kneeling beside her*] Dear mother, it does not need his memory to make me love you. You overwhelm me. [*Hiding her face in Lady Calthorpe's lap*] O mother, I am so little used to love.

LADY C. [*Affectionately stroking her hair*] There! There! [*Drawing her on the hassock beside her*] Let me talk of our home. Is it grand enough for you?

GERALD. It is grander than I ever dreamed of.

LADY C. We come of an old family and a proud one, and Philip was the last of our race, our pride and hope. It was to him we looked to add new dignity to our ancient name. And when he wrote informing me that he had wooed and won a bride, young and beautiful, but born and nurtured in a sphere I thought far below him—O Geraldine, put yourself in my place, and blame me for my answer if you can.

GERALD. It was very natural.



LADY C. I cast him off though my heart broke in the effort—I shut myself up here, a miserable lonely woman. Twelve years passed. My eldest boy died. My mother's love slowly triumphed over my foolish pride and when I gave up all hope of ever seeing Philip again, my thoughts wandered to his wife. To atone for the past I devoted myself to finding her. [*Kisses her*] And now, my daughter, we must learn to love each other for the sake of my—of our beloved Philip—lost to us forever.

GERALD. Forever! Then—then you think—your son—my—Philip is really dead?

LADY C. How can I think otherwise? Were he living, you would have heard from him long ere this. Yes, yes, my son is surely dead.

GERALD. [*Aside*] God grant it may be so.

LADY C. [*Drawing her close to her*] And now let us speak of yourself—Geraldine, your life must have been a hard one I fear.

GERALD. [*Bitterly*] So hard, that I wonder I did not end its fearful misery long ago—so hard, that I never wish to think of it; it's happiest moments are a horrible remembrance.

LADY C. [*Moved*] My poor child.

GERALD. It has been one long, long torture. At eighteen I was left alone in this selfish, cruel world, where, surrounded by misery and crime, I had to fight my way as best I could for myself and child. I was waitress, seamstress, governess, anything by which I could earn a crust to eat and a few poor clothes to wear. Oh, the slights, the sneers, the insults I have endured in the miserable past. I was a gentle, loving, timid girl once, now I am a hard, resolute, miserable woman. O mother! [*Clasping Lady Calthorpe's hand*] Mother—my life has been so cruel, so bitter, that I want to forget it if I can. [*Sobs on her knees*]

LADY C. [*Wiping her eyes*] My dear! My dear! I did not think you felt like this; come—dry your eyes. "Let the dead past bury its dead." We will never recall it again.

GERALD. [*Kissing her hands*] Lady Calthorpe—[*Enter Quilton, C. endeavoring to appear very calm*]

QUIL. Good day, ladies—train just in. [*To Geraldine as she crosses to R.*] Don't disturb yourself. Beautiful day. [*Wiping his face*] But very warm—don't you think so, eh? I wonder if it will snow before evening? No—that is—I mean—[*Suddenly*] Ladies, are you capable of sustaining a very severe shock.

LADY C. [*Rising*] What do you mean?

QUIL. I mean—don't get excited—I mean—be seated. [*Lady Calthorpe sits*] Now if you are calm, I'll proceed. I have unexpected tidings—I have—

[*To Lady Calthorpe*] There, will you be quiet—will you allow me to continue?

LADY C. Pardon me, Mr. Quilton, I was always impatient and impetuous, as you know.

QUIL. Impatience and impetuosity are your family failings, Lady Calthorpe, I don't think you will ever outlive them. You should govern yourself by me. You never see me impatient or impetuous—Well—as I was about to say—[*Extravagantly*] Your—your—your—

LADY C. [*Extravagantly*] Yes—yes—yes.

QUIL. There you go again. I think I had better be prepared. [*Goes L. and pours out glass of water*]

LADY C. [*Rises*] You were about to say—

QUIL. [*Turning very suddenly*] Sir Philip is alive.

GERALD. Alive! [*With suppressed cry, supports herself against sofa*]

LADY C. Alive! [*Sinks into armchair, R.*]

QUIL. [*At the same time as Lady Calthorpe and Geraldine say "alive"*] Just as I expected. [*Hurrying to Lady Calthorpe with glass of water. Lady Calthorpe pushes it aside, Quilton absent-mindedly drinks it*]

LADY C. He is alive! He is alive! O Geraldine, Geraldine! Do you hear? My son—your husband—alive—alive! [*Overcome, sinks on table, weeping*]

QUIL. [*Wiping his eyes*] Hush! Be quiet! [*After slight pause*] If you've got through, I'll finish.

LADY C. [*Rises, speaks hysterically*] Speak, man, speak—my son—is he here?

QUIL. He is!

LADY C. Thank heaven! [*Makes movement to go*]

QUIL. [*Stopping her*] No, no, remain where you are, and I'll have him close hugged to both your hearts in a second. [*Going*] But for heaven's sake be calm. Be—be a man. I beg pardon—I mean—well, since you insist on it. He is anxiously awaiting you in the library now—[*Putting her off*] Go to him! [*Crosses to Lady Calthorpe, R.*] Phe-w! Ah-h-h, that's over, thank goodness, bless my soul! What a relief! [*Exit, R., after Lady Calthorpe*]

GERALD. [*Rising, crosses, L. Stunned*] Sir Philip Calthorpe alive! Alive! And will be here in a moment? O Heaven! [*Clasping her hands together in agony*] Must I go back to the old misery and the old horrors after all? I have deceived the lawyer, the mother, but how shall I deceive the husband? [*Enter Sir Philip with Lady Calthorpe, R.*]

SIR P. [*Softly*] Geraldine—Geraldine? [*At the sound of his voice she shudders but quickly recovers herself, and as he repeats her name, with a sudden determination, turns with a cry and is clasped to his breast*]

QUIL. [*Who has followed them on and when they embrace dances down, R., waving his handkerchief*] Hurrah! [*Business*]

LADY C. [*Going to him*] Welcome home, Philip, my son—my son—

SIR P. My mother! [*After slight pause*]

QUIL. Now give me a chance! [*In his eagerness to embrace Sir Philip he seizes hold of Lady Calthorpe*] I beg ten thousand pardons. [*Turns and gets hold of Geraldine*] What an old ass I am. [*Exit, R., hurriedly*]

GERALD. [*As he turns to her, very earnestly*] Philip! Look into my face. Look well, and tell me if you recognize in this worn and haggard face the features of Geraldine Calthorpe?

SIR P. Yes, yes, my poor Geraldine, who could forget them? You are more beautiful than ever. [*Drawing her close to him*] Don't tremble, my darling. [*Both in his arms*] And you, mother, are not changed; a few more white hairs maybe, but my own handsome stately mother, all the same, and I—[*With a laugh*] You would hardly recognize in the big, sunburnt soldier the fair-faced, slender stripling who left you ten years ago, would you?

BEA. [*Running on, from C., with a large bouquet of loose flowers*] Here I am, back again, grandmama.

SIR P. Hello! Who is this?

LADY C. [*Taking Beatrice by the hand*] This is a third claimant for your kisses, Miss Calthorpe of Calthorpe Manor.

SIR P. [*Bewildered*] But—I don't know this young lady.

LADY C. Oh, fie! Philip!

BEA. Mama, look at the beautiful bouquet I have picked for you. [*Gives flowers*]

SIR P. [*Catching Geraldine's eye, starting*] M-My daughter! [*Pushes down armchair, C., seizing and kissing her rapturously*] By Jove! I feel so bewildered by these new sensations that I hardly know whether I am on my head or my heels. Come here, my little one and give [*With comic effort*] papa a kiss. [*Sitting in armchair, C., and taking her on his knee*]

BEA. [*In wonder looking up into his face*] Are you my poor papa who we thought was lost?

SIR P. I'm that self-same villain, my pet.

BEA. Oh, I'm so glad—so glad.

SIR P. Why?

BEA. Because poor mama need not fret and cry any more. [*Sir Philip looks gratefully at Geraldine. Clapping her hands*] And she will be happy—so happy—almost as happy as I am now. [*Throwing her arms around him*]

SIR P. [*After a slight pause*] How old are you?

BEA. Almost nine.

SIR P. [*Scratching his head*] And, and—what's your name? [*Geraldine watches the child anxiously; puts flowers in vase, L.*]

BEA. [*Surprised*] Don't—you—know?

SIR P. To confess the truth, I don't.

BEA. What! My papa? And don't know your little girl's name? [*Business with fingers*] Oh, for shame!

SIR P. I do feel somewhat ashamed—you must be my teacher—what is it?

BEA. I'll spell it! Shall I, papa?

SIR P. Yes, yes, by all means, spell it, my darling.

BEA. Wait till I get my book, then, papa. [*Runs to table and gets book*]

SIR P. [*Turning to Lady Calthorpe and Geraldine*] Papa!

BEA. [*Returning and standing between his legs and spelling from the alphabet*] L-i-t-t-l-e.

SIR P. Little.

BEA. B-e-a-t-r-i-c-e. [*Geraldine is much relieved*]

SIR P. Beatrice—Little Beatrice!

BEA. Yes.

SIR P. Geraldine—come here. [*Geraldine kneels beside him, L.*] Mother! [*Lady Calthorpe goes to him and stands beside him, R. Sir Philip looks from one to the other and sighs*] Ah, here's a picture for an ambitious artist; oh, what a happy, jolly family we shall be, to be sure; why, mother, there are tears in your eyes—what is the matter?

LADY C. My son, I cannot express all that I feel in my heart. My fondest hopes are realized. Heaven has indeed been generous to me. My atonement has been too late, but you forgive me, do you not? [*Sir Philip grasps her hand affectionately*] And now my children there remains but one thing to complete my happiness.

SIR P. My mother dear, what is it? [*Up; Geraldine and Child, R.*]

LADY C. Don't laugh at me. It's only the freak of a foolish old woman, but then it will please me.

SIR P. No freak of yours will be foolish in my eyes today. Mother, speak.

LADY C. My son I desire you to celebrate the reunion with a new marriage.

SIR P. Eh?

LADY C. Think, my son. I only want to see you wedded with my full consent and blessing to the woman you have chosen.

SIR P. Is that all? I'll marry her a dozen times if you like, eh, Geraldine. Send for the clergyman and let the ceremony take place at once.

LADY C. Thanks, my son. Thanks.

SIR P. And now that that is settled let us begin the preparations. First—you must be bridesmaid, mother, and Dudley shall be groomsman.

LADY C. Of whom are you speaking, Philip.

SIR P. Of my friend, Captain Dudley Brand. He came over with me from India and accompanied me here. He has a claim upon us all, for he saved my life upon one occasion—[*To Geraldine*] and he knows everything. Excuse me a moment while I go and look him up. [*Going, R.*]

BEA. [*Running to him*] Don't be long, papa.

SIR P. [*Kissing her*] Not a second, my dear. [*Exit, R.*]

BEA. [*To Lady Calthorpe*] May I go and pick some flowers for my papa? [*Lady Calthorpe nods her assent. Beatrice runs off, L., delighted. Lady Calthorpe goes to the window as though watching her*]

GERALD. [*C.*] And they say there is a Providence, that watches over good people. They say there is retribution for the wicked even in this life.

SIR P. [*Outside, R.C.*] Come along, Dudley.

GERALD. Where is the Providence of the Calthorpes now? [*Crosses to R.*]

SIR P. [*Entering, R.C., when he gets to foot of steps turning*] Where are you?

GERALD. Where is the retribution for all the crimes of my life? [*Crosses to L.*]

BRAND. [*Appears, R.C., as if in answer to Sir Philip*] Here!

GERALD. [*With a cry of alarm, turns*] Ah!

SIR P. Come, Dudley, don't be bashful. I want to introduce you to the angel you have heard me speak of. [*They come down*] My dear, allow me to introduce you to my very best friend, Captain Brand—Captain Dudley Brand. [*Glances toward Lady Calthorpe as if to call her attention*]

GERALD. [*With a smile, raises her eyes; as they meet face to face, she utters an almost inaudible*] My God!

BRAND. Ah! [*Makes a terrible movement as if to seize her by the throat*]

SIR P. [*At that instant, steps between them, not noticing the recognition, as if finishing the introduction*] My wife.

BRAND. [*Recovers himself and with a low profound bow of respect, pointedly*] Delighted to meet you, Lady Calthorpe—

GERALD. [*Returns salute, unable to meet his fearful gaze*]

SIR P. My mother. [*Business of introduction. Captain Brand retires up-stage, his eyes fixed on Geraldine. Enter Quilton, R., very much out of breath*] Ah, Quilton, what is it? [*Sits, R.*] You look as though you had just received bad news.

QUIL. Bad news! Bless my soul! I should say I have—Pembroke [*Flourishing a telegram*] telegraphs me that the poor girl we've been trying to save

has been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor. [*Excited*] It's a—a-a—I beg your pardon—a shame—a confounded shame. She ought to have been acquitted.

SIR P. What are you talking about?

QUIL. Talking about. Why—oh, you've only just returned to London, and, of course, haven't heard of the affair—I am talking about a case just tried, a case in which a girl attempted to poison a recreant lover and failed.

SIR P. Failed.

QUIL. Yes, failed; and because the poor unfortunate creature failed, the confounded, sawdust-headed jury brings in a verdict of guilty of assault to commit murder, and the Egyptian mummy of a judge sentences her to twenty years hard labor. [*Crosses to R., Lady Calthorpe to R., back of table*]

SIR P. She was lucky.

QUIL. Lucky—how so?

SIR P. Had she not failed, she might have been sentenced for life or—

BRAND. [*Drops down, C., very pointedly*] Condemned to expiate her crime on the gallows.

SIR P. Just so.

BRAND. Bah! She was a fool! Now, I remember an instance where a woman committed a crime in a most open and daring manner, and afterwards eluded the vigilance of the cleverest detectives in London. [*Geraldine rises*]

QUIL. Ah, she was a tramp.

LADY C. A woman, did you say, Captain Brand?

BRAND. Yes, the story is somewhat long.

LADY C. No matter, let us have it.

QUIL. By all means, let us hear how much of a tramp she was.

BRAND. [*Motions them to be seated. Quilton sits, R. of table; Lady Calthorpe sits back of table; Geraldine, who has put bouquet in small basket on stand, L., in front of sofa and has been busy arranging the flowers at this moment, turns to go up, L.C. Brand very politely motions her to be seated on sofa, he bows a second time, and she finally sits, with a smile, and fans herself carelessly. N.B. The others must be careful not to see this byplay, which must be done very quickly, but very marked. During the first part of the following she convulsively clutches the fringe on the sides of the cushion, till she finally tears it completely from the cushion. Leaning against back of small chair, C.*] It was fifteen years ago—and in my erratic wanderings I found myself in London. I made the acquaintance of a young fellow, an artist by profession, with a fair fortune and position. He was a wild, reckless sort of a youth, with no care for the present, no thought of the future, and in the

fashionable haunts of pleasure which he frequented he met a woman then all the rage, La Belle Russe I believe she was called.

GERALD. [*Sweetly*] What name did you say?

BRAND. La Belle Russe.

GERALD. Strange name.

BRAND. Angel-like name isn't it. [*Repeats slowly*] La Belle Russe, the beautiful Russian. But she was nothing of the sort. Well, you can guess—she fascinated him and he fell madly in love with her. In a word, she went to Vienna with him, spent his money as lavishly as women of her class generally do; but, when it was gone, her love had gone with it. She hungered, craved for her old life again. What she made him suffer, only idiots like himself know. At last the end came. One day he saw her out riding with the keeper of a notorious French gambling hell—a wretch, for whose vile purposes her brilliant beauty made her valuable as a decoy. This was more than her unfortunate victim could endure. When she returned home that afternoon, the old, old scene was enacted—and in a fit of passion, she told him he was a fool to expect her to devote all her life to him.

QUIL. Sensible woman.

BRAND. At that moment the servant announced her companion of the morning. The truth flashed on him in an instant. The woman for whose sake he had sacrificed home and friends; on whom he had squandered honor, fortune, love, was about to desert him, was about to accompany this man back to his den in Paris; and as she coolly turned toward the door with a smile on her lips, for the sake of their child, he fell on his knees before her and pleaded with her to remain. She only laughed in his face, and as she again turned to go, he rose, delirious with rage, and jealousy, and struck her to the ground. [*Geraldine shudders, but catching his eye, quickly recovers, and sits as immovable as before*]

SIR P. Madman!

QUIL. She should have brought suit for assault and battery.

BRAND. He took the child and left her. He fled to London, resumed his art and devoting himself to it, heart and soul, seemed to forget that such a woman as La Belle Russe had ever existed. He became celebrated, the pet, the very idol of society; formed the acquaintance of a young lady, an heiress romantic and silly to an extraordinary degree—painted her portrait—[*Pours out glass of water*] proposed, was accepted, and the wedding was fixed—

QUIL. Lucky fellow.

BRAND. [*Sipping water*] So he thought. [*Putting glass back*] But now comes the romantic and tragic part of the story—La Belle Russe, left to her fate, did not die; she came to London, and with the subtle instinct of a

woman's hatred, hunted the man. She discovered the day appointed for the marriage, and when it came she was there.

QUIL. [*Rubbing his hands*] Ah! [*Geraldine takes basket or vase of flowers in her lap*]

BRAND. The bridal party entered the church, and stood before the altar to be made man and wife. The ceremony concluded, the happy bridegroom turned to salute his bride. There was a flash, a report, and he fell bleeding and insensible.

SIR P. and LADY C. Horrible!

BRAND. Oh, [*Direct to Geraldine*] you all must have read the account. The unfortunate young man's name was Robert St. Omer. [*Geraldine upsets the basket of flowers; at the same moment Little Beatrice enters, L.*]

BEA. Mama, here are papa's flowers. [*Geraldine seizes her as though to hide her from Brand. In her agitation, she betrays herself to Brand by calling the child by name, and kissing her, appears to be very calm. Brand, as soon as the child enters and calls "Mama," is for a second stunned; when he hears the name, continues very decisively. N.B. Done very quickly, as the dialogue continues without any interruption whatever. Important business*]

QUIL. Ah, yes, yes, I remember.

LADY C. What became of the woman?

BRAND. [*His eyes at intervals resting on the child*] She escaped.

QUIL. And a marvelous escape it was, too!

BRAND. Yes, the police searched the three kingdoms, but they never suspected the woman who stood weeping by his bedside the following day. [*Business to be explained*] The child he had hidden from her in a convent—  
[*Pause*]

QUIL. Go on—

BRAND. She left the city under an assumed name, and she has never been heard of since. [*Very positively*] But I have not the slightest doubt that she is alive at this moment—possibly the wife of some wealthy, honorable man.

SIR P. [*Rising*] Would she dare?

BRAND. Dare! She was just the sort of a woman who would dare anything. [*Changing and looking fixedly at Geraldine*] I know she lives, I know her crime will one day call for expiation; justice has failed but Robert St. Omer's blood still stains the altar steps and even if she were wedded to the highest and wealthiest in the land—[*Savagely, as he approaches and almost leans over back of sofa*] Robert St. Omer's revenge will drag her down into the hell she made for him! [*Geraldine, with a shriek loses all self-control and rushes to L., sinking at feet of Sir Philip, terrified, looking up in Brand's face*]

SIR P. and LADY C. Geraldine!



BEA. [*Running to Geraldine*] Mama!

QUIL. [*Rising*] Bless my soul! [*All this is spoken together*]

BRAND. [*Quickly recovering himself*] Pardon me.

## ACT III.

AT DAGGER'S DRAWN AT CALTHORPE MANOR

DISCOVERED: *Geraldine on sofa, L., Sir Philip standing near her.*

SIR P. How is my dear wife now?

GERALD. Oh, much better, thanks to you.

SIR P. [*Seating himself beside her on small ottoman, L. front of it*] Brand's romance was an exciting one, was it not? I don't wonder you fainted—But you must forgive him. His story, I fancy, was not invented, for I think he was the victim himself. You will forgive him for my sake. He has been such a good friend to me.

GERALD. [*Laughingly*] Oh, yes, Philip, I will forgive him for your sake.

SIR P. How you did glare at the poor fellow, to be sure. He didn't seem to make a very favorable impression upon you from the first.

GERALD. To tell you the truth, I don't like your friend very much—I don't like victims, especially of women. Is he to remain long with us?

SIR P. Certainly, my dear. I have invited him to make Calthorpe his home for the season. And you really don't like him? Now that's odd; most people take quite a fancy to the talkative captain. May I ask why?

GERALD. I really don't know. How came his face to be so horribly disfigured?

SIR P. [*Hesitating*] Why—he—you must remember that Brand is an old soldier.

GERALD. I understand. An old wound.

SIR P. [*Quickly*] Just so.

GERALD. Is he married?

SIR P. Yes—or rather was.

GERALD. His wife is dead?

SIR P. Not exactly—divorced.

GERALD. Indeed—But he could not be the hero of his own story—for—what was his name? Ah, Robert St.—Omer—was shot dead I understood him to say. What a terrible end. [*Shudders*] To be shot dead by a vindictive disreputable woman, on the very eve of his marriage. Do you recollect, Philip, by what name he called her?

SIR P. La Belle Russe—Why fifteen years ago her name was on everybody's tongue; London was crazy over her.

GERALD. Tell me, dear, did you ever meet her?

SIR P. Oh, yes. [*Geraldine starts, Sir Philip mistakes her meaning for jealousy*] There, don't start: it was long before we married.

GERALD. [*Half averting her face*] Have you ever met her since?

SIR P. Never, to my knowledge.

GERALD. If she were to appear before you now, do you think you would recognize her?

SIR P. Recognize La Belle Russe? [*Sits L. of sofa*] Well, to tell the truth, I should not; for the very simple reason that I never saw her face plainly, no matter how much I tried—why, every second of her time was employed; she was fairly besieged by an infatuated reckless throng of admirers—or victims; poor devils, the result was the same in every case—[*Geraldine has turned her face away to conceal her emotion. Sir Philip misinterprets the cause. Seeing her troubled look*] What's the matter, Geraldine? Ah, I understand; you cannot conceive the existence of such a wretch.

GERALD. No.

SIR P. They serve one good purpose, however; they make a man appreciate all the more the blessing of a woman like you.

GERALD. [*Falls to his feet and clings to him lovingly*] You will always love me, won't you? You will love me now as you loved me when we first met? You will try, will you not, my husband? And nothing can ever destroy your faith in me?

SIR P. Nothing, Geraldine.

GERALD. My husband! [*Enter Lady Calthorpe from R. Seeing Philip and Geraldine in loving embrace, coughs slightly before coming down*]

SIR P. [*Seeing Lady Calthorpe*] Well, mother, how are the preparations getting on for our marriage. [*Laughs slightly*]

LADY C. There you go! Laughing at me already.

SIR P. Ah, but seriously, the idea of a man plunging into such an experiment a second time, as though the first plunge wasn't risky enough. There, there, mother, don't look shocked. Tell me, when is the ceremony to take place?

LADY C. At once! Everything is ready; clergyman, license, and witnesses.

SIR P. Bravo! I'm all impatience. Geraldine, you remain here, while I first see the old gentleman and explain—Well, you understand. [*Taking her in his arms*] I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming. Thank heaven, you have been spared to me and in your love I shall be forever happy.

LADY C. [*At door, R., coughs*] That'll do. Come along, save a little of that for another time. Make haste or I postpone the ceremony till tomorrow.

SIR P. I'll be hanged if she does—Come, let's go. [*Exit quickly, R. Lady Calthorpe with a playful smile at Geraldine follows*]

GERALD. [*Gazing after him*] How he loves me! How he loves me! And I—[*With a cry, coming C.*] Oh, what evil chance has brought Robert St. Omer beneath this roof? [*Sits at table, her face between her hands*] And he has recognized me—knows the whole truth. [*Rising in alarm*] My God! After fighting my way into the very heart of that world that stamped me an out-cast—a criminal—to be hurled back into the gutter! Driven forth with scoff and jeer, to seek my old companions of the gambling hell. Never! Never! Never! [*Rises*] Let the man or woman who dares to come between Sir Philip and me, beware! But, pshaw! I will not terrify myself, I will wait, at least until the danger really comes. [*Brand appears, R.C.*] And—[*Bringing her hand down on the table*] then I will meet it, face to face.

BRAND. [*Quietly throws away his cigar, and turns as she finishes her speech*] Good afternoon, Lady Calthorpe. [*Geraldine turns. Coming C.*] I met your husband on the terrace; he told me you were here, and asked me to come and make my peace with you, and here I am. [*Agnes enters, D.R., crosses towards L. and is about to exit*]

GERALD. [*R.*] Agnes!

AGNES. [*L.C.*] My lady.

GERALD. Remain here.

BRAND. [*C.*] Ah, I see you are afraid I will tell you another story; pardon me, will you not tell the young lady she may go? Two are company and—

GERALD. Sir!

BRAND. Oh, very well. [*Pushing chair forward, C.*] Request her to be seated; the more the merrier.

GERALD. I don't understand you, sir.

BRAND. Nor I you—my dear Lady Calthorpe. [*With a meaning look*] Must I whisper? [*As if commencing to tell something important*] Well then—

GERALD. Leave us, Agnes. [*Agnes bows and exit, L.*] Now we are alone, sir.

BRAND. [*Drily*] I see we are. Are you afraid of me? [*Pushing chair, C.*]

GERALD. [*Sinking in chair, R.C.*] No—you are rather excitable, but may I ask, [*Half defiantly*] "Who are you that I should fear you?"

BRAND. [*With a meaning laugh*] As though you didn't know. [*Seating himself beside her*] I am your husband's very best friend; he told you so, did he not?

GERALD. You presume too far, sir; at least you seem to mistake me for somebody else; an hour ago we were strangers.

BRAND. Strangers?

GERALD. [*Looking him full in the face with bravado*] I never met you before, I don't know who you are. [*Rising*]

BRAND. [*With a smile*] Very well done. [*Changing*] But I know who you are and we have met before!

GERALD. You are growing excited again—I will leave you.

BRAND. [*Forcing her back very politely*] Permit me—

GERALD. [*Enraged*] How dare—I have only to say the word, Captain Brand, if that be your name, to have you thrust from this house by my husband's servants—Take care, sir, take care, how you dare abuse his generous hospitality, and insult his wife.

BRAND. Insult his wife, oh, no! Not for ten thousand worlds, would I so abuse the confidence of this most confiding of men; and how confiding this soldier is, only you and I know.

GERALD. What can you know of Lady Geraldine Calthorpe.

BRAND. Ah! [*Rising and standing back of her chair*] What do I know of you? That is what you mean, I suppose? What do I know of you? [*Pauses, he goes up a few steps, looks about to see that they are not overheard, then returns and almost hisses in her ear*] Everything! [*Geraldine drops in chair, R.*] That is better—it is much more comfortable sitting than standing.

GERALD. Coward!

BRAND. After what occurred here today, you must have expected this interview.

GERALD. [*Unable to control herself any longer. Rises*] Silence! Was it to force me to listen to this, that you intruded here?

BRAND. [*Pushing his chair away*] It was to ask you to leave this house—it was for the sake of my friend, Sir Philip Calthorpe—to save him needless pain, for with three words I can drive you from that door—an object of contempt—of loathing—

GERALD. And those three words are—

BRAND. La Belle Russe.

GERALD. [*Exultingly*] What has La Belle Russe to do with the wife of Sir Philip Calthorpe?

BRAND. A great deal considering that Sir Philip Calthorpe's wife is La Belle Russe herself. [*Crosses to R.*]

GERALD. It is false.

BRAND. It is true.

GERALD. Captain Brand. [*Close to him, hissing*] You lie. [*Crosses to R.*]

BRAND. Shall I prove it?

GERALD. I defy you.

BRAND. For the present you may, but before you retire tonight you will confess that you are La Belle Russe.

GERALD. Do you intend to force me to confess? You cannot!

BRAND. I can tell your history to Sir Philip Calthorpe.

GERALD. Do you think he will believe you, when I tell him that what you say is false? He will only laugh at you. [*Threateningly*] If he does not kill you!

BRAND. You will tell him that what I say is true.

GERALD. [*Laughing loudly*] I—I—?

BRAND. Unless I am very much mistaken, you will admit everything.

GERALD. Everything?

BRAND. Everything.

GERALD. When did you say?

BRAND. Tonight.

GERALD. Tonight?

BRAND. [*Firmly*] Tonight!

GERALD. [*Crosses, L.*] Well, then, until tonight "I must possess my soul in patience." [*Bows very low and turns away with a mocking laugh*]

BRAND. [*Returning salute*] Till tonight—

GERALD. [*Well upstage, L. Captain Brand well down, R.*] My dear Captain Brand, let me give you a little advice.

BRAND. [*At table, R., leaning over back of chair*] Proceed! Advice coming from you must be valuable—

GERALD. [*Takes small wineglass from table, and as she proceeds, pours out wine and playfully toys with it. Tapping decanter, etc. This business must be very marked, as it is repeated by Brand in the next act*] Give up this fight and retire.

BRAND. Oh, no! I shall win it!

GERALD. You will not win it—You are too hasty. Proof positive is what is wanted. You can produce none. [*Bending forward*] Do you think that I have left a track that you can follow? Robert St. Omer, no—You remember La Belle Russe when you struck her to your feet in Vienna—Did she forget that? Do you think you are a match for the woman whose revenge is written indelibly on your face? [*Laughs*] No—no—my dear Robert St. Omer—you can find no proof. And against your word, I throw mine. Sir Philip Calthorpe loves his wife better than his friend. [*After a slight pause, with a nod and smile, drinks wine*]

BRAND. So you confess.

GERALD. To you—yes.

BRAND. And with proof positive—

GERALD. You might succeed in your revenge. [*Puts down glass*]

BRAND. Then I will *find* the proof. [*Standing erect*]

GERALD. [*Changing*] You are in earnest?

BRAND. In deadly earnest.

GERALD. [*Coming down*] Then it is to be war?

BRAND. That is for you to decide.

GERALD. Well then, let it be so—[*Defiantly*] War—war—

BRAND. [*Across the table with savage intensity*] Death!

GERALD. [*Gets close to table and speaks across it and bangs it with her hand as she speaks through teeth*] Death! [*Sir Philip enters, R.C.*]

SIR P. Ah, Brand! [*To Geraldine*] Have you found that my friend Brand can be entertaining?

GERALD. [*Crosses to L., and with a side look at Brand, amused*] Very!

SIR P. [*R.C.*] I am glad of it. It's my desire that you and he should be the best of friends. We've shared the same hardships and dangers, fought under the same flag; slept under the same tent. We're as inseparable as the Siamese Twins, and as devoted as Damon and Pythias. [*Grasping him by the hand and wringing it heartily*] But, come! time is flying. Dudley, to satisfy a little freak of my mother, I am about to marry my wife all over again. [*Brand, with a start, glances at Geraldine; she with a smile gives him a nod of assent*] A very private affair; however, you are to be groomsman, so, come along, old fellow—this is a performance one rarely has a chance to witness.

BRAND. [*R.*] Will you excuse me?

SIR P. Hello! Excuse you? Nothing of the kind—First of all, Quilton mysteriously disappears, and now you want to be excused. [*Brand attempts to speak*] Now, not a word—I won't listen to you, I insist—eh, Geraldine!

GERALD. [*Leaning lovingly on Sir Philip's arm*] By all means.

BRAND. Then permit me to send a message to London!

SIR P. After the ceremony.

BRAND. It will be too late.

SIR P. Important then?

BRAND. Very. Because it concerns your wife.

SIR P. [*Aside to Geraldine*] Some little surprise. Brand always was a fool with his money. [*Aloud*] All right, you sly rascal. I see through your little ruse. Don't be long; I'm sorry I can't wait, but you see—my mother threatens. I'll tell you all about it some other time—so wish me joy. [*Takes Brand's hand which Brand very reluctantly gives, without even looking at him*] Come, my dear. [*Takes her by the waist, she lays her head upon his*

*breast. Brand crosses to L. as they go up. Geraldine looks defiantly at Brand, then with a low triumphant laugh exit with Sir Philip, R.U.E.]*

BRAND. [*Coming C.*] La Belle Russe the wife of my best friend—Lady Calthorpe, the familiar decoy of a gambling hell! What a devil incarnate she is! But I will save him from her—I will tear the mask from your face. But how? How? [*Sits, R.*] Let me think. [*Slight pause. Enter Quilton greatly excited, and comes L., flourishing an open paper*]

QUIL. Where is Sir Philip?

BRAND. [*Looking up*] You will find him in the library participating in a little harmless ceremony.

QUIL. What ceremony?

BRAND. Only marrying his wife.

QUIL. [*With a jump*] Marrying that woman!

BRAND. [*Rising*] What, you know—

QUIL. I know that this marriage must be stopped.

BRAND. Too late.

QUIL. [*Sinking on sofa*] Great heaven! If Sir Philip Calthorpe marries that woman, Sir Philip Calthorpe may be committing bigamy.

BRAND. Explain.

QUIL. [*Starting up*] This may not be his wife.

BRAND. [*Staggered*] Not his wife! Then this woman—

QUIL. May be an imposter—an adventuress—an—an—but if she is, she is a damned clever woman. [*Crosses, L. corner*]

BRAND. [*Crosses to R. corner and stands, R. of table*] Not his wife!—It is impossible he should be—[*Bringing his hand down on table each time*] so duped—so played upon—as to mistake—Pshaw! You are mad!

QUIL. Perhaps I am. The way I feel, it's more than probable—Pembroke sends me a long telegram stating that a woman claiming to be Geraldine Calthorpe with her child called at our office this morning, and related to him—read.

BRAND. [*R. After reading it very carefully, portraying surprise, wonder and horror, appears almost stunned*]

QUIL. After all these years, you perceive the mistake might be quite natural.

BRAND. Who sent this?

QUIL. My partner, word for word as it was related to him.

BRAND. Where can this new Lady Calthorpe be found?

QUIL. He does not say.

BRAND. She must be found. Surely she left some address?

QUIL. Unfortunately, she did not. You see what Pembroke says, that when he told her what had already taken place, it completely staggered her—she was dumbfounded and like a person deranged, left the office as mysteriously as she had entered it.

BRAND. He also says she could produce no proof.

QUIL. There's the difficulty. [*Suddenly*] Shades of Bluebeard! If it [*Indicating paper*] should after all, be only the ravings of a maniac; or if believing Sir Philip dead, and ignorant of the existence of his wife, she could be the imposter herself—

BRAND. I'll stake my life that she is the real Geraldine Calthorpe and the imposter is beneath this roof.

QUIL. Heavens!

BRAND. Telegraph to your partner at once. Tell him to find this woman and bring her here—she may be able to give some clue by which we can foil La Belle Russe.

QUIL. [*Astounded and with horror*] La Belle Russe!

BRAND. La Belle Russe.

QUIL. [*Going up*] Sir Philip must know the truth at once.

BRAND. [*Confronting him*] His idolatry, his blind infatuation for her is so great, the charge so terrible, he would not believe you.

QUIL. Then these two women must confront each other—Brought face to face with the real Lady Calthorpe—

BRAND. He would only laugh at you and say you were a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. You cannot fight against the strategy of a woman like this. There is no way by which Sir Philip can be convinced—unless—

QUIL. Unless?

BRAND. She confesses it herself.

QUIL. Confesses it herself. What damned nonsense! I shall place the affair in the hands of the police. [*Starts to go*]

BRAND. That would expose everything; you must prevent a scandal.

QUIL. True—true. It's no use—it's worse than a Japanese puzzle. [*Running his hand through his hair*] I'm lost in a fog, and you must pilot me out. Tell me what I'm to do.

BRAND. Patience. [*Walks up R. and down C.*] Ah, I have it.

QUIL. For heaven's sake don't lose it—tell it to me quick!

BRAND. The ceremony is now about over—find some pretense to separate her from Sir Philip without arousing his suspicion, and leave me alone with her.

QUIL. What are you going to do with her?



BRAND. I cannot tell till after the interview. Go! [*Goes upstage, pointing R.*]

QUIL. I wish you luck. [*Going*] O Lord, what a ditch and I'm up to my chin in the mud. [*Exit, R. door*]

BRAND. Adventuress I knew her to be; but I was not prepared for this. [*Indicating the paper and placing it in his pocket*] I must be cool—I must meet this woman on firm ground or she may beat me after all and I must win now. [*Quilton appears, R.*] Well!

QUIL. She is coming here—she thinks it is to meet me. Shades of Coke and Lyttleton! How is it all going to end? [*Exit, C. Brand walks the room for a second or two, goes to window and as he turns comes face to face with Geraldine who entered from R. and stands, R.C.*]

GERALD. Are you still here? I thought Mr. Quilton wanted to see me.

BRAND. [*With a sigh of relief*] He is not here. I have something to say.

GERALD. [*Leaning over chair, R., at back, resting her chin on her elbow*] Well, what do you want?

BRAND. [*At back of sofa, L.*] Ah, there it is in plain, homely English; what do I want?

GERALD. [*Sits in chair, L. of table, finishing with same tone of voice and business*] Very orig—in—all!

BRAND. Original! There is nothing nowadays original; there's not a road but what you'll find a footprint on it. [*Leaning over back of her chair*]

GERALD. And not a jail but you will find a cowardly adventurer therein.

BRAND. Or an infamous adventuress—there's room for both. That reminds me, have you any idea of the risk you are running here?

GERALD. Knowledge of the price destroys our appreciation of an article.

BRAND. But ignorance of cost may ruin you?

GERALD. [*Leaning back in her chair with a laugh*] Oh! You disgust me!

BRAND. Well, we will come to the point.

GERALD. If you please. Rather than endure your presence, I'd prefer to go to Purgatory at once. Better be burned than bored, say I.

BRAND. Take my advice: Tell Sir Philip the truth or—

GERALD. Or—[*Amused*]

BRAND. Leave this house at once.

GERALD. [*Rising*] Take care. Take care—I may tell Sir Philip you are insane enough to insult his wife—and you will leave this house at once.

BRAND. Sensibly put, and so with your permission I will finish the [*Turning with paper*] last chapters of my little romance. I have already told you I believe—[*Geraldine turns her back on him, takes up newspaper from table and with a gesture of rage opens it and pretends to read*] how a certain

woman had wormed her way into a certain aristocratic family. I will show you how it was—draw aside the veil and show you how she did it. [*Very marked*] She had a twin sister. [*Geraldine with a gasp, clenches the paper and faces him like a shot*]

GERALD. Ah!

BRAND. Interesting, eh?

GERALD. Devill [*During the following, Geraldine in her agitation destroys the newspaper, literally tearing it to fragments*]

BRAND. In fact, they were so much alike you could not tell them apart, and their names were Geraldine and Beatrice Hatherly. Beatrice turned out the black sheep of the family, and at the age of sixteen, fled from the home of her father who was a poor country clergyman. For a time she was lost sight of, but she finally turned up in the great city of London, as the notorious La Belle Russe. The poor old man, the shock killed him. Three years after that, her sister Geraldine married Philip Calthorpe, but, and it is easily understood why, she never told him of the sister who had disgraced herself and family; and when, two years after her marriage, poverty compelled him to enlist, and leave his wife, he was still in ignorance of that sister's existence. Years passed and he did not return. At last his mother, a rich and lonely woman, advertised for her son's hitherto despised wife. La Belle Russe saw the advertisement, and a plot most ingenious in its infamous design, suggested itself in her fertile brain—"My sister is dead," she said. "Her child" [*Glancing at the paper*], a little boy, by the way, I believe it was—[*Geraldine throws the pieces of paper on the floor*] "is lost beyond recovery in the great wilderness of London. Philip Calthorpe is dead and buried long ago no doubt, since he has never been heard from in all of these years. Why should the rich old woman's wealth go begging for want of a daughter-in-law? I have Geraldine's marriage certificate, her husband's portrait, also his letters which she sent to me when she thought she was dying. These I will use as proofs of my identity, and claim to be Philip Calthorpe's wife." Dear Lady Calthorpe, was it not a magnificent idea, worthy of the magnificent creature who conceived it? "I will take my child and palm it off as the child of Philip Calthorpe." Admirable project and admirably carried out. She did all she said, in fact she did more, for when Philip Calthorpe turned up from the dead, this superb creature actually made him believe she was his deserted wife; made him, of course through a little innocent freak of his mother, marry her, and she became as she thought in good faith, Lady Calthorpe. [*Rising*] By Jove, madam, I could almost worship you for the stupendous genius of the conception and the brilliancy of the execution—but—[*Geraldine who has sat very still and apparently self-composed, and resolute during the*

*latter part of this, rises and through her half-closed eyes looks him full in the face*] I cannot allow an honorable family to be so basely imposed upon.

GERALD. You cannot prevent it.

BRAND. I can.

GERALD. Sir Philip Calthorpe never knew his wife had a sister. Will he believe you when you assert she had?

BRAND. I think he will when I bring her here before him.

GERALD. Bring a corpse out of its grave? A woman, who, by your own account, has been dead for years?

BRAND. I have the strongest conviction that she is alive and well.

GERALD. [*Forgetting herself and coming towards him*] It is false! False! Geraldine Calthorpe is dead! Dead and buried.

BRAND. Hush! Be calm—somebody may hear you confess.

GERALD. I confess nothing! Nothing! [*Quickly*] Your proof?

BRAND. This statement. [*Holding out paper. Geraldine grabs for it. Drawing it back*] Excuse me, I know you so well, my dear Beatrice—enough—she is alive.

GERALD. [*Turns with a sweep and coming C. Facing him very defiantly*] Then bring her here. Bring us together face to face, with Sir Philip, and see who is his wife—she or I? [*Laughs wildly*] You cannot—no such person exists. The farce is over. [*Turns to go*]

BRAND. [*Seizing her by the wrist and swinging her to the L. of him, and the tragedy commences. Sir Philip appears, R. at back, and as he sees and hears the following, stands transfixed with surprise and wonder*] I will not force, if you will let me appeal to your womanhood, if you have still a spark of womanhood left in you.

SIR P. [*Coming down, C.*] What is the meaning of all this? [*Geraldine at the sound of his voice screams and throws herself into his arms*]

BRAND. [*Aside*] My God!

SIR P. [*Sternly*] Captain Brand, I call upon you for an explanation. [*Pause*] I demand the meaning of those words I overheard addressed to my wife. [*Pause*] Speak! [*Pause*] You must! [*Pause, then very forcibly*] You shall!

BRAND. It means—[*Stops abruptly*] At present, I cannot tell you.

SIR P. [*Losing his temper and crossing to Brand*] Then I must consider you—you whom I looked upon as my dearest friend, a—for God's sake, answer me, lest I forget myself! What was the meaning of those words you spoke to my wife?

BRAND. I repeat, Sir Philip, at present I cannot tell you.

SIR P. [*Choking with passion*] Cannot? Then—I tell you I—

BRAND. Let that—your wife give you the explanation you demand. You would not believe, you will believe her.

SIR P. Silent! You insult me! You insult her! And by—[*Overcome by rage, raises his hand to strike Brand, suddenly recollects himself and with a powerful effort to be calm says, aside to Brand*] We will continue this alone. [*Philip goes to Geraldine, leads her to door, R., and leaves her with Lady Calthorpe. Captain Brand crosses to L., and as Philip comes down, buttons his coat and speaks in a very determined manner*] I shall expect to see you in your apartments in half an hour. [*Looks at his watch*]

BRAND. [*Looks at his watch*] As you will.

SIR P. [*Half aside to him, Geraldine overhearing*] I do not know what your words may mean—but if they are an insult, even by the faintest insinuation, to my wife, the mother of my child—deep as our friendship has been, as there is a God above us—[*Intensely*] I—will—kill—you! [*Going to Geraldine and taking her in his arms tenderly*] Come, Geraldine. [*As she turns to go, she looks at Brand with extreme triumph*]

BRAND. [*Sinking on sofa*] Checkmated.

## ACT IV.

### AT LAST

SCENE: *At Calthorpe. Red lamp on and medium red electric light on fireplace, R. Drop illuminated.*

DISCOVERED: *Lady Calthorpe seated in armchair, R. Sir Philip walking to and fro greatly troubled.*

LADY C. Philip, since Geraldine first entered this house, I have striven in every way to treat her, for your sake, as my own daughter. [*Sir Philip stops, L.C.*] But I cannot! I do not understand her. I must speak my mind, Philip, even at the risk of displeasing you; something is wrong; she appeared to me as if she recognized your friend, as soon as he crossed the threshold of this door.

SIR P. Impossible! Mother, utterly, wildly impossible.

LADY C. I hope so, my son, I hope so.

SIR P. The very suspicion of such a thing is enough to drive me mad! [*Very marked*] I won't believe it! [*Affectionately crossing to her*] I beg your pardon, mother; I can't help being vehement. But do not let us forget that she is my wife.

LADY C. I forget nothing. Your outburst is quite natural. But, Philip, I feel that all is not as it should be.

SIR P. [*Looking off, L.*] Hush! Here she comes; not a word before her.  
[*Geraldine enters, L., he crosses to her, leads her to sofa*]

LADY C. [*Rises and goes, L.; aside, glancing back at them*] Heaven help us! It is the blind leading the blind here, all is wrong, yet we cannot see where the wrong begins or ends. [*Exit, R.*]

SIR P. [*Seeing that Geraldine does not speak or raise her head, he steps back, and with a sigh, walks to the window, then turns*] For heaven's sake, Geraldine. What is the matter with you? [*Pauses*] Why do you act so strangely? [*Abruptly*] Tell me, what troubles you?

GERALD. [*Turning and looking him full in the face*] Have you seen that man yet?

SIR P. I shall see him! [*Goes up*]

GERALD. [*Rising*] No, Philip, no; you must not! I entreat, I implore!

SIR P. [*Quickly*] Ah, then, there is some mystery between you. Some—

GERALD. [*Quietly*] Finish, Philip.

SIR P. Geraldine! [*Hurrying to her*] Oh, you are deceiving me. [*Excited*] Tell me, what does this all mean?

GERALD. When you are calm, then question me.

SIR P. [*Struggling with himself*] I am calm.

GERALD. Then, question me—I will answer you. [*Sits, R.L.*]

SIR P. Do you know this man—this Dudley Brand?

GERALD. I never saw him until you introduced him to me this morning.

SIR P. [*After a long pause*] I believe you. [*Sinks on his knees beside her*] Forgive me! I was mad! Geraldine! Oh! I love you so deeply and the suspicion was so hard to bear. [*Seizing hold of her*] Tell me that you really, truly love me.

GERALD. [*Playfully*] I really, truly love you!

SIR P. Beyond everything else in the world.

GERALD. Excepting our Beatrice, beyond everything else in the world.

SIR P. [*Scratching his head*] True, true, I'd forgotten her; but no one else. [*Stops*] Geraldine, I'm jealous of your every look—your every word—your every movement—I cannot endure the slightest doubt. [*Drawing her close to him*] But there, there, [*Laughs*] you know the old saying, "Where is no jealousy, there is no love" and I'm—

GERALD. A silly—suspicious—jealous husband. [*Throwing her arms around him*]

SIR P. [*Pleased*] I don't deserve you. I'm a scoundrel, that's what I am. To think of my wild, idiotic conduct today. What must you think of me? What must Brand think of me? But I will make ample reparation. [*Going*]

*upstage, suddenly turns back*] By the bye, what was it all about? What was he telling you?

GERALD. [*Rises*] A horrible story, Philip, a dark and dreadful story. Don't ask me to repeat it. I wish I had never heard it. It will haunt me till I die.

SIR P. I must request the captain to tone down his high pressure stories, if he will persist in relating them; for twice today has the villain frightened you.

GERALD. [*Forgetting herself*] Oh, how I hate that man! [*Crosses to L.C.*]

SIR P. Geraldine!

GERALD. [*Recovering herself and laughing*] It's those wretched nerves of mine. I suppose, poor fellow, he was so surprised at your unexpected appearance, that for the life of him, he couldn't explain that he was merely relating one of his harrowing life romances, and then, you, to make the matter worse, seemed ready to jump down his throat; and in fact you made so serious an affair of it, that I was as much dumbfounded as your friend. [*Laughs*] It was really quite amusing. But there. [*Gently seating him in armchair, R., and sitting at his feet on a footstool*] Don't let us talk of it or him, Philip! Let us try and have a nice, pleasant, little evening, now that we are alone. [*Pause, falls in deep thought*]

SIR P. What are you thinking about, dear?

GERALD. I was thinking about La Belle Russe—Philip—I wonder what became of that woman?

SIR P. When you have been in London after dark and the lamps were lit, have you never seen strange, ghastly figures stealing along in the shadow—shunned and shunning the sight of passers-by? They are women. Society ignores their existence. Men call them fallen angels. The police have a still harder name for them than that. Heaven knows, she may be one of them. [*A dead silence till music dies away. This must be timed so that not more than about two bars played after the above speech. Looking at his watch*] My dear, I must leave you now. [*About to rise*]

GERALD. [*Who has been sitting and looking in an abstracted and vacant sort of way during the above, recovers at this. Pouting*] What, already? Leave me alone, this weird solemn night? [*Coaxingly*] Please don't! [*Rising*]

SIR P. Only for about ten minutes. I must keep my appointment with Brand. But thank heaven, it is only to grasp him by the hand and ask his pardon.

GERALD. [*Throwing her arms around his neck, holds him tight*] Then go, you tender-hearted soldier, go! [*Philip gently releases himself, kisses her and turns to go as he gets to C.*]

GERALD. Philip! You have not seen Beatrice this evening. Have you no word, no kiss for her? [*Stamping her foot with mock command*] Go to her this instant!

SIR P. [*Crosses to L.*] Oh, what a dunce I am, to be sure. A father! Why I act more like a grown-up booby! [*Opens door, L.*] But I'll make up for it. [*Turns*] Are you coming?

GERALD. In a moment!

SIR P. Don't be long. [*Embracing her again*] Mind, don't be long. [*Exit, L.*]

GERALD. [*Work off mediums and up borders. Closes the door and comes C.*] What's to be done. He must not meet this man again. At least, not tonight—tomorrow I may find a way to silence him. [*Sits at table, R.C.*] What if he still remains immovable? If he still persists in persecuting me? [*Rises*] Well, in that case, let him beware! [*Looks around cautiously, standing perfectly still. She then takes from her bosom a small vial and lays side of her face on it. Works it round to her mouth and kisses it*] La Belle, you may do me good service before this duel ends. [*Crosses to small table or stand, unlocks drawer and puts vial in it. Locks it. Crosses, C.*] Safer was it for Robert St. Omer to rob the lioness of her young, than to try and thwart my plans and drive me from this house. [*Walks up and down, her body rocking to and fro in her frenzy. Suddenly pausing, C.*] And he hopes to cow me with his vamped-up lies! That my—she is alive! [*With a shudder*] If it should be true! If—[*Staggers to balcony, C.*] Air! Air! Let me have a breath of air or I shall stifle. [*Exit on to balcony, C.R. Enter Brand, R.C., followed by Quilton*]

BRAND. [*Speaking as he enters*] If what you tell me be true, there is no time to be lost. You say the woman and her child have been found?

QUIL. I don't say so. [*Showing telegram*] It's Pembroke's telegram that says that; he says that he followed her to a very obscure part of London, and by some pretense, which he doesn't explain, induced her to accompany him here.

BRAND. Go to the station; watch for their arrival, and if it is true, return here at once with both, and be sure that this time there is no mistake.

QUIL. One mistake of this kind in a lifetime is enough, quite enough. [*Crossing to R.*] I wouldn't experience over again what I have gone through in the last four hours if I never had anything more to do with a woman in the whole course of my life. [*As Quilton goes up, R., Brand crosses, L.*]

BRAND. [*Catches glimpse of Geraldine who appears, C.*] Hush! Hush! She is there! [*Crosses to R.*]

QUIL. I'm off. [*Returns as if to speak again. Geraldine enters, C., and draws the curtains together*] Good evening. [*Exit quickly, R.*]

GERALD. [*Closes the curtains and going to door, L., confronts Brand*] How dare you come into my presence again?

BRAND. Did you imagine for one moment I should retire from the field so easily?

GERALD. Beware! [*Her hand on table containing vial*] This time it may be to the death.

BRAND. If in fifteen minutes I have not satisfied Sir Philip Calthorpe you are not his wife—[*Glancing at his watch*]

GERALD. You think it possible?

BRAND. [*Ignoring the interruption*] I do.

GERALD. Commence! I'm impatient for the new assault.

BRAND. Before we resort to the worst, let me try to convince you of the folly of this fight.

GERALD. [*Defiantly approaching and looking him full in the face*] Too late! War is declared, and the enemies stand face to face.

BRAND. [*Roughly*] Come on, then, and be annihilated.

GERALD. Don't, pray; let us begin in the true spirit of chivalry. [*Takes flowers from her bosom, crosses, R.*] Accept this.

BRAND. [*With a profound bow, takes a small bud*] Thank you.

GERALD. [*While he arranges the flower in his coat, she takes a couple of flowers and, standing before mirror, arranges them in her hair; while doing so, she hums a low air*] Are you ready?

BRAND. Are you?

GERALD. Oh, yes!

BRAND. [*Throwing himself carelessly on sofa and looking up in her face with a smile*] Then I suppose I am.

GERALD. [*C. Leaning over the back of sofa and looking down*] Robert St. Omer—you are determined to ruin me.

BRAND. [*On R. edge of sofa, L.*] Ruin is an ugly word, why use it?

GERALD. [*Fiercely*] You drive me to the limit of my endurance.

BRAND. Then there is a limit to your endurance.

GERALD. There is, but beware when it is reached. [*Rocking to and fro*] Take care—you may find too late what you have done in driving a reckless woman to desperation.

BRAND. Life, like cards, is a game of chance. Talking of cards, let me show you the strength of my hand and I fancy it will somewhat astonish you. Sir Philip's son, the child of your sister Geraldine, is coming here to claim his name, his father—

GERALD. [*Changing*] Is this true?

BRAND. It is.



GERALD. No—no—it is true—no—no—did you ever watch a child building itself a house of cards, trembling as it places one upon another for fear the whole structure fall into ruin? Well—life is a house of cards, they have been built up, the structure is complete, upon its security I have staked my very existence—and now, do you think I will stand calmly by and see you dash it to the ground? [*With frenzy*] No—no! [*Like a tigress*] Leave me! Leave this house at once or I will strangle you.

BRAND. [*Folding his arms as she springs at his throat, without flinching*] Now you look like your old self. [*A moment of breathless silence. Brand rises and comes C., holding her hands, then throws her off*]

GERALD. [*With another change. Nearly crying with rage*] Well!

BRAND. The truth must be told.

GERALD. Never! Never! Never! [*Bursting into tears*] Never! [*Throws herself on R. table. Rises, through her sobs, R.*] Do you not see that the truth cannot be told? Whatever I may have been—whatever—I am—I love this man, I love him as no one else will ever love him in this world; for his sake I would be the truest, tenderest wife, the most devoted mother—the most obedient daughter to that proud old lady—I would become pure, womanly and good. [*Drawing close to him*] Oh, spare me, spare me. I have sinned but that sin is now my punishment. I cannot part from him—here, at your feet I implore, I supplicate for mercy! [*Falls at his feet*]

BRAND. [*Looks at his watch*] Five minutes of the fifteen!

GERALD. Why should the past hunt me down forever; this other does not need the love and counsel of a good man to purify her soul. [*Rising and clinging to him, very low*] She cannot yet have learned the truth, why should she ever know it? I am here now, honored, respected, beloved! I am surrounded by everything that my better nature has so long—long craved for; knowing this, why will you try and drive me back into shame and crime? [*L.*]

BRAND. O Beatrice, I beg of you to leave this house. Go! Go! and I'll forget—[*With an effort*] forgive everything.

GERALD. [*L.C., starting to her feet, forgetting herself*] Ah! Ah! I see! You would use the terrible power you possess merely to satisfy your own revenge. Well, then, [*Putting her foot down firmly*] do your worst! I defy you still! [*Laughing wildly*] Oh—fool! Fool! Fool that I was to appeal to you. [*Crosses to R.*]

BRAND. Then by the memory of your father—

GERALD. [*Turning fiercely*] Ah, you do well to remind me of him; with less nature than the brutes he thrust me forth to starve and die. Did he try to cleanse me of the one speck of mud which bespattered me then? No!

Did he stop to consider the difference between love and pride? No! When on my knees I begged him to take me to his heart and forgive me, with hypocritical tears he turned me from the door and bade me never dare cross its threshold again. He pushed me deeper into the mire—and he was my father! You do well to recall me of him.

BRAND. [*In despair*] Will nothing move you?

GERALD. Nothing. Nothing—nothing. Who cared for the poor sinner then? Who pitied me? Nobody! Even this sister for whom you would have me abandon everything—give up the only home, the only true, honest love I have ever known, let me go, friendless into the streets—in all my shame and misery, who taught me any good? Nobody! Who made me what I am? You, who said you loved me! What was I to you? A toy, a pretty plaything for your pleasure—to be enjoyed until your passion grew weary, and then to be thrown aside, despised by the world, to die—Was not my shame your disgrace? If I am unfit to be his wife, you are unfit to be his friend. I have suffered enough! Now that I have an opportunity to enter into a new life, shall I hesitate? No! No! Chance or fate or whatever you [*Mockingly*] good and virtuous people may call it, has shown me a new existence. I am here—here as the honored wife of Sir Philip Calthorpe; I am here as the mistress of Calthorpe Manor, and here—here I will remain. [*Crosses to R.*]

BRAND. [*L., as a last resort*] Not even the love and respect of your child? [*Geraldine with a frightened cry, faces him*] You stole her from the school in which I placed her.

GERALD. I could not live without her. I found her out and she has been my only comfort for all these years.

BRAND. Have you ever told her the story of your life? Or has she been taught to look upon you as the embodiment of all that is holy, pure, and good? [*Threateningly as he points, L.*] Will you force me to tell her the truth?

GERALD. [*With a horrified scream*] No! No! No!

BRAND. Ah, now I have reached your heart!

GERALD. Ah! to its innermost depths. [*Going to him and seizing him by the wrist, hisses through her teeth*] Shake her baby faith in me one jot, peril my place in her childish heart by even so much as a word, and I'll drag their proud name through the dirt and mire of every hell of shame in the kingdom. Heaven have mercy on them!

BRAND. Or you. [*Starts to go L. Child's cries*]

GERALD. [*With a cry, barring his way*] I forbid you to speak to my child.

BRAND. [*Pointing to R.*] Then go!

GERALD. I will not go.

BRAND. [*Hand on door*] Then I must use my deadliest weapon.

GERALD. Stay! [*Crushed*] I will go.

BRAND. At once?

GERALD. [*R., up C.*] At once.

BRAND. [*Drawing a long breath*] At last! [*Goes to table, pours out a glass of wine and is about to raise it to his lips. Quilton appears, R.*]

QUIL. Captain Brand!

BRAND. [*Places glass on table untouched, and quickly goes to him*] Well?

QUIL. [*Pointing, R.*] The train is just in; I will go and meet them.

BRAND. Go. Don't lose a moment—bring them here. [*Quilton exit by door, R. This must be timed, for as Brand crosses to Quilton, Geraldine rises, her eyes rest on his untouched glass, and, quick as lightning, opens desk, takes out vial. Her eyes fastened on Brand, she pours part of the contents in glass and puts vial in her breast. By this time Quilton has gone away and Brand, stepping backwards, sees the action by the shadow appearing in full before him. For a moment he stands petrified, but recovering himself, quietly turns and comes down. Geraldine stands motionless as a statue as he gets C.*]

BEA. [*Runs on L.*] Mama, mama! Papa wants to know—[*Before she reaches Geraldine, Captain Brand seizes her and holds her in his arms*]

GERALD. [*R., starting toward them*] Release my child!

BRAND. In a moment.

BEA. [*Struggling*] Let me go, I want to speak to my mama.

BRAND. [*C. Goes to table, holding the child's hand, and picks up the untouched glass of wine and almost puts it to his lips. Geraldine watches action with anxious satisfaction. Suddenly*] Do you like wine, little one?

GERALD. [*Aside*] My God!

BEA. Oh, yes, ever so much. When I was very sick at the convent, where I used to live, and the good sister sent for mama, she gave me lots of wine. The doctor ordered it.

BRAND. Then drink a little of this now; it won't hurt you. [*Geraldine attempts to speak*]

BEA. May I, mama?

BRAND. Certainly you may. I am sure your mother has no objection. [*Offers her glass*]

GERALD. [*Checking her*] No! No! Beatrice, mind me.

BRAND. Ha! You fiend! So it is as I suspected? Woman, you have begun a game of life and death! And we will play it out. Half an hour ago I had one spark of mercy for you; that poisoned wine has quenched it. Now I am absolutely merciless. [*Letting the child go*]

BEA. [*Running to Geraldine, frightened*] Mama! Mama!

SIR P. [*Outside, L.*] Geraldine! Geraldine!

GERALD. [*Seizes the child*] My darling! Hush!

SIR P. Geraldine! [*Geraldine rises at the sound of his voice and lifting the child in her arms, sits, R. Entering, L.*] Ah, my dear, what has kept you all this time? I—[*As he is about to cross, he confronts Brand who steps C. Surprised*] What! Brand, you here? I'm glad of it. I'm behind time, I know, but better late than never: I owe you an apology for my conduct today [*Offering hand*] I hope you will accept it.

BRAND. [*C.*] As much as I may regret, Sir Philip, at present I cannot!

SIR P. [*L., astounded*] Cannot!

BRAND. [*L., rings bell on table, L., where wine is placed. Agnes enters, R. Turning to Sir Philip*] Will you permit me to send for Lady Calthorpe? [*Sir Philip gives gesture of permission, Agnes exit, R. Sir Philip sinks on sofa. Brand closes window and pushes armchair, L.C.*]

LADY C. [*Entering, R.*] Do you wish to see me?

BRAND. [*Pointing to armchair*] Pardon me for giving you the trouble.

LADY C. [*Sees Philip with bowed head. Alarmed*] Captain Brand!

BRAND. [*To Agnes, who has followed Lady Calthorpe*] Take the child into the next room. [*Agnes takes Beatrice from the arms of Geraldine and exit, R. Brand goes behind chair*]

SIR P. [*Rising angrily*] Captain Brand, what is the meaning of this? [*Pause*] Enough of this mystery, sir! [*Seats Lady Calthorpe, L.C., and then crosses*] If you have anything to say, speak out like a man.

BRAND. [*C.*] Philip, you never knew that your wife had a sister?

SIR P. [*L.C.*] A sister! Certainly not!

BRAND. But she had! A twin sister, and what is more astonishing, so closely did they resemble each other you could not tell them apart.

SIR P. [*L.*] Pshaw! I would have been told of the fact.

BRAND. Not necessarily. This sister had disgraced the family, and her name was dropped from among them!

SIR P. I tell you, my wife had no sister—you are mistaken.

BRAND. And I tell you that she had, for there she crouches now—[*Pointing to Geraldine*] La Belle Russe!

SIR P. [*Seizing Captain Brand by throat and forcing him on his knees*] You lie! Unsay those words or—[*Raises his hand to strike him*] Speak, Geraldine, tell him to his face that he lies!

GERALD. [*Who has risen*] To his face I tell him that he lies.

SIR P. I knew it, you lying treacherous wretch! [*Takes another movement towards Brand, but is restrained by Lady Calthorpe who has crossed to the*

*L. of him*] Silence! Geraldine, leave this room—this scoundrel's presence dishonors you.

BRAND. I beg of you remain.

SIR P. [*Very strong*] By heaven, I will not listen to another word.

BRAND. [*Same voice and manner*] You shall!

SIR P. Ah, you threaten!

BRAND. You cannot refuse to listen to me! I swear this woman is not your wife. I swear she is La Belle Russe! I will prove it.

SIR P. Then prove it—here—now—Produce proof—proof—proof—

GERALD. Proof! [*Quilton appears at R. Brand sees him and with a cry goes to him*]

BRAND. Have they arrived?

QUIL. Yes, they are coming.

BRAND. Thank God! Quick, man, quick! Lose not a second. [*Putting him off, R.C.*]

GERALD. [*Crossing to R.C., quickly*] What have you done?

BRAND. [*Opens door, R.*] Look!  
Captain Brand

Geraldine

Sir Philip

Lady Calthorpe

[*Geraldine glances over his shoulder; as she does so, with a bound she closes door and stands before it trembling from head to foot. General sensation. Captain Brand at C., repeating Geraldine's business and manner of speech*]  
What do you think of my proof positive now?

Door

Geraldine

Brand

Sir Philip

Lady Calthorpe

SIR P. Geraldine!

GERALD. [*Terrified*] Not that name—she is there—she has risen from the grave to accuse me—don't let her come here—I will confess! I am not your wife—I am Beatrice Hatherly: La Belle Russe! [*Falls, C., at his feet. Captain Brand whispers to Lady Calthorpe and motions her off, R.*]

SIR P. [*Stunned*] Not my wife! You, La Belle Russe? You, you to whom I have opened my heart of hearts! You—on whose lips I have placed the kisses of a pure affection! My God! La Belle Russe—[*As she turns to clasp his hands*] Don't touch me! Don't touch me—Leave this house—Let me never see your face again. [*Falls in chair, R.*]

GERALD. [*Staggers to feet and leaning across stand to C.*] This is the hour of your supreme triumph—of your revenge, but the end is not yet. [*Beatrice enters, running in as though looking for Sir Philip*]

BEA. Mama, where is my papa? [*Geraldine starts towards her*]

BRAND. [*Taking her and putting her to R. of him*] No, you go alone!

GERALD. Alone? No—no—no! [*In an agonized tone, not daring to go near him*]

BRAND. [*Pointing to door, L.*] Go! Go!

GERALD. Inflict upon me what you will—but let me have my child. [*Staggers, L., and with a heart-rending\* against the door*] My God! I cannot go without her\*

BRAND. Do you think I would trust her to\*

GERALD. Forget what I have been—on my knees\* shall ever touch our child—for\* command.

BRAND. [*After a pause, half moved*] You swear it!

GERALD. Before that Heaven that still is open even to me—I swear!

BRAND. When sufficient time has elapsed to prove to me that you have kept your oath, then you may have your child.

GERALD. Oh, bless you for those words, I must be satisfied even with that.

BRAND. Beatrice, your mama is going away and she wishes to kiss her little girl before she goes.

BEA. Mama, are you going away?

GERALD. Yes, my darling, I am going away for a little while\* little while, and you'll be a good girl, won't you?

BEA. Yes, mama.

GERALD. And I'll bring you such pretty things, good-bye, my darling, good-bye!

BRAND. [*Greatly overcome, kisses Beatrice affectionately*] My child! My child! [*After a struggle with his feelings, letting the child go, who with a cry of "Mama," runs to Geraldine who seizes her wildly, pressing her to her heart. Brand mastering his\**] Remember I will see you keep your oath. [*Pointing*] Go! [*With the child close hugged to her breast, her eyes fastened on Brand as if afraid he will take the child from her\* exit, L.3E. As she is going off Lady Calthorpe appears at door 1.R.\*, tenderly putting her hand on his shoulder, points\* half dazed with a cry of "Mother," falls on her breast*]

\* Manuscript illegible at this point.

THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS

*A Melodrama in Seven Acts*

(1881)





## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**T**HE STRANGLERS OF PARIS was first produced at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, August 15-29, 1881, with the author as stage manager. The cast was as follows:

JAGON		OSMUND TEARLE
JOSEPH BLANCHARD		GERALD EYRE
ROBERT DE MEILLANT		JOSEPH R. GRISMER
LORENZ		MAX FREEMAN
CAPTAIN JULES GUERIN		WALTER LEMAN
MONSIEUR CLAUDE		A. D. BRADLEY
BONTOUT		JOHN W. JENNINGS
PAPIN		CHARLES NORRIS
DR. FORDIEN		J. P. WADE
MONSIEUR VITEL		GEORGE MCCORMACK
MONSIEUR XAVIER		E. N. THAYER
GOVERNOR OF PRISON		GEORGE GALLOWAY
LONGSTALOT		R. G. MARSH
GREGOIRE	} <i>convicts</i>	LOGAN PAUL
JACQUOT		G. L. MAY
CABASSA		JOHN TORRENCE
PIERRE		G. MCCORD
ZALABUT		J. HIGGINS
LAMAZON		CHARLES ROBERTSON
ZORGES		G. HOLDEN
JACQUES		S. CHAPMAN
COMMANDER OF PRISON SHIP		W. T. DAY
FIRST LIEUTENANT		E. N. NEUMAN
SECOND LIEUTENANT		E. WEBSTER
FIRST MARINE		J. SHERWOOD
MATHILDE		JEFFREYS-LEWIS
JEANNE GUERIN		ETHEL ARDEN
SOPHIE BLANCHARD		JEAN CLARA WALTERS
ZOE LACASSADE		MRS. ELIZABETH SAUNDERS
LA GRANDE FLORINE		EVA WEST

The first New York production of the play opened at the New Park Theatre on November 10, 1883, with Belasco in charge of the staging. Between the San Francisco production and this one Belasco had revised the play. The New York production was not very successful and the play was soon withdrawn. The cast was as follows:

JAGON	HENRY LEE
BLANCHARD	WALDEN RAMSAY
CLAUDE	CHARLES WHEATLEIGH
ROBERT	O. H. BARR
CAPTAIN GUERIN	LOUIS R. GRISEL
LORENZO	FRED HUEBNER
BONTOUT	CHARLES BURKE
LONSTALOT	OLIVER WREN
PAPIN	JAMES WALLIS
XAVIER	GEORGE H. SHEPPARD
FIRST LIEUTENANT	JAMES SUMNER
SECOND LIEUTENANT	DAN LACY
MONSIEUR VITEL	GEORGE NICHOLS
CABASA	HARRY HORN
PIERRE	JOHN H. BUNNY
GREGOIN	S. C. HALPIN
JAGNOT	L. F. GORMAN
MATHILDE	AGNES BOOTH
SOPHIE	ELLEN CUMMENS
ZOE	MRS. SELDEN IRWIN
GOVERNOR OF PRISON	LACY VICTOR
CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP	HARRY JEFFREYS
JEANNE GUERIN	ELEN OTTOLENGUI
LA GRANDE FLORINE	EMILY DENIN

In revising the play for production in New York, Belasco cut the number of speaking characters from thirty to twenty-four. It will be noticed, also, that in the pirated version included in this volume the number of speaking parts has been further reduced to twenty. As illustrations of what may happen to proper names when plays are subjected to the hazards of the theater, including piracy, we may point to Jacquot, which becomes first Jagnot, then Javnot; to Lacassade, which ends as Laccassel; and to La Grand Florine, which is metamorphosed into La Grande Florentine.

Although the play was not particularly successful, it was revived several times for short engagements in New York: at the Grand Opera House, June 2-7, 1884; at the Peoples Theatre, June 9-15, 1884, and again May 11-17, 1885.

Belasco based the play on a French work by Adolphe Belot. Both Belasco and his biographer, William Winter, refer to the adaptation as having been made from a "story," and it is true that a novel, *Les Etrangleurs de Paris*, by Adolphe Belot was published in 1879 and appeared in an English translation in 1880. It is worth noting, however, that Belot dramatized his own novel, and that the play he made from it was produced at the Theatre Porte Saint-Martin, Paris, in the spring of 1880. It would not be unreasonable, therefore, to assume that although Belasco based his play on the novel, he may have been inspired to do so by hearing of the French dramatization.

In reviewing the first performance in New York the *Tribune* of that city referred to it as "a sensation piece, embellished with showy scenery." In his biography of Belasco, William Winter says, "This play is, in fact, an extravagant and, in some respects, a repulsive sensation melodrama . . . The play is immensely inferior to the story upon parts of which it is based, but it serves its purpose as a 'shocker'."

Belasco himself, in later years, referred to the play as "buncombe."

## CAST

JAGON, *the strangler*

BLANCHARD, *a condemned convict*

MONSIEUR CLAUDE, *chief of police (double, Guerin)*

ROBERT, *a young army officer*

CAPTAIN GUERIN, *an old sea captain*

LORENZ, *Jagon's accomplice*

BONTOUT, *police detective*

LONSTALOT, *a convict*

PAPEN, *a gardener*

ZAVIET, *a notary public*

GOVERNOR OF PRISON

MONSIEUR VITAL, *a tradesman*

CABASA, *a convict*

PIERRE, *a convict*

JAVNOT, *a convict*

MATHILDE, *Jagon's daughter*

SOPHIE, *wife of Blanchard*

JEANNE GUERIN, *daughter of Captain Guerin*

ZOE LACCASSEL, *friend of Captain Guerin*

LA GRANDE FLORENTINE, *a French police spy*

OFFICERS, GENDARMES, SOLDIERS, MOB, CONVICTS, ETC.

ACT I: THE LITTLE HOUSE ON BOULEVARD BESSIÈRES. "IT IS TRUE—HELP! MURDER!"

ACT II: THEORY OF THE POLICE. SAFE. "HE WILL BE ACCUSED."

ACT III: "'TIS HE. MY FATHER'S MURDERER!"

ACT IV: CONDEMNED TO DEATH. "FOR GOD'S SAKE, TAKE HER AWAY."

ACT V: A CLUE. "MY LIFE FOR HERS."

ACT VI: "MY GOD, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CALL ON THEE."

ACT VII: JUSTICE. "I HAVE DONE WITH JUSTICE, DONE WITH LIFE, DONE WITH CRIME."

AN INTERVAL OF TWO MINUTES BETWEEN ACTS I AND 2. BETWEEN ACTS 2 AND 3, TWO MINUTES. BETWEEN ACTS 3 AND 4, TWO MINUTES. BETWEEN ACTS 4 AND 5, TWO MINUTES. BETWEEN ACTS 5 AND 6, TEN MINUTES. BETWEEN ACTS 6 AND 7, EIGHT MINUTES.



## ACT I.

SCENE: *Sophie Blanchard discovered at door. Gendarmes pass in street. Music, drums.*

SOPH. The gendarmes. How my heart beats. [*Gate bell rings, she enters gate in well, Blanchard enters*]

JOSEPH. Close the gate. [*She locks it*]

SOPH. Sh—sh—

Jos. Sophie.

SOPH. My husband.

Jos. It was a narrow escape.

SOPH. I am so glad you have come.

Jos. But I've only a few moments to remain, I should not have been away tonight.

SOPH. Must you return so soon?

Jos. Yes—to that horrible prison day or night, in health or in sickness always the same. Always fettered hand and foot, Orleans gives me my place of residence. I'm permitted to see no one and if I didn't steal away occasionally I would not even see my wife. This time I shall die there.

SOPH. Oh, my poor husband, to think that you should be so persecuted, yet innocent of the crime with which you are charged.

Jos. Yes, ten years of it and all for a crime I never committed. Papen stole the money, a man whom I took in and fed when he was starving; I clothed and sheltered him, and that I should suffer in his place, ten years of it—ten years of a living hell. [*Sits L. of table*] And all for an act of charity, ten years, ten years.

SOPH. Oh, how you have suffered.

Jos. Suffered. What have I not suffered in this black hole, that living hell. The walls that held me, the sun that scorched me, the bread that fed me, the sea that mocks me with its liberty, the air that gives me the life I loathe, they are all against me, the whole world, and I hate it.

SOPH. Don't say that Joseph, the real robber may yet be discovered and your good name cleared.

Jos. [*Rises, goes to her*] But it will not give me back those ten years of life I have lost. It will not give me back the tears of blood you've shed. But

there, there, wife. [*Wipes eyes*] I was mad, forgive me. Now I'm myself again.

SOPH. Oh, if I could always be with you to cheer you, to help you bear your great burden. Remember you have only five years more to remain at Orleans, then you will be at liberty to go where you please, then we shall be united never to part again.

JOS. Hush—I hear someone coming.

SOPH. [*Looks R.*] It is only Mademoiselle Jeanne.

JOS. I must not be seen, this is no place for such as I.

SOPH. Don't be afraid, she knows your story and believes in your innocence.

JEANNE. [*Outside, R.I.E.*] Sophie, Sophie. [*Enters*] Oh, you have a visitor I see.

SOPH. It is my husband. Forgive him for coming here. He wanted to see me.

JEAN. Forgive him—certainly, I'm pleased to meet Monsieur Blanchard. [*Crosses, L., offers hand*]

JOS. [*Declines hand*] But, mademoiselle, you know my history.

JEAN. Yes, and if I did not believe you to be an innocent man, I would not offer you my hand, nor would I tolerate your presence here.

JOS. Thank you, mademoiselle, for your kind words—you know my history. I run a great risk in coming here—you will help my secret?

JEAN. I will. And remember my house is always open for you.

JOS. God bless you, mademoiselle, for your kind words to a poor convict, good-bye, mademoiselle, good-bye. [*Kisses her hand, exit into garden with Sophie. Gendarmes pass gate. Music. Exeunt Sophie and Joseph into street, Jeanne looks after them*]

JEAN. [*Comes down*] Poor people, how I feel for them. How different to my lot in life—a good home, a father whose life is centered in me, and Robert. [*Takes letter from bosom, kisses it*] Dear Robert. He writes that he is coming back and hopes we shall never be parted again. If I can help it, I know we never shall. There is not a care to cross my life, all points to hope I ought to be happy. I am very, very happy. [*Enter Sophie*] Ah, Sophie, returned so soon? Perhaps it is just as well. Father will be returned presently, let us prepare his supper. [*They get dishes from cupboard upstage, set the table. Jeanne sits, R. of table*]

SOPH. It seems to me the master is away from home a great deal of late.

JEAN. Yes—I hope he is not bothering with that horrible well business again. You know father was greatly disappointed at our not receiving Uncle Claude's fortune when he died; he was very rich, an old bachelor, and had



always promised father that he would never marry. His fortune would then have come to me his natural heir. Well, two years ago when the old gentleman died, a will was found in which he left everything to a certain Matilda de Villeneuve.

SOPH. And who is this Matilda de Villeneuve?

JEAN. No one knows. Father contested the will but the courts decided against him; he was advised to try his case before another tribunal but father was so discouraged at his failure that he gave it up and renounced all claim, and I am not sorry, for the first trial was a constant worry and excitement to us all. Besides, so very expensive, so much so that we are obliged even now to economize to make up for the costs. [*Bell rings*]

SOPH. There is master now.

JEAN. [*Jumps up*] Make haste to open that gate while I go fetch his coat. [*Runs to room above, returns with coat, enter Jagon through gate*]

JAGON. Is Captain Guerin at home?

SOPH. No, monsieur.

JAGON. Is Mademoiselle Guerin at home?

SOPH. Yes, monsieur.

JAGON. I will speak with her. [*Jeanne comes down*]

SOPH. A gentleman to see the master.

JEAN. [*Places coat on chair, R.*] My father will be home presently. [*Looks at him, clings to Sophie. Aside*] What a terrible-looking man, how he stares at me.

JAGON. Very well, with your permission I will wait, for I have an appointment with him.

JEAN. Certainly, if you have an appointment with my father. [*Aside*] Sophie, who is this man?

SOPH. I don't know.

JEAN. He frightens me, his glance seems to pierce me with a deadly chill—I cannot remain here.

SOPH. Let us go into the next room.

JEAN. No, I'm afraid. [*Timidly hands him paper from dresser*] You will excuse me for a few moments?

JAGON. Certainly. [*Exeunt Jeanne and Sophie into garden. Jagon lays paper in chair, L.I.E. Looks after them*] So this is Jeanne Guerin and my child is robbed of her inheritance to enrich this pale-faced girl, curse her. Be not too sanguine, I am here to watch over the interest of my child. I will just have time to make observations. There [*R.I.E.*] is the girl's chamber and there [*Points to stairs*] is the old captain's room. Everything just as he said. He came to deposit the money and I held him in conversation until after

banking hours, then he returned here with the 53,000 francs, the money of which he has robbed my child. Little did he think when he sat there in the office chattering idly that Jagon the notary's clerk was the father of Matilda de Villeneuve. [*Goes to steps*] The railing is firm—the steps make a slight—noise—an item to be remembered. [*Enters room, is seen through window*] There's the old captain's bed, the moonlight will stream through the window on his face, the rest of the room in darkness. I have everything like a map in my mind. [*Comes down*] Now for the means of entrance. [*Examines locks of gates, takes key from side of gate, tries gate of house, then gate of garden*] Ah, the gate of the house and the gate of the garden are locked by the same key of which there are two, the captain keeps one here and the other will be carried home by the girl. Lorenz shall follow her and get it there—by throwing suspicion upon the wrong person. Ah, the lock creaks, it needs oiling. [*Sees Sophie and Jeanne in garden, hangs up key, seizes paper, sits, L.I.E., reads. Enter Sophie and Jeanne. Aside*] Ah, just in time. [*Aloud*] Ah, well I have some important business which requires my attention; as I am somewhat pressed for time I'll not wait longer. [*Hands her paper*] I will call again.

JEAN. What name shall I say?

JAGON. Oh, your father will know, good day—good day. [*Exit into garden, shakes fist at Jeanne*]

JEAN. Quick Sophie, lock the gate; thank heavens, he is gone. What business can my father have with this man to invite him here? [*R. of table*]

SOPH. [*Locks gate*] I don't believe it; if your father had promised to meet him he would have been here to have kept his word. [*Gate bell rings*]

JEAN. Perhaps he came to—[*Starts up*] Ah, I hope it is papa. [*Both go to gate. Enter Zoe*] Oh, it's only you, I was expecting father.

ZOE. Yes, it's only me, but if you're disappointed—[*Turns to go. Jeanne embraces her, then comes down*]

JEAN. O Zoe, forgive me and come in. You foolish, sensitive old thing, you know I love you, you good kind friend.

ZOE. And a friend is just what you want in this horrible country. [*Gives her shawl to Sophie*]

JEAN. [*R. of table*] Ah, Zoe, you still cling to the colonies.

ZOE. And why not. Do you suppose I'd give up my home among the pineapples and the bananas for this horrible country called France.

JEAN. But our forefathers—

ZOE. Oh, yes, I know our forefathers come from France and I consider they did a very wise thing when they left it.

JEAN. I see we shall never acclimatize you.

ZOE. I don't want to be acclimatized, I detest the abominable country and everybody in it. [*Jeanne shakes head*] Yes, I do. They are all too cold for me, I'm all fire and impulse. I'm Jamaica ginger, I'm Cayenne pepper, and what I say I mean. [*Strikes table, Jeanne jumps*]

JEAN. Now, Zoe, you never could conceal your thoughts, you have something to tell me and are trying to keep it back but you can't deceive me. [*Behind Zoe, arm around her*] So confess now, confess, Zoe, confess.

ZOE. Well then—I will confess. [*Jeanne kneels, L. of Zoe*] There is something.

JEAN. Yes—something.

ZOE. Which you will learn from your father when he comes home. [*Jeanne goes R. of table*]

JEAN. Ah, my father never tells me anything. Why, for a whole week he has scarcely spoken to me, he has a secret, you have a secret. Oh, what does all this mystery mean? You are all in some conspiracy against me, I do believe. [*Bell rings. Jeanne runs to gate*]

ZOE. There is the captain now.

JEAN. Stay, Sophie, I'll go. [*Exit into garden, enters with Captain, embracing and kissing him*]

CAPT. G. There, give me another. [*Kisses. Zoe comes up, shakes hands*] How are you, Sophie, are you any better? [*Jeanne takes his hat, Sophie takes off his coat, Jeanne helps him on with another*]

JEAN. Father, now I'm going to scold you severely for leaving me here alone so much of late.

CAPT. G. Well there, there—I'll promise in future to be a better boy. But how about supper, I'm ravenously hungry.

JEAN. We are only waiting for you. Come, Zoe. [*Sits back of table. Zoe, R., Captain, L.*] Papa, I've been so frightened today. [*Zoe eats enormously*]

CAPT. G. Why what has frightened you, have you seen a mouse? [*Zoe holds up dress, screams*]

JEAN. No father—a man.

CAPT. G. A man is not such a horrible being that one of the species should frighten you.

JEAN. But this man was such an evil-looking fellow. He said he had an appointment with you.

CAPT. G. Oh—I know who it was. It was Monsieur Burel.

JEAN. He didn't leave his name, he said you would know. He frightened Sophie and me so much, that we were obliged to go into the garden while he waited.

CAPT. G. Now I can't see what there was to frighten you in a white-headed old gentleman.

JEAN. But he was not white-headed—he had black hair.

CAPT. G. Black, Sophie—was he tall or short?

SOPH. Tall, monsieur, he seemed to be a man of great strength, judging from his hands, they were long and sinewy.

CAPT. G. Oh, I see, Monsieur Burel sent his clerk.

JEAN. Who is Monsieur Burel, papa?

CAPT. G. Our attorney, my dear; you see, I've come to the conclusion that this house is too humble for people in our circumstances, so I have concluded to take a home in a more fashionable quarter.

JEAN. Why, how strangely you talk, papa, what has happened? You have a surprise for me?

CAPT. G. Yes, I have a little surprise.

JEAN. Now don't tease me, what is it.

ZOE. [*Has her mouth full*] Why don't you tell her, you old sea serpent?

CAPT. G. [*Takes out bills*] Well, that's what it is.

JEAN. What are those?

CAPT. G. Bank notes, my darling, of 1000 francs each.

JEAN. I don't understand. Where did you get them, papa?

CAPT. G. Oh, it is plain enough, you have inherited your uncle Claude's fortune.

JEAN. But I thought you had lost it all in the case.

CAPT. G. So we had but thanks to the advice of Zoe. [*Zoe chokes—Jeanne hits her on back, Sophie gives her wine*] I tried the case again and she actually loaned me the money for it and so today my lawyer handed over to me in your name 53,000 francs!

JEAN. [*To Captain*] This then—was your secret?

ZOE. Yes—

JEAN. And you never told me a word about it!

ZOE. Well, I wanted your father to be the first to bring you the great news. [*Cries*]

JEAN. [*In his arms, weeping*] Father.

ZOE. Oh, I'm so happy, I must cry.

JEAN. And this is why you have been away from home so much of late and I accused you of being hardhearted. O father, I shall never forgive myself.

CAPT. G. There, there, don't go on like that, you will compel me to make an old fool of myself. [*Cries*]

JEAN. I can't help it, you dearest, best father in the world. How thoughtful of you after all to keep everything from me, so that I would not be disappointed even if you had lost the case.

CAPT. G. There—there now, we mustn't forget Zoe. We owe everything to her remember.

ZOE. When I left home in the colonies to come to this horrid country I had a duty to perform.

JEAN. And you have performed it like an angel.

ZOE. Without wings and a very old crusty one.

CAPT. G. Well now, what do you say to a house in a fashionable quarter? [*Zoe rises, crosses to L.*]

ZOE. Well, I say its getting late and I must be going. No thanks, captain, I won't stay to supper. I'm not at all hungry. Now remember, tomorrow I want my share in talking over all the plans for the future. [*Goes up*]

CAPT. G. and JEAN. Decidedly.

SOPH. And shall I be wanted tomorrow, mademoiselle?

CAPT. G. Why certainly, you'll be wanted tomorrow and the day after and the day after that. In fact, Sophie, I want you to come and bring your trunk and make our home yours and as to that other little affair, why cheer up, Sophie, we are rich now and money you know has power to open iron gates and no questions asked.

SOPH. Oh—thank you, thank you, you don't know how happy you have made me. Good night, master, good night, mademoiselle. [*Going*]

JEAN. Good night, Sophie, and don't forget to come early in the morning.

SOPH. I'll not forget. Good night. [*To Zoe*] I'll wait outside until you go, so I can lock the gate. [*Waits in garden*]

CAPT. G. Now I'll wager one of these [*Opens purse*] that she carries home tonight the lightest heart she has carried there in many days. Why, Zoe, Jeanne, I feel so happy, I feel as if I should like to ask all creation to join me in a glass of wine.

ZOE. That's just the way I feel exactly, captain. [*They rush to table, drink*] Now I must be off, good night, dear. [*Kisses Jean, going*] Now remember, I'll be here early tomorrow and—

CAPT. G. But come, come—Zoe—you forget—what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

ZOE. Well, you have been such—such a dear good old gander. I will give you just one. [*Kisses him*] Captain, I feel so happy I should like to drink again to the whole creation. [*They have same business*] Now I must be off. Good-bye, Jeanne. Good-bye, captain. [*At gate*]

JEAN. Zoe, now be here early in the morning and we'll all go together to look at the new house.

ZOE. Yes, I'll be here early. Good night. [*Exit through street. Sophie locks gate, puts key in pocket, exit into street, R.*]

CAPT. G. Jeanne, my darling, now is the hour for retiring, but we must not let the change in our fortune change our lives; before you retire I have a word to say to you.

JEAN. [*Kneels at his side*] Yes, father.

CAPT. G. This 53,000 francs is all in your name, all for you. It is your dowry.

JEAN. Father.

CAPT. G. I now feel contented, as I am able to restore to you your rights to make you comfortable for life. I'm getting old and it is time I was looking my end in the face, but I feel this—that if death should come over tonight, I am prepared to meet it.

JEAN. O father, don't speak of death, it fills me with such a strange sad feeling.

CAPT. G. But there, don't feel like that, you have enough money to live in comfort and happiness and in your cousin Robert you have a protector. Now it is time to retire. [*Jeanne takes candle, gives other one to Captain. Kisses her, goes to foot of stairs*] Good night, my darling.

JEAN. [*R.I.E. Runs and kneels*] Father, bless me again.

CAPT. G. Heaven bless you, my child. Good night. [*Jeanne goes, R.I.E. Kisses hand, exit. Captain enters room upstairs. Music; enter Jagon through gate, Lorenz dressed as Blanchard stands at gate, watching street*]

JAGON. All is quiet. No one is stirring. You stand at the gate to watch, see that no one passes, makes no noise. [*Takes off shoes, goes upstairs, enters room*]

LOR. What means this dreadful silence, why does he not return? Not a sound, all is as still as the grave. [*Captain screams*]

CAPT. G. Murder! Thieves! [*Jagon brings him out to anteroom, bends his head back over table, strangles him; takes money from his bosom, throws him back to room, examines money at table, puts it in vest pocket; comes down, Lorenz comes C. Jagon puts on shoes as he is talking*]

LOR. Does he sleep?

JAGON. So soundly that nothing on this earth will ever awaken him.

LOR. What—you killed him?

JAGON. Yes—I strangled him.

LOR. Yes, strangled him—and you promised me—

JAGON. No matter what I promised. See to the gate.

LOR. [*Music. Gendarmes pass gate*] The gendarmes, they are passing this way! [*They hurry out gate*]

JEAN. [*Enters in gown, with candle, R.I.E.*] What a horrible dream. It seems even now as though it were real. I cannot shake off its terrible influence. I dreamed that strange man came here and murdered my father. Oh, I must see him to be reassured. Father. [*Up steps*] Father, answer me, it is I, Jeanne. Father. [*Enters room and screams*]

LOR. [*In gate*] The girl has discovered all—if the gendarmes hear her screams we are lost.

JEAN. [*On landing*] It is true—help—help, help! Murder! [*Coming down*] My father is murdered! Help, help!

JAGON. [*Starts to her*] I'll soon silence that. [*Music*] The gendarmes, curse them. We are lost. [*Exit into garden. While he speaks Jeanne still calls for help, drops candle when at bottom of step, falls fainting on stage. Gendarmes rush on and lift her partially*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: *Claude seated, L. of table. Bontout upstage.*

BON. Oh, this is a magnificent case—this is worthy of my power. It shows magnificent workmanship. I shall certainly be able now to distinguish myself.

CLAUDE. Bontout, remember you are in the house of the dead.

BON. [*Aside*] Jealous of my ability. [*Enter Zaviet, gate*]

CLAUDE. Ah, Monsieur Zaviet, most opportune. If I am not mistaken, it was you who contested for Captain Guerin the will of his brother left in favor of Matilda de Villeneuve. Do you know anything of this woman's antecedents?

ZAV. What—do you suspect—?

CLAUDE. That she is the sole instigator of the murder if not the actual murderer. What is more likely, than after having the fortune so nearly in her possession that she should resort to crime, rather than part with it? What was the amount?

ZAV. Fifty-three thousand francs.

CLAUDE. At what hour did Monsieur Guerin leave your office yesterday?

ZAV. At a quarter of 4 o'clock.

CLAUDE. Isn't it rather unusual to pay out so large a sum of money at such an hour?

ZAV. He came after the time of our appointment.

CLAUDE. And which he failed to keep?

ZAV. At the time he came, my clerk told him I was engaged.

CLAUDE. Were you?

ZAV. No.

CLAUDE. What is your clerk's name?

ZAV. Jagon.

CLAUDE. Bontout, have all the desks, shelves, pockets in clothing and the house been searched?

BON. Thoroughly, Monsieur Claude.

CLAUDE. Has any money been found?

BON. Not a sou.

CLAUDE. Monsier Zaviet, I believe I understood you to say that with the exception of Madame Laccassel and Sophie Blanchard that nobody ever visited the house?

ZAV. Oh, that reminds me that Mademoiselle Guerin said there was a man called on the night of the murder—a point that I had almost forgotten.

CLAUDE. Ah, this is important and will necessitate the calling in of Mademoiselle Guerin. Is she strong enough to be questioned?

ZAV. Never fear, I will bring her to you. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

CLAUDE. [*Hands paper to Bontout*] Bontout, make these inquiries of Madame Laccassel and ask her to appear before me. [*Exit Bontout. Enter Jeanne, R.I.E., with Zaviet*]

ZAV. Jeanne, this gentleman wishes to make some inquiries of you. Are you strong enough to answer the questions?

JEAN. I am at your services, monsieur.

CLAUDE. A person called here yesterday during your father's absence?

JEAN. Yes, he said he had business with my father and asked permission to wait. Sophie and I were so frightened, that we went into the garden while he waited.

CLAUDE. And left him here alone? [*Jeanne nods, Claude writes*] How long?

JEAN. I should say about ten minutes. He then said he could wait no longer and went away.

CLAUDE. Could you describe the person's appearance?

JEAN. No, but if I were to see him again, I should recognize him.

CLAUDE. Was he particularly ugly?

JEAN. Not exactly ugly, but there was an evil look about him which made a powerful impression upon my mind.

CLAUDE. [*Writes*] Did you notice his hands?



JEAN. [*Starts*] His hands? Yes, they were large and sinewy, with long bony fingers.

CLAUDE. [*Aside*] That is the man. [*Aloud*] I apologize, mademoiselle, for detaining you so long on such a painful subject.

JEAN. Make no apologies. My father's death must be avenged and believe me, monsieur, I shall be ever ready no matter when or where to bring the murderer to justice. Now let me go to my father, for the time is very short and I wish to pass every moment by his side. [*Goes upstairs and exits. Bontout enters, gate*]

ZAV. Monsieur Claude, you will now excuse me and I will return as soon as possible.

CLAUDE. Certainly.

BON. [*Examining locks*] Monsieur Claude, another important point, the lock of the gate and the lock of the door have been recently oiled.

CLAUDE. Indeed? Very well, report—

BON. Mademoiselle Laccassel will arrive at once.

CLAUDE. Ah—what hour did she leave here last night?

BON. [*Looks excitedly through notebook*] The clock struck ten as she turned the corner of the street.

CLAUDE. Was the door of the house locked after her?

BON. Yes, monsieur, by Captain Guerin.

CLAUDE. Who locked the door of the garden?

BON. Sophie Blanchard. She has a duplicate key which she uses to let herself in every morning so as not to disturb her master and mistress.

CLAUDE. Bontout, do you know anything of this woman—Sophie Blanchard?

BON. This, monsieur. I know that there is a man, a gardener judging from his dress, has often been seen with her, and Monsieur Vital for whom she used to work, said he saw her meet a man last night at the bridge at the foot of the Rue Mercadet.

CLAUDE. Call Sophie Blanchard.

BON. [*At gate*] Sophie Blanchard. [*Enter Sophie, gate*]

CLAUDE. Who oiled the locks on the doors of the house and garden?

SOPH. I don't know; I noticed the oil on the locks when I came here this morning, but there was none there last night.

CLAUDE. The same key is used for both locks?

SOPH. Yes, monsieur.

CLAUDE. How many keys are there?

SOPH. Two. Mine and the master's.

CLAUDE. Where is the master's?

SOPH. On the nail there, where he always used to hang it.

CLAUDE. And yours? [*She takes it from pocket*] Let me see it. [*Examines key*] There's oil upon it.

SOPH. Is there? Then it must have come off the lock when I opened the door this morning.

CLAUDE. [*Aside to Bontout*] Bontout, you are right. This is the key used by the assassin. This woman, innocently or not, is an accomplice. Sh—don't let her see that we suspect her. [*Returns key to Sophie*] That will do.

SOPH. Thank you, monsieur. [*Aside*] What does it all mean? [*Exit, gate*]

BON. Well, monsieur, what do you advise?

CLAUDE. You must set your spies on that woman and if she meets the gardener again we'll have him.

BON. What else?

CLAUDE. A close watch must be kept on Matilde de Villeneuve.

BON. What—you suspect her, too?

CLAUDE. I do.

BON. And so do I.

CLAUDE. What are your reasons?

BON. [*Thinks. Strikes elbow on table*] My reasons, my reasons. Let me see. I have none except an awful itching in my funny bone. [*Rubs elbow*]

CLAUDE. Her every movement must be watched.

BON. Monsieur, I thought something of the kind would be needed, so I brought her along with me. [*Calls off, gate*] We want to see number 5.

CLAUDE. A woman, eh—good.

BON. I told you I would distinguish myself.

CLAUDE. Perhaps after all you are not quite such a fool as you look.

BON. [*Deep bow*] How kind of you to say so Monsieur Claude.

CLAUDE. You certainly don't lack intelligence.

BON. [*Same business*] O Monsieur Claude, you are too good.

CLAUDE. Not ambition.

BON. O Monsieur Claude, thanks. [*Same business*]

CLAUDE. And if it were not for your silly desire to distinguish yourself—

BON. My—my what?

CLAUDE. You might in the course of ten or twelve years become a fairly useful member of the department.

BON. Ah, um—poor fellow, he can't help it. It's not his fault. Merely professional jealousy. [*Lively music, enter Florine, gate; bows to Claude, sees Bontout, throws kisses to him, they flirt*]

CLAUDE. The Grand Florine. Bontout, you really are improving. Well, Florine, you are in the hands of the law again.

FLOR. [*Lightly*] Yes, monsieur.

CLAUDE. What is she charged with?

BON. [*L.I.E. Flirting*] Hanged if I know.

CLAUDE. [*R.*] Florine—this is a bad job.

FLOR. [*C. Carelessly*] Yes—I suppose it is, monsieur.

BON. Good for six months at least.

FLOR. [*Starts. Touches Bontout under chin with fan*] Now, Monsieur Bontout, I'll have nothing more to do with handsome men. [*Laughs aside, Bontout primps, delighted*] For handsome men have been the ruin of me. [*Bontout, deep bow, which she returns. Bontout goes up steps, same business. Enters room upstairs*]

CLAUDE. Florine, I want you to watch a suspected party, it may be the means of getting you out of your present difficulty. Can you be shrewd, watchful, and keep your business to yourself?

FLOR. Can I? Set a thief to catch a thief.

CLAUDE.' But this is something different from a common thief.

FLOR. Only trust me, monsieur. I've a wonderful head for studying out mysteries.

CLAUDE. That's just what we want. [*Enter Zaviet through gate, Bontout on steps*]

BON. Monsieur Claude, everything is ready for the inquest.

CLAUDE. Florine. Step in there. [*R.I.E.*] When I have finished I will give you your instructions. [*Florine exit, R.I.E., flirting with Bontout who comes down to Zaviet*] Ah, monsieur. [*To Bontout*] Bring Sophie Blanchard. [*Claude and Zaviet go upstairs, enter. Bontout calls Sophie who goes upstairs, Bontout follows, Sophie shuts door in his face*]

BON. Now I am distinguished. [*Enters room; enter Jagon and Lorenz, gate*]

JAGON. Come in, sit down—you are trembling like a child. I hate a coward.

LOR. I am not a coward but to be here under the very roof as the body of—

JAGON. Hush—and listen to me—I have come here on purpose. It will avert suspicion. Who would even suspect us being the assassins when we boldly come right here on the scene of our crime.

LOR. But if we should be suspected.

JAGON. I will answer for it with my life.

LOR. But me—your accomplice.

JAGON. Would never be condemned, but silence, and listen to me. Sit down, keep your eyes straight before you. The time has now come when I

must take you into my entire confidence. Twenty-three years ago I had a young and beautiful wife who died in giving birth to Matilda. I loved my wife—oh—oh, how I loved her—and the love of her made me forget I was a man. I became indifferent to my interests, neglected my business, lost all ambition, and sank so low that I became an outcast. But finally I awoke to the fact that I had a child to care for—I endeavored to regain my position among my associates but it was too late. They turned their backs upon me, not one offered me a helping hand; it was then I first hated mankind and resolved to be revenged upon the whole human race, and the more I hated mankind the more I loved my child. I resolved that nothing should remain undone which would gain for her wealth and position. I left Matilda with relatives in Paris. At my request Matilda assumed the name of De Ville-neuve. I then went to Africa to endeavor to make a fortune; it was there I first learned to strangle. I dealt in human flesh and developed the internal powers within me as I exercised my strength upon the black wretches who dared to rebel against me. I acquired a fortune and returned to Paris. I found that Matilda's relatives had died in my absence and I found Matilda earning a bare livelihood. I concealed the fact that I was her father, I quelled the beatings of my heart, as with a mighty effort I straightened the crooked back which nature gave me to hide the humps upon my shoulders. I established Matilda in a costly mansion and surrounded her with every luxury. At this time a wealthy gentleman, one Claude Guerin, struck by her beauty asked her to become his wife. I made a tool of Matilda. She obeyed me without questioning and promised to marry him. It was then you came with your accursed handsome face and ruined all my plans. But I determined the old gentleman's wealth should not escape me, as this added to my own would be ample to satisfy all my ambitions. She got him to draw up a will in her favor. He did so, that was all I wanted of him, and he died.

LOR. Then 'twas you who—?

JAGON. Hush—Ask me no questions; the doctors said it was apoplexy. The same will be said here. I have here 53,000 francs.

LOR. Here?

JAGON. Yes, here. You will find them at your rooms tonight together with the family papers and all, of the Marquis de Ribas. Use them to the best advantage. There is no one living to contest the ownership of them. Assume the title and rank, and now listen to my last words to you forever. When you see my child tonight, take her in your arms and hold her to your heart and bid her good-bye for me—forever.

LOR. Forever—?

JAGON. Yes, forever—for hard, cruel as I am, I have not the courage and even if I had, I dare not. Say what you please, tell her I have gone back to Africa to make another fortune. Tell her anything to satisfy her, and tell her that we shall never meet [*Sobs*] again; I may be arrested, convicted, and executed, under the name of Jagon, but my child must never know it was her wretched father. The name of Simonet is dead to the world and is buried in the hearts of but three living beings—you—Matilda—and myself. To the world I am Jagon the notary's clerk and now listen—Lorenz, I leave my child in your care—all I ask of you is that you treat her kindly. If you do not, my revenge shall reach you even though I were in my grave; remember and beware, beware—[*Zaviet and Claude come downstairs, Lorenz and Jagon go R.I.E.*]

ZAV. Monsieur Claude, from your remarks during the inquest I was led to understand that you had your suspicions as to the guilty party.

CLAUDE. I have.

JAGON. [*Aside to Lorenz*] Not a word.

CLAUDE. Before tomorrow night I shall have conclusive proofs of it, and it may be one or both of the murderers.

ZAV. Ah, Jagon, you here?

JAGON. Yes, monsieur, hearing of the terrible crime committed here last night I have come over.

ZAV. Monsieur Claude—this is my chief clerk.

JAGON. [*Bows*] Monsieur Claude—[*Introducing Lorenz*] This is the Marquis de Ribas. [*Lorenz bows, he and Jagon cross, L.I.E.*]

CLAUDE. [*Whispers to Zaviet*] Is that person Jagon?

SOPH. [*Runs downstairs with letter, puts on bonnet*] I will post this at once. I must see Joseph tomorrow. [*Exit, gate and street*]

BON. [*Runs downstairs*] I'm on the track at last.

CLAUDE. The track?

BON. I have my eye on Sophie Blanchard.

JAGON. [*Aside to Lorenz*] Blanchard! Ah, he will be accused.

### ACT III.

SCENE: *Plaintive music. Enter Jeanne, R.I.E. Zaviet supports her.*

ZAV. Come on, Jeanne, cheer up. Think of what a bright future is before you.

JEAN. Thank you, my friend, your words comfort me and give me courage. You speak as he did. [*Weeps, crosses to L.C.*]

ZAV. Poor girl, it has been too much for her. Her nerves are completely shattered.

ROBERT. [*Enters through gate, neat uniform*] Jeanne. Jeanne.

JEAN. [*Rushes to him*] Robert—Robert. [*Embrace*]

ZAV. [*Shakes hands*] Why, Robert, welcome; allow me to take you by the hand, I've heard so much of you, I need no introduction. Jeanne will tell you who I am.

ROB. Well—Jeanne's friends are also mine.

ZAV. Now, young people, I'll leave you together. You must have a great deal to talk about and I have important business which calls my attention, besides you know the old adage, two is a company, etc. [*Laughs and exits, R.I.E.*]

JEAN. O Robert, I'm so glad you have come, I shall not be lonely. Now come and sit down. [*He sits, L. of table, she kneels at his side*] Tell me, when did you arrive?

ROB. Not more than half an hour ago. I set sail for France the moment I received your letter and oh—how slow the ship did sail. But now I have requested permission to attach myself to a regiment near here and if I succeed I shall then ask you to fulfill your promise to become my wife.

JEAN. Robert—dearly as I love you, at present I cannot. I have a mission to perform which must be fulfilled. My father's death must be avenged.

ROB. And so it shall. I'll devote all my time to hunting down the guilty party. We'll work together hand in hand and together I know we shall succeed.

JEAN. Dear Robert, there is [*Rising*] my hand. In you I have a brother, protector, friend. [*Noise in street, they rush to window*]

ROB. What is it?

JEAN. A carriage with two ladies being dashed through the street by a pair of maddened horses. Oh, they will be killed.

ROB. No, Jeanne, not if I can help it. [*Exit, gate*]

JEAN. He is standing in the middle of the road. Oh, come—on come the frantic animals. Ah, they are upon him, he seizes the bridle, oh—he is down, he regains his feet and brings them to a standstill.

ROB. [*Rushes in with Matilda*] Quick, Jeanne, a chair. [*Jeanne places chair, C., hands glass of water*]

FLOR. [*Enters gate, comes down L.*] What a narrow escape. I never came so near saying my prayers in my life.

JEAN. [*To Matilda*] Can I do anything for you?

MATILDA. No, thank you, I'm not hurt. Only a little frightened, but whom am I to thank for my fortunate escape?

JEAN. My cousin, Robert de Meillant.

FLOR. [*Sees Matilda watching Robert*] She struck with him and had too.

MATILDA. Monsieur, how can I ever thank you?

ROB. I deserve no thanks, 'twas merely an act of duty.

MATILDA. But, without your assistance we should have been seriously injured, perhaps killed. My husband the Marquis de Ribas, if following, is on horseback; he will add his thanks to mine.

ROB. I shall be pleased to meet the Marquis de Ribas.

BON. [*Outside*] This way, monsieur. [*Enters, dressed as a gardener. Lorenz follows him*] This is the house they entered.

MATILDA. Ah, there is my husband now.

LOR. Matilda, are you hurt?

MATILDA. No, thanks to Monsieur Robert de Meillant.

LOR. Allow me to thank you, monsieur. [*Shakes hands*] Matilda, can I do anything for you?

MATILDA. [*Staring at Robert*] No, no.

FLOR. That's a case of love at first sight, and with vengeance. That's good. [*Goes L. & E., but touches her shoulder, she starts*] Well—my report is as usual, nothing.

BON. What—nothing yet?

FLOR. What more could you expect when you set me to watch a perfect model of goodness. [*Goes up, L.*]

BON. Well, my chances of distinguishing myself are growing gradually extinguished. [*Goes up to Florine*]

MATILDA. [*To Lorenz*] Invite Monsieur de Meillant to dine with us tomorrow.

LOR. But—

MATILDA. Do as I ask.

LOR. Monsieur, in my wife's name and my own I ask the pleasure of your company to dinner tomorrow.

ROB. I thank you heartily for the honor but I shall not be able to accept.

MATILDA. But, monsieur, you saved my life. Will you not give me an opportunity to show my gratitude?

ROB. It is impossible.

MATILDA. Impossible, and why?

ROB. You will understand when I tell you that the name of my cousin and affianced bride is Jeanne Guerin.

LOR. Let us leave this place at once.

MATILDA. [*Aside*] Jeanne Guerin, a second time she crosses my life.

ZAV. [*Enters, R.I.E.*] Matilda de Villeneuve.

OMNES. [*Starting*] Matilda de Villeneuve.

MATILDA. [*Rises, goes L.C.*] Ah, Monsieur Zaviet. [*Bows*]

ZAV. I should have said the Marquise de Ribas.

MATILDA. [*To Robert*] I do understand, monsieur. Jose, your arm. [*Going with Lorenz*] Good day. [*At gate looks sadly back at Robert*] Good day. [*Exit, gate, with Lorenz. Bontout, R. of Florine, pulls down vest, arranges hat, etc. Starts after them. Florine hits him in stomach with fan, laughs. Marches proudly after them, turns, throws kisses to Bontout. Exit. Bontout follows, imitating her*]

JEAN. So this is Matilda de Villeneuve and this is the first time I have ever seen her. [*Enter Sophie, R.I.E.*] Sophie, this is your new master, Monsieur Robert de Meillant. [*Sophie bows, crosses, L.C.*] Oh, what a change, I feel so happy.

ZAV. Ah, Robert, you're responsible for this transformation. [*All exeunt, R.I.E., laughing, except Sophie. She looks off, gate, then exit, R.I.E. Mysterious music, enter Bontout, strides about room on tiptoe as if watching for someone. Stumbles against table, crawls under it; enter Joseph Blanchard, gate, Bontout peeps out*]

BON. Now I shall distinguish myself. [*Enter Sophie, R.I.E.*]

SOPH. [*Embraces Joseph*] Why did you not come before?

JOS. What is it you wanted to see me about?

SOPH. Something very strange has happened to me in connection with the murder and I wanted to ask your advice before I told anyone.

JOS. I must return as soon as possible.

SOPH. Come into the next room where we can talk without being overheard. [*They exeunt, L.I.E.*]

BON. [*Calls off, gate*] Monsieur Claude.

CLAUDE. [*Enters gate*] Well?

BON. I know him.

CLAUDE. His name?

BON. Joseph Blanchard. He is under police supervision for five years at Orleans.

CLAUDE. Then he has no business in Paris. Bontout you really here have distinguished yourself at last.

BON. O Monsieur Claude, I told you I should. [*Enter Joseph, L.I.E.*] Here he is. Joseph Blanchard, I arrest you for being absent from Orleans without leave.

JOS. What?



CLAUDE. No resistance, we have a force outside. [*Enter Soldiers, gate*] Take it quietly; how long have you been absent from Orleans without permission?

Jos. Three or four times at most. I came when I heard of the murder of Captain Guerin.

CLAUDE. What had the murder to do with your coming here?

Jos. My wife wrote me that she was ill and worried.

CLAUDE. What was she worried about?

Jos. There was a key—

CLAUDE. Exactly. Well—

Jos. She took it away with her and when she returned it was not in her pocket.

CLAUDE. How does she explain its absence?

Jos. She cannot understand it.

CLAUDE. Yet she opened the gate as usual that morning.

Jos. She found the key in the lock.

CLAUDE. And yet when I questioned her she never mentioned so important an item; nor has the fact of some person having the key in the lock before the arrival of your wife the next morning induced you to make this tardy confession with the hope of forestalling discovery.

Jos. With what object?

CLAUDE. To avert suspicion.

Jos. Suspicion of what?

CLAUDE. Of your wife having given you the key, although it is very ingenious for a cut and dry defense. It was simple for you to leave it in the lock where your wife would find it in the morning and return at once to Orleans to establish an alibi.

Jos. An alibi—then I am accused?

CLAUDE. You were here in Paris on the night of the murder; what time was it when you returned to Orleans?

Jos. I was present at roll the next morning.

CLAUDE. You might have done that and left Paris by the twelve o'clock train; did you meet anyone that night whom you knew?

Jos. [*Thinks*] I can't remember now, it may come to me later.

CLAUDE. I hope so for your own sake, though I doubt it. At present everything points to your being in Paris at eleven o'clock that night; eleven o'clock, mind you, you were seen walking with your wife under the railway bridge at the end of the Rue Mercadet.

Jos. I was seen, I was recognized, I Blanchard?

CLAUDE. Yes, you; your name was not known, but your description is exact; now what have you to say?

JOS. What is the use of saying anything? You would still believe me guilty. But there is one above who knows I am innocent. My God, I am lost—lost as I was before.

CLAUDE. [*To Bontout*] Call Sophie Blanchard. [*Bontout does so, Sophie enters, L.I.E.*] Sophie Blanchard, did anyone speak to you on your way home on the night of the murder?

SOPH. No, monsieur.

CLAUDE. Do you know Monsieur Vital?

SOPH. Yes—I worked a year for him.

CLAUDE. Well, Monsieur Vital asserts that on the night in question he saw you walking under the railway bridge in company with a man.

SOPH. Ah—I remember he followed me through the arch and tried to engage me in conversation but I walked very fast and he suddenly turned and left me.

CLAUDE. Could he have taken the key from the pocket of your apron as he walked by your side?

SOPH. Yes—yes—I see it all. He attempted to take me by the wrist but I pushed him away. It was then he stole the key and returned. He was to rob and murder my poor master, and afterwards left it in the lock to make me think I had forgotten it.

CLAUDE. The man who followed you was no other than your husband.

SOPH. My husband! It is false!

CLAUDE. Joseph Blanchard, proof points conclusively to you as one of the murderers of Captain Guerin—can you deny it?

JOS. What would be the use of denying it? You would still believe me guilty. My God, penal servitude! Transportation for life, the gallows, escape is impossible!

SOPH. He cannot defend himself—I will speak for him. Ten years of imprisonment have broken his spirit. You sent him to prison for a crime he never committed; he was innocent of that as he is of this. You tore him away and left me, his wife, to starve. Our little child died of hunger in my arms. She has not stolen—what had she done that she should die? O God, why do they condemn little innocent children. [*Crosses, R., enter Jeanne, Robert, Zaviet, R.I.E., enter Monsieur Vital, gate*]

CLAUDE. Monsieur Vital, is this the man you saw with the woman at eleven o'clock on the night of the 22nd of March?

VITAL. It is—

JOS. [*Kneels to Vital*] Reflect—reflect—you are dealing with my life.

VITAL. He is the man.

JOS. My God, lost.

CLAUDE. Joseph Blanchard, you are detained in custody on the charge of murder.

SOPH. It is false, [*Looks at Joseph*] you are innocent.

CLAUDE. He is guilty.

SOPH. It is a lie. I say he is innocent.

JEAN. And I believe it.

ROB. And so do I, and I'll prove his innocence to the world. [*Enter Jagon, gate*]

JAGON. Ah, Monsieur Claude, I have been—

JEAN. 'Tis he—'tis he—'tis he!

OMNES. Who?

JEAN. My father's murderer!

#### ACT IV.

SCENE: *Guards discovered on duty in courtyard, L., in corridors. Jailer at gate, C., unlocks gate and admits Governor of prison, Claude, Robert and Bontout.*

CLAUDE. You have one Jagon condemned to death for murder?

GOV. Yes—

CLAUDE. And one Blanchard condemned to penal servitude for life for participation in the same crime?

GOV. Yes—

CLAUDE. Can we see them?

GOV. Certainly. I'll send for them. [*Going*]

CLAUDE. One moment, I desire Monsieur de Meillant to interview the prisoner Blanchard in his cell. Have I permission?

GOV. You have only to command, Monsieur Claude. Will Monsieur de Meillant step this way? [*Robert bows, goes C. Governor orders Guard*] Conduct this gentleman to cell 105. [*Exeunt Robert and Guard, C. Governor turns to Claude*] Shall I send the other one here?

CLAUDE. You must first hear the object of my visit. The general of the republic finds himself in rather an embarrassing position. The court has refused Jagon's application for a new trial, and nothing now remains for him but an appeal for mercy. Tomorrow it will be the duty of the Ministry of Justice, of which the procurer general is a member, to present their report to the president of the republic. Who will in accordance with their report,

sign either the death warrant or the communication of sentence; the responsibility is terrible.

BON. The responsibility ought to be mine, then wouldn't I distinguish myself?

CLAUDE. Jagon persists in declaring his innocence and he has completely mystified justice on his part.

BON. I'll bet it's a black one.

CLAUDE. The public has taken up his cry and demands that he shall not suffer the extreme penalty merely upon circumstantial evidence. We must either learn more of his history or extort a confession from him to justify the sentence. [*Crosses to L.*]

Gov. I will have him brought here. [*Exit, C.*]

BON. Somehow or other the further I get this case, the further I am off from distinguishing myself. [*Music, enter Jagon handcuffed and heavily chained, in charge of Soldiers and 4 Guards and Warden. Governor motions to Warden to unlock handcuffs, Claude speaks aside to Governor, who exit, C. Jagon stretches hands and works them, relief from chains*]

JAGON. Thank you. [*Business. Turns to Claude*] Good day, monsieur, I'm pleased to see you believe me. [*Offers hand*]

BON. He's a cool scoundrel.

CLAUDE. [*Does not notice hand*] I scarcely thought your visitor would give you pleasure.

JAGON. How could you doubt it? I bear no malice. You discharged your disagreeable duties with every possible courtesy.

CLAUDE. Thank you.

JAGON. To be sure your business is rather a degraded one.

CLAUDE. [*Aside*] Damn his impudence.

JAGON. Still, it is not your fault. Excuse me, be seated. [*Points to chair, R.*]

CLAUDE. [*Astonished at his coolness*] With pleasure.

JAGON. [*Sits R. of him*] Have you a cigar?

CLAUDE. Eh, what? Yes, yes. [*Hands cigar case*]

JAGON. [*Takes only cigar in case*] I'm sorry you haven't one to offer Monsieur Bontout. [*Returns case*]

BON. Oh, don't mention it. [*Aside*] Doesn't he do it well?

JAGON. [*To Claude*] May I trouble you for a match? [*Claude hands match box, Jagon lights match, then cigar; Bontout appears over his shoulder, Jagon throws lighted match in his face*] Well, what is the news from the outside world? [*Puffs*] The application for a new trial is refused of course. I knew it would be. You needn't be afraid to tell me.

CLAUDE. Well, since you appeal to my frankness, the court of occasion has been unable to find the slightest pretext for granting it.

JAGON. Very well. [*Blows cloud of smoke*] Then I must trust to an appeal for mercy.

CLAUDE. Exactly. It is in regard to this very appeal that I have come to visit you, and make one more effort.

JAGON. Let us have—have the effort.

CLAUDE. There is but one way to reach the sympathy of those in whose hands your fate rests.

JAGON. What is the way? I confess I am not overanxious to perish on the scaffold.

CLAUDE. You must give up this rôle you are playing.

JAGON. The rôle of an innocent man, eh?

CLAUDE. Yes—nobody believes you. You'll accomplish nothing by continuing it and you will stand a better chance of success if you show a little repentance, and are more communicative.

JAGON. In short, to confess. [*Seriously*] Do you think it really would serve me?

CLAUDE. I do.

JAGON. And it is to me you say this. I thought you had a better opinion of my intelligence. You want to persuade me that my chances of mercy are greater when there is no longer any doubt of my guilt.

CLAUDE. There is no doubt of your guilt?

JAGON. Excuse me, Monsieur Claude, there is a doubt—a great doubt—it is to this doubt that I owe the honor of your visit. You come from some great magistrate, some great functionary. You are sent to trap a confession from me in order to justify this act to the public. [*Rises*] They dare not kill me.

CLAUDE. Dare not?

JAGON. [*Close to him*] No, they dare not. The proofs against me are not strong enough to warrant a condemnation to death. There is, no doubt, evidence to connect me with the crime, but I have not, like poor Blanchard, a criminal record.

CLAUDE. [*Rises*] You have the assurance to speak to me of your accomplice.

JAGON. I do not speak of an accomplice, but of the party who was mixed up in the affair of the Boulevard Bessières; for all I know, he, poor devil, may be as innocent as I am.

BON. [*Admiringly*] He is a magnificent criminal. Just the kind of one I like to tackle. [*Buttoning up coat*]

JAGON. I little thought when I hunted the elephant and traded in ivory in central Africa, that French justice would one day hold me in her clutches.

CLAUDE. Enough. Your early life?

JAGON. Was passed as a sailor from port to port.

CLAUDE. Yet you have received a certain amount of education to qualify you for the position of notary clerk?

JAGON. I have managed to pick up a few scraps of learning.

CLAUDE. In central Africa?

JAGON. Do you suppose all the intelligence of the world is confined to France?

BON. [*Aside*] He's a hot one.

CLAUDE. I admire your genius. You are the cleverest criminal that ever passed through my hands. But that you have a criminal career and in France, I am certain and will yet discover it.

JAGON. I defy you. [*During this, several Prisoners enter*]

CLAUDE. Do you see those prisoners? [*Jagon turns, by this time the Prisoners are on, they gaze round and look curiously at Jagon*]

JAGON. Well?

CLAUDE. I am in hopes of your meeting some old friend amongst their number. [*Prisoners file down, R. Jagon faces them*]

JAGON. Bah—I say again you will never learn more than I have already told you. [*Lonstalot enters, C., goes R.C. He and Jagon start*] Lonstalot—[*Robert appears, C.*]

CLAUDE. [*Notices recognition*] At last.

BON. Ah, now we have him. [*Robert comes L.*]

CLAUDE. [*To Lonstalot*] You recognize this man? [*Pause*] Speak. I sent for you because I heard he was an old pal of yours.

LONS. It is true, but that was a long time ago.

CLAUDE. Never mind. I will add twenty-five francs to your allowance and give you twenty-five now. [*Takes out purse*] If you answer the questions and speak the truth.

LONS. Question me. [*Jagon makes movement*]

JAGON. I—

CLAUDE. Silence.

JAGON. [*Aside*] Perhaps it is better that he should not hear my voice. He may fail to recognize me even yet.

CLAUDE. [*To Lonstalot*] First, what is your name?

LONS. Lonstalot.

CLAUDE. Was it in prison you met this man?

LONS. No.

CLAUDE. Where?

LONS. Here in Paris.

JAGON. [*Aside*] He does recognize me.

CLAUDE. What is his name?

LONS. His name. [*Thinks*] It's on the tip of my tongue.

CLAUDE. Was it anything like Jagon?

LONS. No.

CLAUDE. I thought so.

LONS. It was something longer but shorter like—

CLAUDE. [*Eagerly*] Like—like—[*Breathless silence. Lonstalot reflects, puzzled*]

JAGON. [*Aside*] If he whispers the name of Simonet, I am lost. Would it not be far more simple to spring upon him and strangle him?

LONS. No use, I cannot remember. No, it's gone out of my head—ah, I have it. [*Jagon springs at him. Robert and Zaviet hold him back*]

CLAUDE. Well, why don't you speak? You are afraid.

ROB. I have him fast. He shall not stir.

LONS. I'm not afraid, Monsieur Claude; it is not his name, I recollect, but his nickname.

CLAUDE. What is it?

LONS. We used to call him hunchback in disguise.

CLAUDE. And why?

LONS. Because he had little bumps upon his shoulders which he contrived to conceal.

ROB. [*Feels Jagon's back*] It is true.

CLAUDE. Jagon, this person thinks he knows you. You protest your innocence. Now I have not the right to demand, I simply request: Will you consent to have your beard removed? We can then determine whether or not you are the person he thinks you to be.

JAGON. Certainly, monsieur. [*He sits up, C., back to audience, being shaved*]

CLAUDE. Monsieur de Meillant, when the shaving process is over, have the convicts removed hurriedly, leaving Jagon in full view of Lonstalot. Observe closely the effect. We can then confer together. [*Jagon is shaven now, and comes down, glares at Lonstalot*] You shall have the twenty-five francs added to your allowance at once, and here are the other twenty-five. [*Gives money*] If you would earn double, try and recollect this man's name.

LONS. [*Reflects*] I can't remember. I give it up.

JAGON. You see, Monsieur Claude, the man is mistaken. I have never had another name besides Jagon.

LONS. [*Starts*] Ah, the voice.

CLAUDE. Do you remember now?

LONS. I do.

ROB. Speak, man, speak.

JAGON. [*Stares at Lonstalot*] Speak, speak. [*Lonstalot recoils*]

CLAUDE. Why don't you speak? [*To Jagon*] Why do you threaten this man so? Lower your eyes, lower your eyes, I say. [*To Lonstalot*] You are afraid. [*Jagon still stares at Lonstalot*]

LONS. Yes—

CLAUDE. Suppose I give you double the sum?

LONS. Not if you gave me a fortune. He would kill me, he would spring upon me and strangle me. I can feel his fingers around my neck now, save me, save me! [*Sinks back on Gendarmes, R.I.E.*]

CLAUDE. Speak. The department shall protect you.

LONS. What is the protection of the police to the enmity of a comrade? I can't do it, I dare not. Kill me if you will, but I can't speak. [*Looks at Jagon, shudders*] I can't remember.

CLAUDE. That will do. [*Governor removes Prisoners, Lonstalot exit slowly, never taking eyes from Jagon. All off but Claude, Bontout, Warden, Soldiers, Detectives, and four Guards*]

JAGON. You see, friend Claude, you have not succeeded now, nor will you succeed. [*To Warden*] Oblige me. [*Holds hands, Warden puts irons on*] They make a martyr of me. I would rather stand in my place at this present moment, than that of the jury who condemned me, or the man responsible for my execution. I pity you all, witnesses, jury, judge, and you in particular [*Sarcastically*], Monsieur Claude, director of the criminal investigation department. That is all I have to say. It is not exactly what you expected, but it is all I can do for you. Good-bye. [*Exit into chapel, Guards follow*]

CLAUDE. Ah, Monsieur Meillant, I am afraid he is too much for us.

BON. Afraid. I'm sure of it. I feel as if I should never distinguish myself.

ROB. Monsieur Claude, if you will permit me to give an opinion, I am convinced that man knows Jagon's real name, but is afraid to speak it, and with your permission, I will devote the remainder of my stay in Paris in assisting you to discover it.

CLAUDE. Anything that you may discover that will aid us in fastening the guilt on this man will be duly appreciated.

ROB. Thanks. Au revoir. [*Exit, C.*]



CLAUDE. [*To Governor as he enters, C.*] Send Blanchard here [*Exit Governor*]

BON. Ah, I have yet another chance to distinguish myself. [*Enter Blanchard, ankles chained. His hair is white*]

CLAUDE. Blanchard, you are aware, no doubt, that since your sentence, your future rests entirely with the administration. It can delay your departure for New Caledonia, in a thousand ways render your fate less hard. All you are required to do in return, is one good action. You need say nothing that will compromise yourself. It is of Jagon we want to speak. Confess to me that you saw him commit the crime, and I promise you shall be rewarded.

JOS. I know it would be to my interest to serve you, Monsieur Claude, but I can only repeat what I have said a thousand times, that I never saw Jagon in my life until after I was in custody. What I have told you is the truth, I am an innocent man.

CLAUDE. Joseph Blanchard, there is something in my heart which tells me you are innocent, but the evidence proves you guilty.

JOS. Alas—I know it.

CLAUDE. There is no hope for you. You must meet your punishment.

JOS. Innocent though I am, I'll meet it like a man. Monsieur Claude, I hope you bear me no ill will. I have obtained permission to see my wife. Don't use your influence to have it withdrawn.

GOV. The woman is waiting outside. Now.

JOS. Outside? [*Pleading to Claude*] Monsieur.

CLAUDE. Have no fear, you shall see your wife. I promise to bring her here. [*Exit Governor, R.*]

JOS. Thank you, thank you.

CLAUDE. [*Aside, wipes eyes*] Either this man is innocent, or a wonderful actor to move an old soldier like me in this way for a single moment.

BON. Monsieur Claude, don't you think—

CLAUDE. [*Abruptly*] I think you're a consummate fool, and I'm a damned old ass. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

BON. So do I, and I don't think that either of us have particularly distinguished ourselves. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

SOPH. [*Enters, L.U.E.*] Joseph. [*Embraces him*]

JOS. My wife.

SOPH. Thank heaven, I see you again.

JOS. Yes, wife, the last time on this side of the grave.

SOPH. Would we were both there with our little Marie.

Jos. Marie, our child. I dreamed of her last night. I dreamed I lay, bound with heavy chains in black darkness, unrelieved by a single ray of light. Hope forsook me and I closed my eyes, waiting for death. But death, like sleep, avoided me. I sought it in vain, even the relief that madness brings was denied me. Just when my despair was greatest, a faint light appeared struggling with the darkness and grew and took shape until it assumed the light of our angel child. She laid her little hand on my face and whispered the one word "Hope" and with that word there came a flood of light and by the light I saw that I was free—free—!

SOPH. Free—Joseph—free—!

Jos. Then you came to me, contented and happy. The careworn look was gone from your face, and in its place, the old smile you used to wear in other days. Then I awakened. The horrible reality dawned upon me. It was only a dream. I am a prisoner for life, for life.

SOPH. [*Sobs on his neck*] God have pity.

Gov. [*Enters C.*] Time is up.

SOPH. Oh—Joseph, my husband, I must leave you.

Jos. You must. Come, cheer up. Don't cry, my darling. Good-bye. Go at once, or you will break my heart. Good-bye, forever.

SOPH. My God, I cannot stand it.

Jos. O God, have mercy on me. Save me for the sake of my poor wife. [*Enter Jagon, L.U.E., guarded. Enter Claude, Bontout, C. To Jagon*] Ah, monsieur, if you are the murderer, tell them at least that I was not your accomplice. Tell them, tell them.

JAGON. I can very well say that. It is not possible for you to be my accomplice as I am not guilty.

SOPH. You lie. You are, you are guilty.

JAGON. [*To Claude*] The woman is mad.

SOPH. Mad, ah! You would have me mad, but I'll keep my mind to prove his innocence.

Gov. [*To Joseph*] Take your leave, you must go now.

SOPH. No, no, no. I will die upon his breast.

Jos. [*Sobs*] My God, my God. This is terrible. [*To Claude*] Take her, don't be hard with her. [*Claude takes her in his arms, Joseph kisses her wildly, turns to Governor*] For God's sake, take her away. [*Takes his place beside Jagon, between Guards*]

SOPH. Good-bye forever, my husband. [*Clings to Joseph, faints, sinks to floor*]

Jos. [*Starts to her*] My wife. [*Governor motions him off, C. Picture*]

## ACT V.

SCENE: *Papen discovered in boat, looking R.*

PAPEN. There stands the grand Roquette and imprisoned within its dark and dingy walls is an innocent man and I—I the guilty wretch the cause of it. It was I who robbed his master—I who allowed him to be accused and sent to prison for ten years. A man who assisted me when I was in need, gave me work when all others refused me. Fed me when I was starving, great heavens, and to think that he is again condemned and for no other reason than his former conviction, for it was not the evidence but his record that convicted him. It is horrible, horrible—I will give myself up. I will confess all—yes, yes—but they would not believe me now. It is too late. Just Heaven help me to atone for that crime. Help me to save an innocent man and rescue him from the living grave to which he is consigned.

ROB. [*Appears on bridge from R.*] This must be the place. [*Lonstalot, drunk, sings off, R.*] Yes, and here comes my man. [*Hides, R., Lonstalot stops, comes down*]

PAPEN. Lonstalot.

LONS. Yes—Lonstalot. I've just come fresh from a town in the grand Roquette. [*Gets in boat, sits*] Have you got anything to drink?

PAPEN. You've been drinking already.

LONS. Well, I must celebrate a little today; for a whole year I've only been allowed [*With disgust*] water. Bah! Let me make up for lost time. [*Papen gives him bottle from bottom of boat, Lonstalot drinks*] My inside is so hollow that it won't fill up. [*Drinks; during conversation gets very drunk*]

PAPEN. Well, what do you intend to do, now that you are out of prison?

LONS. Ah, I want to go in the country with you. Won't you help me to find a place?

PAPEN. Impossible. Everyone will find out who you are and—

LONS. They won't find out anything of the sort—and if they do, why you can just tell them that you have been imposed upon, that I was recommended to you by the clergy.

PAPEN. But you would soon grow tired of the country.

LONS. Oh, no. Besides, I want to keep away from Paris, where I am so liable to get into a temptation. I have had enough of Paris life. I don't want to go back to the central or be sent to New Caledonia like poor Blanchard.

PAPEN. Silence.

LONS. Oh, I beg pardon. I thought you had forgotten.

PAPEN. Forgotten—I shall never forget.

LONS. Then you're a fool. Suppose he was innocent of the robbery, he's guilty of murder. Now, that's worse [*Coughs*], ain't it?

PAPEN. I don't believe it.

LONS. Neither do I, but Jagon has dragged him into the affair. He might just as well have committed it.

PAPEN. Jagon. You know him? You were imprisoned with him.

LONS. Not with him. He was in the condemned quarters. I was called in to identify him. They thought he had another name besides Jagon.

PAPEN. And had he? [*Robert listens from bridge*]

LONS. Yes, and if I had told it, it would have freed Blanchard all right.

PAPEN. And you told it?

LONS. Not I.

PAPEN. Why not?

LONS. He would have strangled me—ugh! [*Drinks*]

PAPEN. How could he—wasn't he condemned to death?

LONS. Yes, but that doesn't matter. He's too big a scoundrel to get executed. I know him of old. I should never have been safe, so I pretended not to remember.

ROB. [*Aside*] Ah, pretended. Then I was right.

PAPEN. [*Laughs, puts out another bottle*] What was his name?

LONS. You promise to get me a good place in the country. I won't blow on you. Haven't I always kept your secrets? No one but me knows that poor Blanchard paid your debt for that little affair ten years ago!

PAPEN. For heaven's sake—silence.

ROB. [*Aside*] Then there stands the real culprit of the first crime for which he was condemned. Good. The first link in the chain of evidence which is to establish his innocence.

PAPEN. Tell me Jagon's name.

LONS. Oh—have no fear. I'll never blow if you treat me well. [*Drinks*] Besides I've made up my mind to become an honest man. [*Shakes*] It's so long since I said that word and it sticks in my throat.

PAPEN. You haven't told me the name. What is it?

LONS. The bottle is empty. I'm going up to the wine shop on the quay. [*Staggeres to his feet*]

PAPEN. [*Seizes him*] Not until you've told me the name.

LONS. [*Escapes, gets upstage*] Never blow to—Lonstalot knows how to keep a secret—Mum—Lonstalot—no fool, no fool, no fool. [*Exit up steps*]

PAPEN. He is too drunk to listen to reason. I must be patient. He shall tell me when he returns.

ROB. [*Aside*] He shall tell me before he returns. [*Follows Lonstalot*]

PAPEN. Who knows but what it might save poor Blanchard. [*Puts on coat, goes up steps. Music. Sophie enters, R.I.E., from prison. Papen exit, R., bridge*]

SOPH. Alone in the world—alone, all alone—I shall never see him again. Why didn't they take me with him? I had as much to do with the crime as he did. Why did they turn me into the world—where there is no hope for me, nothing but despair—[*Sits on steps*]

PAPEN. [*Enters over bridge, R., comes few steps*] I'll speak to that woman. She seems in trouble.

SOPH. [*Takes two pictures from bosom*] All that is left to me in life. [*Papen looks over her shoulder*]

PAPEN. Blanchard's portrait!

SOPH. [*Turns*] Ah.

PAPEN. Pardon me, madam, but I chanced to see a portrait over your shoulder, and I thought I recognized it. [*Sophie shows it to him*] Why, that is the portrait of Joseph Blanchard. Did you know him?

SOPH. Know him! He is my husband!

PAPEN. You, his wife!

SOPH. Were you a friend of his?

PAPEN. He was a friend to me. And the other picture?

SOPH. Is that of our child. She died while he was in prison.

PAPEN. I would lay down my life for Joseph Blanchard—is there nothing I can do for you?

SOPH. No, no, no. You are very kind. I thank you, sir, but you can do nothing for me, nothing. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

PAPEN. [*Gets into boat*] I must notice which way she went. [*Lonstalot yells outside, bridge, L., staggers over it, salutes lamp post on bridge, falls down steps into river. Papen pulls him to boat, Lonstalot spits water*]

LONS. Thank you old man, I saved your life.

PAPEN. Now, tell me, what is Jagon's name?

LONS. Jagon's name? Why, didn't I tell you up there in the wine shop?

PAPEN. No, you didn't.

LONS. Yes, I did. Don't you know, when you followed me up there?

PAPEN. No, you didn't. Now tell me Jagon's name.

LONS. Jagon's name is—is—is—No, it ain't "yes," it is—is—is—

PAPEN. Well, well—

LONS. Now, let me go to sleep old man. I'll tell you when I wake up. [*Robert, on bridge*]

PAPEN. No, you shall tell me now.

LONS. Well, it's—it's—Simonet.

ROB. Simonet! Then he did tell me right.

LONS. Now, let me go to sleep.

ROB. And I will be off to take steps to free poor Blanchard. Yes, poor suffering wife, your husband shall be free. [*Exit, L.*]

PAPEN. Well, lie there and go to sleep, and here is—[*Throws cabbage*] a pillow for you. [*Goes up steps*]

LONS. A pillow. I say, haven't you got the corned beef that goes with this pillow? [*Exit Papen over bridge, R. Lonstalot eats some cabbage*] I'll sleep on that pillow tonight and put it in the soup tomorrow. [*Drunken talk and business ad lib. Undresses, lies in boat, cabbage for pillow, pulls coat over him, snores. Sophie enters from prison, runs up steps*]

SOPH. The more I look upon the water, the more it looks like an open grave. Only a leap and I shall be at rest. I have suffered enough. I can endure it no longer. [*Kisses picture*] My child, I shall soon be with you. [*Kisses other*] But you, my husband, I shall never see again in this world, and to you I bid a long farewell. Good-bye. God pity and forgive me. [*Jumps into water*]

LONS. [*Wakes*] Help, help, a woman in the water! Help! [*Stands in boat*]

PAPEN. [*Runs in on bridge*] What, Sophie Blanchard?! [*Pulls off coat*] My life for hers. [*Jumps in, Lonstalot throws out a rope from boat, Papen seizes it. Lonstalot pulls rope. Papen appears with Sophie behind boat. Lonstalot runs to platform just in time to be seized by Soldiers who have entered with Robert. Lonstalot falls on knees, pleading*]

## ACT VI.

SCENE: *Convict ship. Moonlight. Commander on bridge, Sentinels pacing deck. Two Lieutenants on and off deck. In prison pen are Jagon, Blanchard, Jacques, Gregoire, Cabasa, Lonstalot, and ten others.*

JOS. Three months in this horrible pen, three months with these miserable wretches, three months of this life, and Heaven only knows how many more before we reach New Caledonia. And after that slavery for life, for life.

LONS. Well, this 'ere is the worst convict ship I ever sailed on. I say, fellows, did any of you ever take a worse trip?

OMNES. [*Alternately*] Never, no accommodations, no attention on the part of the subordinates, no civility on the part of the officers.

JAGON. What have you to grumble at now, my comrades?

PIERRE and GREG. What have you got to say against your comrades, eh?

LONS. Nothing. I wouldn't say nothing against such a party of gentlemen. It's the grub I'm grumbling at. Bah! It's frightful!

JAGON. You ought to have been with me in the deserts of Africa where we passed weeks at a time with scarcely a morsel to eat. At such a time as that, if anyone had offered a meal such as you turn your nose up at, we would have been the luckiest people in the world. Ah, Gregoire, you have yet to learn what hardship, hunger, and privation, really are.

OMNES. [*Alternate*] That he has. Good for you Jagon—give it to him.

JACQ. Cabasa, take my place with the file.

CAB. How is it going? [*Takes file, files at porthole*]

JACQ. It is pretty near through. Then we are free to escape. Now let us have everything arranged. [*To Jagon*] How about Blanchard? I'm afraid of him. He doesn't seem to take kindly to us. The boys think that when the time comes to escape he'll blab so as to get the favor of the commander. [*Threatens*] Don't you think I'd better—

JAGON. Pshaw. Tell the boys they need not fear. I'll answer for him.

JACQ. You are one of us, of course.

OMNES. Yes, yes, of course he is.

JAGON. Not I.

JACQ. Come, you are bold, resolute, and the only man amongst us who knows the country where we are going. We want you. [*Hand on Jagon's shoulder*]

OMNES. Yes, yes, we want you.

JAGON. [*Throws hand off*] Yes, of course, once at Teneriffe, if the people of the island don't pursue you, or if the Spanish authorities didn't hand you over to the French authorities, I could be of the greatest service to you. We should soon reach the mainland of Africa to the south of Morocco, and find ourselves in the desert of Sahara. Once there I could show you how to overcome hunger, thirst and fatigue.

OMNES. That is just what we want.

JAGON. That is all very pretty, but before reaching Africa, we must first reach Teneriffe, and it is there where the difficulty lies. You may saw the bars off the portholes, drop into the water and swim gently off.

OMNES. Yes—yes—that's it.

LONS. [*Movement of swimming*] Oh, see me swim.

JAGON. Yes, and so far it is very simple, but I will wager that not one will ever land at Teneriffe. You will either be recaptured, by the boats, shot by the mariners as you swim, eaten by sharks, or have your brains dashed out against the rocks.

JACQ. You are encouraging, you are.

JAGON. You asked for my opinion. I gave it honestly.

JACQ. Then you are not one of us?

JAGON. I am not ready to die. If I had been, I should not then have taken such pains to secure such a commutation of sentence. [*Music, pp.*] Hush, here comes the guard. Stop filing. Stand before the porthole. [*Guard passes through pen, R. to L.*] Make all the noise you can. [*Offers hand to Lieutenant*] Glad to see you, lieutenant. Have you come to remain with us?

LIEUT. No. I thank you.

JAGON. I'm sorry. Your company is very agreeable. [*Calls after him*] Call again. [*Exit Lieutenant, R. Jagon motions Cabasa to file again*] I will aid you to escape. I will cover up your flight when you are gone. I will do all in my power to assist you, but I will not join you.

JACQ. Then it rests with you to pilot us to freedom. What is the next move?

OMNES. Yes, yes, the next step.

JAGON. Patience! Some of you stand before Jacquet now while he files the bars. The rest keep a sharp lookout and at the first warning, laugh, talk, and so forth. Make all the noise you can.

OMNES. Yes, yes.

GREG. [*Trying to sleep with jacket under head*] I say, fellows, did any of you ever see such a convict ship as this before?

JAGON. [*Aside. To Blanchard*] Poor devil. [*Aloud*] Well, Blanchard?

Jos. Well—

JAGON. I suppose that you would rather I went with them.

Jos. Why?

JAGON. To be rid of me forever.

Jos. What interest have I in your death?

JAGON. True, true, it is to your interest that I should live. Who knows what might happen—?

Jos. What do you mean?

JAGON. Blanchard, would you risk your life for liberty?

Jos. Ah, would I not. What is sweeter in the world than liberty! What happiness to be moistened by the falling dew? What joy to hear the wind sigh and whistle among the branches. Ah, liberty is life.

JAGON. Blanchard, you moved me once. I shall never forget it, that unhappy day when you parted from your wife, tearful though the parting was, it proved your salvation, you shall see her again.

Jos. See her again—ah—you mock me.



JAGON. You shall see your wife again. Live with that hope. Ah, I know what it is to love.

Jos. You—you know what it is to love? You?

JAGON. Yes, my child. I love her with a devotion as terrible as it is sacred. It is that love which has made me as hard as iron, as cruel as the grave and as cunning and as crafty as the fox. It is to that love that I sacrifice my life, my soul. You said you had no interest in my death. Ah—you are right. [*Joseph tries to speak*] Do not question me or I cease to speak. A presentiment calls me to France. My child's life is threatened and I must be there to protect her and to punish a traitor. To accomplish that you must go with me. [*Joseph tries to speak*] Nay, you shall—do you not see that it means for you wife, liberty and your innocence proclaimed to the world. Now you understand why I have need of you. Why we must escape together.

Jos. My innocence proclaimed. I shall see my wife again! Oh, this is a dream.

JAGON. In half an hour that dream shall be a reality.

Jos. But how—how?

JAGON. I am preparing an escape already. I'm making these men our accomplices, this attempted escape will result just as I said. It will be unsuccessful, perhaps fatal, but it means for us freedom. Keep by me.

Jos. Can I trust him? He has ruined me to save someone else and my fate lies in this man's hands.

GREG. Oh, this is awful, I can't get a wink of sleep.

CAB. The bars are cut through. [*Music*]

JAGON. Blanchard, bend them. [*Aside to him*] Do what I tell you, it will give you the good will of the others and aid us in the task before us. The rest of you make a noise and deaden the sound. [*Blanchard bends bars*] That is the finest thing I ever heard. [*All laugh*]

JACQ. [*To Blanchard*] Is it done?

Jos. Yes, here are the bars.

OMNES. Good—good!

COMMANDER. What's the matter down there?

JAGON. Blanchard says the next time he takes this trip he is going to take a cabin passage, travel first class. [*All laugh. Aside to Joseph*] Contradict.

Jos. I never said such a thing.

OMNES. You did, you know you did. [*Contradict same time*]

COMM. Less noise, less noise. The prisoners are very restless tonight.

LIEUT. Yes, it's the effect of the heat.

JAGON. Now, who goes.

OMNES. I—I—me—me—I do.

JAGON. At the most there can be no more than six. The rest must remain here. [*To Jacquet*] On whom have you decided.

JACQ. Pierre, Cabasa, Lamazon, Lazares, Zalabert—[*They step forward as named*]

JAGON. You six get close against the porthole. [*They do so. Others get in front*] Not in a line like soldiers but talk and group yourselves naturally. Now go. [*All rush for hole*] One at a time. [*As they jump*] To the right do you hear, to the right. [*To Blanchard*] They are gone. Now get up. Quarrel and so concentrate the attention of the whole ship on one spot. [*Joseph pulls jacket from under Gregoire's head*]

JOS. How dare you take my jacket?

GREG. How dare you pull the pillow from under my head?

JOS. That pillow and jacket is mine.

GREG. I don't care, you've no business to pull it from under my head.

JOS. You've no business to go to sleep on my jacket.

GREG. I never was amongst such fellows in my life.

OMNES. What have you got to say about us, eh?

GREG. I didn't say anything about you. You're no gentlemen.

JAGON. Says we're no gentlemen.

GREG. I didn't.

OMNES. You did.

LIEUT. [*Enters, L.I.E.*] What's the matter now? Order! Order! [*Work up scene very noisy*]

COMM. Lieutenant, will you keep order down there?

LIEUT. Order! Any more such noise and your allowance will be stopped twenty-four hours. [*Exit, L.I.E.*]

JAGON. [*At porthole*] No sound, they are safe. [*Music, tremelo. To Joseph*] The others are about a mile away about this time. You jump and swim to the left. I'll join you in a moment. Jump, man, jump. [*Blanchard about to jump, all prevent him*]

OMNES. He shall not desert us; if he goes, we all go.

JAGON. That will ruin everything, you must remain to cover up the escape of your comrades. Stand aside.

OMNES. Never, never.

JAGON. [*With iron bar*] There, Blanchard, fight your way clear with that.

JOS. Stand aside. [*They do so*] I'll brain the first man that comes between me and liberty! Stand aside, I say. Forgive me, comrades, and protect me. [*Leaps*]

OMNES. Curse him. Give the alarm. [*All rush C.*]

JAGON. The man who dares to breathe a word I'll strangle as I would a dog.

LIEUT. [*On top of ship*] There's something moving in the water to the starboard. [*Gives command, shooting, piping and whistles, drums, signals, etc.*]

COMM. The prisoners are escaping!

JAGON. Ah, the escape is discovered; those who have the courage to defy death, follow me. [*Removes jacket, leaps*]

COMM. Fire upon them, all hands upon deck. [*Soldiers crowd to deck*] Out with the boats, all prisoners on deck. [*Prisoners go up*] Call the roll!

GREG. Just as I was getting to sleep again. [*Gong sounds, boat separates, is drawn off in grooves. Full stage exposed, sea cloth. Jagon is C., holds Blanchard, tableau. A barrel is placed under sea cloth, C. of stage. Jagon is rocking astride this. Waves very high*]

JAGON. My God, for the first time in my life I call on thee.

## ACT VII.

SCENE: *At rise, enter Matilda and Robert in evening dress.*

MATILDA. Do you intend to remain long in Paris, monsieur?

ROB. I hope to return to my home in the colonies soon. At present I am unavoidably detained.

MATILDA. The seductions of the gay capital hold you, I suppose?

ROB. No, it is a duty as yet unperformed.

MATILDA. You arouse my curiosity. A duty?

ROB. It is in regard to an incident which all here no doubt have forgotten. I mean the affair on the Boulevard Bessières.

MATILDA. Boulevard Bessières. I for one have not forgotten. I remember reading of the famous Jagon who was sentenced to death and then commuted for transportation for life, with Blanchard his accomplice.

ROB. I do not admit the complicity.

MATILDA. You do not believe that Blanchard was guilty?

ROB. I am certain he was innocent.

MATILDA. If he is not guilty, who then is?

ROB. To answer that question is the object of my stay in Paris.

MATILDA. Do you think you will succeed?

ROB. I am confident.

MATILDA. I wish you success, and remember you will always find my purse open to further the end of justice.

ROB. I thank you, madame, I may one day remind you of your promise.

MATILDA. Monsieur—the Count de Champay informs me that the reason of your repeated refusals to call upon the Marquise de Ribas is that you shun the former Matilda de Villeneuve.

ROB. The Count de Champay was wrong to repeat—

MATILDA. Then you reproach him only with indiscretion. You are unjust toward Matilda and I wish to defend her.

ROB. I am all attention, madame.

MATILDA. They have doubtless told you that the uncle of Mlle. Guerin made me his heiress; that I had not a single claim to the heritage 'tis true, but was I very guilty to have accepted it? I was a penniless orphan, obliged to earn my own bread. An honorable man came to me and said—let me be a friend to you, and one day I hope you will forget my age, and consent to bear the name. I was about to accept this offer when Monsieur Claude Guerin died, and on opening his testament, it was found that he had left his whole fortune to me. Monsieur Guerin had natural heirs, a brother and a niece whom I did not know, of whom I had not even heard. Now was I to renounce to them, poor as I was, a succession which made one independent for life? No, they then declared and dragged me into the courts as a designing woman. My friends were indignant and counselled me to contest the case. I obeyed them, but I lost the day and the fortune of Monsieur Guerin escaped me. That is the exact truth. I felt it my duty to give this explanation and now that I have made it, I hope you have a better opinion.

ROB. I never had a bad opinion of you. I had some slight prejudice, but it has disappeared now.

MATILDA. Then you will no longer treat me as an enemy?

ROB. I never treated you as an enemy.

MATILDA. True, but you have shown an indifference more painful perhaps than your hate would be. It will disappear will it not? I should see you again.

ROB. I don't belong to your Parisian world. What addition would I be to your salon?

MATILDA. [*Goes to him*] You love another?

ROB. I never spoke of that and I expect the same discretion from you.

MATILDA. I am sorry I was indiscreet and I beg you will pardon me. I cannot bear the thought that I will never see you again. Will you be my friend, only a friend.

ROB. Friendship is the best and holiest of relations, but it doesn't spring up in a moment; first a sympathy is born which grows and develops into a durable affection—friendship must be merited.

MATILDA. What can I do to merit yours?

ROB. This man Blanchard is innocent, his broken-hearted wife weeps for him as one dead. He must be secured from exile—she from despair. Will you aid me in the task?

MATILDA. I will.

ROB. Remember I don't ask you for mere mercy—but justice.

MATILDA. And if I understand aright, the punishment of the guilty.

ROB. May I rely upon you?

MATILDA. You may through my love for you.

ROB. Say rather through your love of what is just.

MATILDA. So be it, through my love of what is just. What clue can you give me to work on?

ROB. Papers and reports besides these I have in my possession, photographs of the murderers, Jagon and Joseph Blanchard. [*Shows them*]

MATILDA. [*Seizes one*] This is Jagon?

ROB. Yes, his real name is Simonet, do you know him?

MATILDA. [*Aside*] My father! My God! My father! I cannot—I cannot—

ROB. Here are the papers—and reports—read them and then tell me what you think of them.

MATILDA. [*Nearly fainting*] I cannot.

ROB. Cannot! I do not understand.

MATILDA. Don't ask me the reason, for I cannot tell you; an awful responsibility seals my lips and denies me the right to speak.

ROB. Then you can establish the innocence of Blanchard?

MATILDA. I can.

ROB. And you know the accomplice?

MATILDA. Both the murderer and the accomplice. I cannot, will not lie to you. Ask me no more, I cannot answer.

ROB. But—

MATILDA. Oh, ask me nothing, but release me from the task I undertook, and let Heaven accomplish its justice in its own way.

ROB. You must have some great motive for this mysterious concealment of what you know.

MATILDA. I have—but believe me, I cannot, dare—I dare not tell you what it is. There, let us talk of your affairs, of yourself. Not half an hour ago I overheard a plot to separate you from Jeannel!

ROB. To separate me from Jeannel! It is impossible!

MATILDA. Nothing is impossible. You are not aware with whom you are dealing. You must go to her at once, or it will be too late.

ROB. Ah, Matilda, you think only of my happiness. [*Takes her hand*] What a noble woman you are.

MATILDA. A woman you have made noble by your counsel, your reasoning, and your kindness. You spoke, she listened, her heart was touched by your goodness, tears—pshaw—they are not for me. [*Dashes hand across her eyes*]

ROB. But if you think of my welfare, I also have a right to think of yours. What is to become of you? You are ill—weariness?

MATILDA. Yes—weariness—weariness of life. Ah, if you only knew. But go—you must not delay.

ROB. [*Goes to door*] I shall see you again?

MATILDA. Yes, when you are happy with your bride. [*Exit Robert, door, L.U.E.*] See him again, never! Never! I cannot meet him again. Oh, my God, what agony, what torture, I have endured this night. Jagon—my—and a murderer—and my father—Lorenz his accomplice and my—oh, it is horrible, horrible! [*Sinks on sofa, R.*]

LOR. [*Enters door, R.U.E.*] Where is your lover? Where has he concealed himself?

MATILDA. If Monsieur de Meillant were here he would not conceal himself, especially from you.

LOR. How dare you say this—and to me?

MATILDA. I dare say anything to you who dare do anything.

LOR. [*Raises hand*] Wretch, I will kill you!

MATILDA. There is all I ask—all I desire. I am tired of life and wish to die—strike—I am ready—kill me.

LOR. No—it is not you I will kill, but him. [*Starts to door, L. Matilda locks it*]

MATILDA. You shall not leave this room.

LOR. I shall.

MATILDA. You shall not.

LOR. [*Throws her aside and unlocks the door*] As there is a Heaven above us, I'll find Robert de Meillant and kill him.

MATILDA. Then as there is a Heaven above us, I will denounce you not only as the murderer of Robert de Meillant, but also of Captain Guerin.

LOR. [*Recoils*] It is false.

MATILDA. It is true and if you want proof—listen: I promised Robert de Meillant I would aid him in proving the innocence of Joseph Blanchard and punish the guilty party, but I never dreamed of the horrible discovery that was revealed to me, when on being shown the portrait of Jagon and Joseph Blanchard—oh, great heaven, the portrait of Jagon was my father, do you

hear? My father; the other one, oh—my eyes were at once opened to the whole truth. I remember having seen you on the night of the murder disguised in the exact imitation of Blanchard, of his every feature, his every article of dress. It was you who followed Sophie Blanchard under the bridge at the head of the Rue Mercadet. Everything was at once apparent. I found myself the wife of one villain, and the daughter of the other. [*Sinks on sofa*]

LOR. If Jagon, as you believe, is your father, is he not entitled to some compassion from you? Was it to enrich himself he became a criminal? That he risked his life and that he suffers today? No—it was for you. It is your duty to protect him. You dare not denounce me. You understand? It is not for you to bring your father to the scaffold.

MATILDA. Aye—I understand. It was for love of me that he robbed, that he murdered, and I should thank and bless him for it. Yes, that is the creed of both of you. Both you and he have taught me that all means are good that aid in the acquirement of wealth, luxury, and position, and that nothing else is necessary. But, no, a thousand times, no! There is something more. There is a self-respect, there is affection, there is a clear conscience. I have neither. My God, and this is the work of my father.

LOR. Matilda, I—

MATILDA. You are a coward. An innocent man suffers in your place and you never raised a hand to save him. This is the most unbearable of all. This is why you inspire me with hatred and loathing. If I could forget your crime, I couldn't forget your infamy.

LOR. You reproach me for failing to denounce myself when an innocent man is accused in my stead. But if I had delivered myself up to justice, I should have been torn from you. I couldn't renounce you.

MATILDA. Joseph Blanchard had a wife whom he loved; they tore him from her. Why inflict on him the tortures you could not support? My—and why condemn him to a punishment you hadn't the courage to face?

LOR. What is he to you, this Blanchard, the convict? You pity him, not through any goodness of heart, but because he is a protégé of your lover.

MATILDA. It is for that very reason, and for that reason I intend to bring him back from exile and send you in his place. Joseph Blanchard has suffered enough. You shall pay for your audacity. When Robert de Meillant returns I shall tell him—all!

LOR. Take care.

MATILDA. Yes, I swear it. He shall know all!

LOR. [*Seizes her*] You will tell him?

MATILDA. I'll tell him all—

LOR. Then curse you—die! [*She screams, struggles up and down stage. He strangles her, tries to escape, down L.U.E. Enter Jagon, Bontout, Papen, Sophie, Jeanne, Robert, Claude, Zaviet. Zaviet and Claude seize Jagon; he bursts away, dashes across to Lorenz, Guards stand in front of Lorenz*]

LOR. O Jagon—mercy!

JAGON. Matilda dead, Lorenz!

LOR. Mercy!

JAGON. Wretch! How have you kept the sacred trust I reposed in you? Answer, how have you kept it? Oh, if I could only reach you!

CLAUDE. Place that man under control.

JAGON. [*To Lorenz*] Oh—to get my hands around your cursed throat. Cur—scoundrel.

CLAUDE. [*To Jagon*] Enough! Why have you brought us here? What induced you to escape from penal servitude only to deliver yourself into the hands of the law again?

JAGON. I have come to own my crime and to tell you that that wretch is my accomplice, the murderer of Captain Guerin!

CLAUDE. How came a gentleman like the Marquis de Ribas to be your accomplice?

JAGON. He is not the Marquis de Ribas. The Marquis de Ribas is dead; I strangled him. And this man who wears his name is no other than Lorenz the Blackmailer.

CLAUDE. Then Joseph Blanchard is innocent?

SOPH. Speak man, speak.

PAPEN. Yes, he is innocent, and the crime for which he suffered years ago I committed and was not brave enough to free him. But now I will try to atone for the crime.

CLAUDE. He must be brought back from exile.

ROB. He has been brought back—he is here. [*Shoves Joseph in*]

SOPH. My husband! [*Embraces him*]

ROB. He is here and free of every crime.

SOPH. Do you hear, Joseph—at last—at last!

JEAN. My father is avenged.

JAGON. Now Joseph Blanchard is cleared, restored to his wife. But my work is not done till I have killed this wretch. [*Darts at Lorenz who runs off, L.U.E., guarded. Jagon rushes after him*]



CLAUDE. Don't let him escape. Fire upon him! [*Guards fire, Jagon falls in C. door, drags himself to Matilda's side, as he speaks*] He has been brought to justice.

JAGON. I had no wish to live but for my child. Now that she is gone, I am ready to die. [*Gasping*] I am done with justice, done with prisons, done with crime, done with life. [*Dies*]

CURTAIN



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

*An American Drama in Four Acts*

By David Belasco and Franklin Fyles

(1893)



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**T**HE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME was first produced at the New National Theatre, Washington, D.C., January 16-24, 1893, under the direction of Belasco. This was a tryout production preliminary to the New York opening of the play, which took place on January 25 at the Empire Theatre. It was the opening production for this theater, which was under the management of Charles Frohman. The play ran for 208 consecutive performances, although the cast was changed on March 29, when the original company took the play to Chicago, where the Columbian Exposition was in progress. The original cast was as follows:

GENERAL KENNION	FRANK MORDAUNT
BURLEIGH	W. H. THOMPSON
EDGAR HAWKSWORTH	WILLIAM MORRIS
MORTON PARLOW	NELSON WHEATCROFT
DICKS	THOMAS OBERLE
ORDERLY MCGLYNN	JAMES O. BARROWS
PRIVATE JONES	ORRIN JOHNSON
ARTHUR PENWICK	CYRIL SCOTT
DICK BURLEIGH	MASTER WALLIE EDDINGER
ANDY JACKSON	JOSEPH ADELMAN
JOHN LADRU, or SCAR BROW	THEODORE ROBERTS
FELL-AN-OX	FRANK LATHROP
SILENT TONGUE	ARTHUR HAYDEN
KATE KENNION	SYDNEY ARMSTRONG
LUCY HAWKSWORTH	ODETTE TYLER
WILBER'S ANN	EDNA WALLACE
FAWN AFRAID	KATHERINE FLORENCE

The new cast which opened in New York on March 29 was as follows:

ORDERLY MCGLYNN	J. P. MACSWEENEY
PRIVATE JONES	FRANK DAYTON
DR. ARTHUR PENWICK	HARRY MILLS
DICK BURLEIGH	MASTER GEORGE ENOS
ANDY JACKSON	T. S. GUISE
GENERAL KENNION	MACLYN ARBUCKLE

BURLEIGH

EDGAR HAWKSWORTH

MORTON PARLOW

DICKS

JOHN LADRU

FELL-AN-OX

SILENT TONGUE

KATE KENNION

LUCY HAWKSWORTH

WILBER'S ANN

FAWN AFRAID

MART E. HEISEY

HAROLD RUSSELL

HENRY HERMAN

G. E. BRYANT

HARRY G. CARLETON

WILLIAM REDSTONE

ARTHUR HAYDEN

MRS. BERLAN GIBBS

IRENE EVERELL

LOTTIE ALTAR

BIJOU FERNANDEZ

For several seasons the play enjoyed revivals at various New York theaters: at the Harlem Opera House, October 23-29, 1893, and September 24-October 7, 1894; at the Academy of Music, March 12-June 2, 1894; at the Peoples Theatre, October 8-14, 1894; at the Grand Opera House, November 5-11, 1894; at the Columbus Theatre, September 21-27, 1896, and September 20-26, 1897; at the Third Avenue Theatre, November 22-28, 1899; and at the Murray Hill Theatre, December 11-17, 1899.

The English production opened at the Adelphi Theatre, London, April 13, 1895, where it ran for 102 performances.

According to Belasco's own account, *The Girl I Left Behind Me* was written at the request of Charles Frohman to serve as an opening piece for the new Empire Theatre. Belasco told Frohman nothing of the play's theme, "because I had made up my mind to try to bring on the American stage a phase of American life, on our Western frontiers, involving the American Indian, in a new way; I didn't want discussion and I dreaded discouragement. At that time, early in 1892, the Indian troubles in the West were much in the public mind. The fierce insurrections of 1876, under the leadership of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, and others, and the lamentable slaughter of the gallant Custer and his intrepid followers in the terrible battle at the Little Bighorn (June 25, that year), had not been forgotten."

Working in collaboration with Franklin Fyles, at that time dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, Belasco contrived a melodrama which ranks among the best of American Indian and military plays. As has been pointed out by critics, most of the situations in the play were not new, but they were masterfully employed, and the technique of staging was sensationallly effective. The keynote of the play was suspense, and it was suspense *par excellence* that Belasco's maturing art achieved in its production.

## PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I: *Nine carbines. Sabres and suits for supers. Flag and rope on flag-pole. Barrel of water. Two tin cups (one on short chain and one hung on nail on barrel). Small tub and soap by barrel. Old army wagon, R.2.E. Saddle and bridle and chamois skin. Pipe. Small mirror and comb for Troopers. Card-case and cards for Penwick. Tin pail and strawberries for Ann. Field glass for Lucy. Cowbell. Board with rubber strips. Two pair hoofs (one with shoes and one without). Notebook for Penwick. Two large skins. Long Indian pipe. Game bag. Small rifle and squirrel for Dick. Stick with carrot for Ann. Flowers for Troopers. Letter for Lucy. Banjo for quartette.*

*We do not carry: Two gunny sacks filled with sawdust. About two quarts of dry sand (must be dry). 25 grass mats, one big bass drum for sunset gun.*

ACT II: *Rough table. Portrait of Dick. Six muskets for decorating. Pictures from Puck. Portières, L.1.E. and R.1.E., made of blanket. Wooden bench. Rough wooden table. Stock ticker. Chandelier made of bayonets. A bayonet with candle burning, stuck in mantel. Slate with pencil tied to it and pitcher of water and glass on mantel. Crush hat with hole in it for Penwick. Powder-puff for Lucy. Two pads of paper and fountain pen on table. Envelopes in drawer. Field glass in case hanging by stairs. Mail bag with paper in it for Edgar. Clock. Two lanterns on lockers. An overcoat and two sabres hung by stairs. Telegram for Burleigh.*

*We do not carry: Kitchen chair. Nail keg.*

ACT III: *Rough table. Stool. Four pails marked U-S. Flag on parapet. Two tabs of paper and ink and pen on table. Ladder against house. Lighted lantern for McGlynn. Four blankets. Three overcoats. Revolver for Kennion. Letter for Penwick. Field glass for Jones. Hat for Fawn Afraid. White cloth for McGlynn. Drum for quartette. Two leather cushions and six bamboo sticks.*

*We do not carry: Snare drum.*

ACT IV: *Letter and official despatch for Jones. Surgical case for Penwick. Official paper for Parlow. Revolver for Burleigh. Bridal veil for Lucy.*

*We do not carry: Furniture must be rich and handsome and plenty of bric-a-brac, small table (bell on it), gilt chair by table, piano lamp by mirror (lighted), to go up and down with footlights, two pedestals and two vases by mirror (must be exactly alike), three armchairs, sofa, cabinet, four pedestals or small stands. See scene plot.*

## LIGHT PLOT

*Have blue lights in four borders and foots for moonlight effect in Acts I and III.*

ACT I. EXTERIOR: *At rise of curtain, borders and foots full up. One bunch in house. One light back of drop goes on at sunset gun. Bunch and one light go off at "Taps." Blue lights and borders are turned on at entrance of Soldiers and gradually work up, and white lights down, till after sunset gun. Full effect of moonlight. Calcioms: At rise of curtain, AA and BB, white C. (Lense) orange. B to orange at "Hello, major." B to red and A to orange at exit of Indians. AB and C to blue at exit of Soldiers.*

ACT II. INTERIOR: *Border and foots full up all through act, and white bunch, blue bunches and strip turned on gradually at Kate's second entrance, "Morton, I'm glad you are back." They remain through act. We carry chandelier, burns oil. The border must not be over twenty feet long. If border is too long, use strip. No calcioms. Four blue bunches.*

ACT III. EXTERIOR: *At rise of curtain, blue borders and foots full on. Turn on one white light in strip, L., at "Lieutenant Hawksworth has reached the fort." Turn on orange lights in strip, L., very slowly at "Is bound to be a good soldier." At cue, "Boys get ready," work up all strips very slowly to one half. Begin working up white borders and foots, and blue borders and foots down at entrance of Indian girl, very slowly.*

*Strips N. 5 lights, 10 feet long (Blue)*

*Strips M. 10 lights, 10 feet long (Blue)*

*Strips L. 15 lights (Blue) 2 feet, (deep orange)*

*} All on resistance*

*We carry fire log (one orange light and alcohol).*

ACT IV. INTERIOR: *Strip back of mirror stands on end, has two white lights, one at bottom end and one about eight feet above it. There is one light in lamp; this and strip go up and down at cue on resistance. No borders. Bunches burn all through act. Blue calcium through act, shining through window, R. Four blue bunches. See scene plot.*



## CAST OF CHARACTERS

GENERAL KENNION, *commanding the Military Department of the Northwest*

MAJOR BURLEIGH, *of the Twelfth United States Cavalry*

LIEUTENANT EDGAR HAWKESWORTH, *on duty at Post Kennion*

LIEUTENANT MORTON PARLOW, *also at Post Kennion*

SERGEANT DIX	} <i>of the Twelfth Cavalry</i>
ORDERLY MCGLYNN	
PRIVATE JONES	

DR. ARTHUR PENWICK, *from Quebec*

DICK BURLEIGH, *the major's boy*

ANDY JACKSON, *an army scout*

JOHN LADRU, OF SCAR BROW, *an educated Indian of the Satsika or Blackfoot tribes*

FELL-AN-OX	} <i>Satsika Indians</i>
SILENT TONGUE	

KATE KENNION, *the general's daughter*

LUCY HAWKESWORTH, *the lieutenant's sister*

WILBER'S ANN, *a product of the Northwest*

FAWN AFRAID, *"Hawkesworth's captive"*

CAVALRYMEN OF THE TWELFTH AND GIRLS VISITING THE POST



## ACT I.

### THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

SCENE: *Post Kennion, in the Satsika or Blackfoot country, Montana. The scene represents the exterior of Major Burleigh's quarters with an adjacent portion of the grounds, which are situated on a commanding site overlooking a distant view of a mountainous region. At R., is a one-story house, with a shingled roof and a portico over a veranda, which is reached by four or five steps. A door, at C., with a small curtained window at each side, and another window at the exposed end of the structure. A flagstaff is over the rear corner of the portico. The scene is flooded with warm, bright sunlight, but the house is shaded by a big tree, which stands close behind it, with long, drooping branches and abundant leaves overhanging the roof. The ground in front of the house is worn bare, but there is grass close to the house and in other protected places. The R.U.E. shows a roadway to the barracks, and from the R. front a trail leads off into the distance. A wooden well-curb, with crank attached, shows in this lane. At L.U.E. is the rear portion of an old army wagon, and steps leading into it. One wheel is off, and is leaned against the wagon, the corner of which is propped up. The whole L. of the scene indicates the wilderness of the Blackfoot country, a dense dark woods.*

TIME: *Midday, July 2, 1890.*

MUSIC: *A rollicking air is played at rise of curtain.*

DISCOVERED: *Sergeant Dix on veranda attaching a flag to the halyard. Orderly McGlynn stands at the corner of the house, with the rope in his hands, ready to hoist the flag. A Trooper sits on a stump, R. A second Trooper is lying lazily on his stomach at the back, smoking a pipe and sending up clouds of smoke. Three Troopers form a group at the wagon, one seated on its steps and the others standing. All watch the flag raising. Note: Eliminating the character of Dix, McGlynn speaks the lines.*

DIX. Up with it! Double quick!

McGLYNN. All right, sargint. [*Hauls up the flag*]

DIX. Halt! [*McGlynn fastens the rope, and the Troopers greet the flag with exclamations of "Ah," "Rah." Coming down the steps*] Now, old glory, float for the ladies. [*Crosses to R.*]

McGLYNN. Stir yerself. Sure, if ye had any life in ye at all, ye'd catch a flutter from the rustle of their petticoats. [*Enter Arthur Penwick, R.U.E., in riding costume. He is about 22, and his speech is that of an educated Englishman*]

ARTH. [*To McGlynn*] I beg pardon. I didn't find the general at the barracks.

McGLYNN. It's sorry I am for sending ye, when he was here in the major's quarters [*Points to house*] all the while. Ye see, the post is full of purty girls, an' me head is turned by one wid halo hair.

DIX. [*To Arthur*] I think, sir, the sight of her bunting gave him St. Vitus's dance.

McGLYNN. I'm thinking it's St. Anthony's fever, an' contagious. Barrack's full of it. Every mother's son down wid it, and glad of it. I'm a sample case. [*Takes out handkerchief*] Smell o' that. Musk—I think, [*Dix turns his face away*] or extract of witch hazel, maybe. I saw the major rubbin' it on his jaw.

ARTH. If you won't regard my advice as obtrusive—better apply it to your heart. It might reduce the inflammation. [*The men titter*]

McGLYNN. Faith, if ye found a cure fer heart fever, the doctors would lose half their practice. [*During this dialogue, the man seated R. goes to well, where he washes his hands. Business of Extras at barrel. The others brush their clothes and tidy themselves. Dix unconsciously brushes his sleeves. A marked humorous picture is made of this*] It's the one disease that's caught from Heaven, an' we'd rather die of it than live widout it. [*Pointing to Troopers*] Look at that—look at that—[*Soldier on stump, L., crosses up R.*]

ARTH. [*Smiling*] It is worth a journey from the Dominion to the States to see so much gallantry. [*Lifts his hat to the flag*] I have the honor to salute the flag of brave men who admire fair women.

McGLYNN. You deserve to be an Irishman.

DIX. [*Goes L., shades his eyes and looks off*] The major's party isn't rising Two Mile Bluff yet, but they can't be long. Come, boys. [*Crosses, R.*] When he finds General Kennion here ahead of him, he'll want to see every man in Troop A looking like dress parade. [*Exit Dix and Troopers, not in military order, R.U.E.*]

ARTH. [*Takes out cardcase and gives card*] Will you please take in my card to General Kennion?

McGLYNN. Yis, sor. [*Goes R. Puzzled as he reads*] What's that?—after the name, "M.D."? [*At door, as if comprehending the meaning*] More deaths. [*Exit to house*]

ARTH. I'm jolly glad to find the general here. It saves the ride to Assinaboine. Forty miles of Yankee dust already. Psth! [*Stretching his arms*] My joints are stiff as Rip Van Winkle's. An army saddle isn't a rocking chair. [*Crosses, L., puts his R. foot on stump, and removes spur. Enter Wilber's Ann, R.U.E. She is a pretty, childish, golden-haired girl. She wears a simple, rural sort of dress, and on her head is a neat sunbonnet. She carries a tin pail of strawberries. Her speech echoes the Northwestern dialect sufficiently to be quaint and fascinating*]

ANN. [*Taking a strawberry from pail and holding it up*] That's the biggest strawberry from Wide Mouth Creek t'here, [*Putting it in her mouth and swallowing it*] and the sweetest. Tasted like sunshine. [*Suddenly*] My, what's that? Burr in my stockin'. [*Holds pail under her L. arm, lifts her L. foot, and reaches down to her ankle with R. hand*]

ARTH. [*By this time has removed second spur*] That's easier. [*Turns L. and sees Ann*]

ANN. [*Startled at sight of him, spills the berries*] Hail, Columbia!

ARTH. [*Politely*] I beg pardon.

ANN. [*Modestly putting her foot slowly down*] I beg yourn; but 'twas a prickly burdock an' a July stockin'.

ARTH. Don't let me interrupt you.

ANN. Guess I won't go burr gatherin'—now. Got to pick these berries over ag'in. [*Drops on her knees and places pail in front of her. Her bonnet falls back on her shoulder*]

ARTH. [*Going near her*] You'll let me help you at—this?

ANN. [*Looking at his gloved hands, while her own are full of berries*] You'd spile yer mittens.

ARTH. [*Taking off his gloves*] I'll take them off. My intrusion caused the mishap, my hands should help you out of it.

ANN. [*With a big berry in her fingers*] Eat a berry. [*Blows on it lightly*] That's a clean one.

ARTH. [*Taking berry*] Thank you. [*Holds it up and regards Ann as she is bent over the berries on ground*] A native product! What a pretty, little sunburnt head! [*Puts the berry in his mouth*] Exquisite!

ANN. [*Who has put all the berries in pail, spats her hands and wipes them on skirt of her frock*] Who're you?

ARTH. [*Startled at the abruptness of the question*] Arthur Penwick.

ANN. Where y' frum?

ARTH. Quebec.

ANN. What 'ye work at?

ARTH. I have just received a diploma as a physician.

ANN. Doctored much?

ARTH. Not yet, but I hope to acquire a family practice.

ANN. [*Mischievously, as she picks up pail and rises*] Wouldn't like t'have ye practise on me.

ARTH. Why not?

ANN. [*Chuckling*] 'Cause I bet y'd kill an Injun. [*Picks out berry*] Try another. Here's a philopena one. [*Hands berry to him*] What y'here fer?

ARTH. On an errand to General Kennion from the Governor-General of Canada.

ANN. [*Earnestly but ingenuously*] He ain't sent ye' t' practise on Gin'ral Kinnion?

ARTH. [*Biting strawberry, a trifle nonplussed, then laughingly*] No, he's a friend of mine, and I don't want to lose him.

ANN. Oh, that's why y've come here 'mong strangers to break in. [*Crosses to R. a little*]

ARTH. [*Amusedly*] You're a jolly little interrogation point. [*Swallows the last of the berry*] The fact is, a medical diploma doesn't confer a beard upon a graduate, and the bare face of a young physician isn't as advantageous as the hairless visage of a youthful priest. So I am waiting until nature has equipped me to enter on my professional career.

ANN. Corn's our best crop, but the climate may be good f'r whiskers.

ARTH. [*Unconsciously*] Of course you never tried to raise any? [*Ann starts. Arthur, apologetically*] Of course, you wouldn't.

ANN. Help yourself. [*Holding pail towards him*]

ARTH. [*Picks out a berry with thumb and forefinger*] Thank you.

ANN. Oh, reach in.

ARTH. [*Takes one with the other hand*] Thank you. [*Swallows with difficulty*] My throat is so dry.

ANN. [*Points to well, L., without looking up*] Ever try water?

ARTH. I've sworn off—but I'll try some. [*Going to well, and filling a tin cup, which is fastened by a long chain, he drops the berry in*] I'll take some with a berry in it. [*Lifts the cup, but chain will not let him carry it to his lips*]

ANN. Have t'huddle up. Got to chain up everythin' in these parts, 'cept a red-hot stove.

ARTH. [*Moves nearer and drinks*] Do you know, miss—Who are you?

ANN. [*Eating berries*] Wilber's Ann. Hi. Wilber's my dad. We live a mile over yonder. [*Points off, R.*] See—where the curl of smoke's jinin' the cloud. I was sixteen last Valentine's day. I ain't ez tall ez a September corn-

stalk an' I don't grow as fast, but I'm doin' the best I kin. [*Giving handful of berries to Arthur*] They're sweeter at the bottom.

ARTH. Thank you. [*He covers her hand, containing the berries, with both of his, and retains it. With polite sincerity*] Do you know, Miss—Wilber—it has given me great pleasure to meet you. [*He shakes her hand*] Pray overlook the absence of a formal introduction. I will take the first opportunity of asking General Kennion to present me, [*Pressing her hand earnestly*] and, until then, I trust you will regard me as not quite a stranger.

ANN. [*Trying to free her hand*] Let go. [*Holding out her stained hand*] You've jammed the berries.

ARTH. [*Standing with the crushed berries in his hands*] I beg pardon. Too bad, Miss Wilber—I've stained your hands.

ANN. [*Crossing to well*] Oh, that'll wash out. [*Uneasily stealing a glance at him. Aside*] Ooh, that burr! Wish he had blinders on. It's raisin' Cain down there. [*She pours water from bucket, which stands on curb, into a small tub, and washes her hands with a long bar of yellow soap*] Goin' t' stay over f'r th' ball?

ARTH. What ball?

ANN. Why, th' dance in th' barracks, t'morrer night in honnor o' Miss Kinnion. [*Rubbing the soap vigorously. Arthur stands with his stained hands held out*] Ye'll dry red as 'n Injun if y' don't wash that off. Come. [*Making a place for him at tub*] Room f'r all hands.

ARTH. [*Throwing the crushed berries away, and going to tub*] Very thoughtful of you. Thanks. [*Putting his hands into tub*] Did Miss Kennion come with her father?

ANN. Um-hum. Soap? [*Hands soap to him, wipes her hands on her underskirt*] She rode in f'm Fort 'Sinnaboine today. Goin' t'stay over Fourth of July. [*Sits woman-fashion on a saddle, which is on stump, R.*] An' all the while she's here it'll be hal-le-lu yah! Ever seen 'er?

ARTH. Yes, I met her at the governor-general's ball in Quebec, last winter, with her friend, Miss Hawkesworth.

ANN. Coincidence. She's here, too.

ARTH. I shall consider myself fortunate if I'm invited to the ball.

ANN. I'll be there.

ARTH. An additional attraction, I assure you. [*Holding up his wet hands*] I beg pardon. Did you have a towel?

ANN. I had a makeshift.

ARTH. [*Crossing in front of her*] May I use it?

ANN. [*Turning towards him, she throws one leg over saddle, and sits astride*] 'Course. [*Ingenuously offers her skirt*] Help y'self.

ARTH. [*Wipes his hands on skirt*] You are the soul of hospitality.

ANN. We like t'make folks feel t'home. [*Swinging her feet, she suddenly strikes one leg against the stump*] Buzalmighty!

ARTH. [*Amazed*] Eh?

ANN. [*With an expression of pain*] I driv in that burr.

ARTH. [*Assuming a professional manner*] If I can be of any service professionally, pray command me.

ANN. [*With her hand on ankle*] What breed of doctor are ye?

ARTH. If you mean to what school I belong, I am an allopath.

ANN. Allopath!! I p'fer t'other kind fer—burr-r-rs. [*Picks up pail and runs off, R.U.E., limping*]

ARTH. [*Sits*] If that's a specimen girl of Northwestern society, I should like to settle here—as veterinary surgeon. I fancy cows have no prejudice against taking a beardless physician to the bosoms of their families. [*Enter Lucy from house. She has a field glass in her hands*]

LUCY. [*Descending steps*] Oh, Doctor Penwick!

ARTH. [*Lifting his hat*] Miss Hawkesworth! [*They shake hands*]

LUCY. Your card tells us you are really a doctor now. How can you spare time from your practice to come all the way from Quebec to this wilderness?

ARTH. [*Rubbing his chin*] Hem! Official business with the general.

LUCY. I was to say he will see you at once. [*Arthur bows and crosses, L.*] I hope you've found it a little bit savage here. We've had to come twenty-five miles into the reservation just to get our feet off carpets. [*Suddenly*] My gracious, I'm making you keep a major general waiting. [*Arthur exit to house. Turning, L., and looking through glass*] Not a speck. Oh, dear, why doesn't Edgar come? [*Enter Kate Kennion from house. She stops on veranda*]

KATE. Are you watching for your brother, dear?

LUCY. Yes. [*Screwing the glass vigorously*]

KATE. [*Coming down steps. Crosses to R.*] Did the sergeant say Major Burleigh's party would come from that direction?

LUCY. Yes. [*Kate on steps shades her eyes and looks off*] Dear old Edgar! I haven't hugged him since he was ordered from your father's headquarters back to the troop. [*Kate leans against balustrade of steps*] Kate, what troubles you? [*Goes to her*] Have you quarrelled with Morton, two days before the wedding? [*Starts to go*]

KATE. No, there's been no quarrel.

LUCY. Ever since the wedding day was fixed, you've looked unhappy. You love Morton, don't you?

KATE. [*Impulsively. C.*] No.

LUCY. [*Down to L.C. a little*] Kate!



KATE. I shouldn't have said it, but, O Lucy, it would cry out.

LUCY. [*Fearfully*] You don't love the man you are going to marry?

KATE. [*Shakes her head slowly*] A woman's heart is above her will, she can't command it, she can only break it. [*Lucy goes to her tenderly*] Lucy, could anything break our friendship?

LUCY. [*Holding Kate close*] Nothing. We are cronies for keeps. [*Crosses to R., on wagon steps looking off. Kissing Kate*]

KATE. [*Aside*] If she only knew how cruelly I had cheated her brother.

LUCY. [*Her attention is suddenly attracted, off L.*] They're coming! [*Crosses to wagon, leaps on its steps and looks through field glass*] Yes—yes—it's the boys! [*Excitedly*] Major Burleigh's showing to the front, and he looks grumpy, even at long range. Oh! [*Prolonging the exclamation*] There's Edgar galloping out of the dust. [*Kate, who has come to Lucy's side, takes glass out of her hands and looks off. Fawn Afraid runs on, L.U.E. Fawn is an Indian girl, not over fifteen years old. She wears the costume of her tribe*]

FAWN. [*Looking off, R.*] Fawn's Big Soldier's coming!

LUCY. [*Turning*] O Kate, look! Here's an Indian.

KATE. [*Turns from watching the approaching party*] You've been anxious to see the ruthless foes of civilization. This is a sample savage.

LUCY. She doesn't look ferocious. I beg pardon—did you ever lift a scalp? [*To Kate*] She's cute enough to be Pocahontas. [*Approaches Fawn*] Who are you, my pretty red princess?

FAWN. [*Shyly clinging to Rover*] Hawkesworth captive.

KATE and LUCY. Hawkesworth captive? Edgar's captive? [*Enter McGlynn, running, L.U.E.*]

MCGLYNN. [*Out of breath*] Oh, here ye are—what have ye done with the lieutenant's dog?

LUCY. [*To McGlynn*] What's her name?

MCGLYNN. Fawn Afraid.

LUCY. [*Extending her hand*] Fawn, won't you shake hands with me? I'm Lieutenant Hawkesworth's sister. [*Fawn crosses and takes her hand*]

KATE. [*To McGlynn*] Why does she call herself Hawkesworth's captive?

MCGLYNN. Oh! Miss, because her brother saved her from some drunken blaggards, mane enough to pluck the feathers from an angel's wings. [*Fawn comprehending his meaning, is affected by the recollection*]

LUCY. Poor, timid little Fawn.

MCGLYNN. Oh, but she had the courage of the gossoon that sthooed up to Goliath; fer just as the lieutenant dashed in among thim, she was tossing a handful of dust into the air.

KATE. [*Rises with her hand on Rover's head*] What did that signify?

MCGLYNN. [*Distinctly*] It manes, "Let the Great Spirit witness that I hurl defiance." It is her people's challenge to fight to the death. [*Pointing to Fawn, who has gained a trustful manner toward Lucy*] Look o' there now. She's lanin' up to the young lady jist beca'se she's his sister. [*Impressively. Fawn kisses Lucy's hand*] Sure, Miss Kate, it's the last thro' of her heart she'd give to sarve whoever was dear to him.

KATE. [*Offering her hand to Fawn*] Won't you like me, too? [*Fawn looks at Kate apprehensively, and instinctively draws away*]

MCGLYNN. It's a bit jealous she is for fear the lieutenant'll be fallin' in love with Miss Kate. [*Red streaks and a mellow light have come into the sky as if the sun of a July day had sunk low in the West. The faint tinkle of a cowbell is heard; also the hoof strokes of horses and cattle, not sharply as on a pavement, but on the ground*]

LUCY. [*Hearing the sounds*] They're here!

MCGLYNN. [*To Fawn, with mock severity*] Now there's the lieutenant. Go find the dog or I'll report yez both to him. [*Fawn quickly glances off, R., and darts off, L.U.E. McGlynn touches his cap and exit, R.U.E.*]

LUCY. [*Joyfully*] Hi-yi. [*Bugle sounds "Halt!" Waves her handkerchief*] There's Edgar. [*Bugle sounds "Dismount"*] Oh! They're dismounting. I'll run to meet him. [*Starts toward R.*]

KATE. [*Concealing nervousness*] Not without your cap, in the hot sun.

LUCY. No, I mustn't. [*Runs to steps, where her hat lies, and puts it on*] I've twenty freckles on my nose already, I counted them this morning. [*Runs off, R.*] Hi-hi-hi—!

KATE. [*Staring off, R.*] Is my heart stopping? I can't meet him out here, with nothing but honest daylight between his eyes and mine. No—no— [*Starts toward house*] I can't meet him—now. [*Enter Lieutenant Morton Parlow from house*]

MORT. Kate! Were you coming to me?

KATE. [*Recovering herself*] I was going into the house, I—I—

MORT. [*Regarding her furtively*] What is it? [*He takes her hands*] Your hands are singularly cold—in mine. [*He lets her hands slip away*] Were you watching the approach of the boys?

KATE. [*Coming down to L.C. with Morton*] Yes. Lucy was here. She ran to meet her brother.

MORT. He and I share quarters and they're wondering how he'll keep house alone. The only comfort I could offer was to make him best man at our wedding. [*Kissing her hands*] They haven't left us alone since you came to-day, but soon we shall be together for life—[*Puts his arm around her and draws her to him. She passively submits*] as man and wife, Kate.

KATE. Morton, the woman you are holding should have a responsive clasp for your hands; she should give herself willingly into your arms; her heart should quicken against yours; every fibre of her being should vibrate with your words when you speak of her as your wife. I—[*Struggling with her feelings*] I can't help it—I am not such a woman to you.

MORT. [*Calmly*] When I first declared my love, you would not confess that you liked me. I was content, and hopeful. When I spoke again, you doubted if you yet loved me well enough to marry me. I was still content. At last you gave your solemn promise to be my wife. [*Bending close to her*] I am content at this moment, even when you tell me you don't love me—[*Seizing her in his arms passionately*] I can wait.

KATE. [*In his arms*] I have tried—and tried—as I promised. I thought of the boy who was my sweetheart, before either of us knew the meaning of love. I thought of the man I admired and respected—who loved me patiently; and I made my heart believe that, in time, it would respond. I hoped so—I believed so—and I consented to be your wife. [*Pleadingly*] But, Morton don't you see it is hopeless?

MORT. [*Long pause. Crosses down R., then up to Kate*] You are asking me to be jilted—to be the laughingstock of the regiment—to be pointed out as the lieutenant who was flung over by his general's daughter. [*Vehemently*] No, I won't give you up.

ED. [*Outside, R.I.E.*] Now men, don't neglect your horses.

KATE. They're coming—let me go, Morton.

MORT. Won't you stay to greet Hawkesworth? [*As Kate starts and goes toward house*]

ED. [*Outside*] Anything else, Major Burleigh?

BUR. [*Outside*] That's all, Hawkesworth. [*Hoofbeats are heard again, sounds die out as though the horses were going away. Morton releases Kate, who exit into house. Enter Major Burleigh and six Troopers, R. All the Men are dusty and travel-stained. Dix appears, L.U.E.*] Morton! Dix, see that Wilber's cattle are driven right over to his place. [*To Morton*] Has the general come?

MORT. Yes, sir.

BUR. Tell him I'm here. [*Exit Morton. Enter Lieutenant Edgar Hawkesworth and Lucy, R., their arms around each other*]

LUCY. Why, Edgar, you're frightfully sunburnt. Major, why don't you make the government provide the poor boys with parasols?

BUR. I think the pressing demand is for soap and water. [*To the men*] Boys, dust! [*Exit Troopers, L.U.E., not in military order*] Hawkesworth,

will you go along and have things put in holiday order? [*Up L.*] I want the young ladies to see that we're alive out here.

ED. Yes, sir. [*Exit, L.U.E., accompanied by Lucy. Enter General Kennion and Arthur from the house. Burleigh salutes the General, and he acknowledges it. General Kennion is a hale, dignified, white-haired man of sixty*]

KEN. [*Shaking hands with Burleigh warmly*] How are you, Burleigh?

BUR. First-rate, general.

KEN. [*Introducing Arthur*] Doctor Penwick—Major Burleigh. He has been sent by the Canadian government to report how we are treating the Indians.

BUR. [*Shaking hands with Arthur*] We are treating them too damned well, doctor.

LUCY. [*Reentering, L.U.E.*] Oh! [*Runs up steps and exits*]

BUR. [*To Kennion*] Sorry I wasn't here to receive you. Some redskins sneaked into Wilber's place last night, and this morning there wasn't a four-legged thing left—except a sawbuck. After recovering the stock, we got word of a sun dance, and of course we had to go and stop that.

KEN. What appears to be the effect of the order prohibiting the Indian's dances?

BUR. They don't like it. Ladru—or Scar Brow, as they call him here, got back today and sent a runner to meet me, with some infernal nonsense about grievances.

KEN. Major, they should be heard.

BUR. [*Dryly*] Oh, you'll hear them soon enough. I took the liberty of promising him an interview with you, and sent Andy to bring him in. [*Andy Jackson is heard calling, off R., as if from a distance*]

ANDY. Hello! Hello, major! Major Burleigh.

BUR. That's Andy now. [*Crosses R., calls, with hand to his mouth*] All right. [*To Kennion*] Ladru has brought two chiefs along. [*Enter McGlynn and Dix, R.U.E.*] I suppose we must receive them. DIX, bring the skins. [*Exit Dix behind house*] McGlynn, get the long pipe from my room. [*Exit McGlynn to house. All stand facing R., awaiting the entrance of the Indians. Enter Andy Jackson, R.I.E. He is an army scout, but not of the Buffalo Bill type. He wears more or less of the regular cavalry uniform*]

ANDY. [*Salutes*] General! [*Enter John Ladru, Fell-an-Ox, and Silent Tongue, R.I.E. Ladru is a full-blooded Indian, about fifty years of age, large and powerful in physique, and magnetic in speech and manner. His costume is a picturesque combination of that of the Indian and white men of the region. Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue are dressed as chiefs of Blackfoot tribes*]

KEN. [*Apart to Burleigh, as Ladru enters*] Is that Scar Brow?

BUR. [*Introducing him*] John Ladru—General Kennion.

KEN. [*Advancing and shaking hands with Ladru*] I am glad to meet you.

LADRU. And I am fortunate to find you here, general.

BUR. [*Introducing*] Fell-an-Ox, Silent Tongue. [*Kennion bows to the Chiefs. Morton and Arthur bow. Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue acknowledge the introduction with grunts of "Ugh." Fawn runs on, L.U.E., and goes to Ladru*]

FAWN. Father!

LADRU. [*Takes Fawn in his arms, gazes into her face with an intense love, and then laying her head on his breast strokes her hair tenderly*] Fawn! My soft-eyed Fawn.

FAWN. [*Looks up into Ladru's face and holds up six fingers*] It is six moons since Scar Brow gladdened his Fawn's eyes by looking into them.

LADRU. But they have lighted his trail through every hour of his absence. [*Lifts her hair to his lips, kisses it and then smooths it caressingly. He does not kiss her face*]

BUR. [*Apart from Kennion*] They say the only soft spot in the fellow is his love for this girl.

LADRU. [*To Kennion*] Pardon me. I neglect my errand.

KATE. [*Appearing in doorway*] Fawn, were you coming back to me? [*Sees the Indians, and glances down to Kennion inquiringly*] Father?

KEN. [*To Ladru*] If I had been away from my daughter [*Draws Kate to him*] I should forget everything, except that I held her in my arms again. [*There must be a characteristic contrast between the two fathers in expressing love for their daughters, one indicating the savagery of his nature and the other a dignity of culture*]

LADRU. [*Turning his eyes upon Kate*] My people talk of the general's daughter, and I see that she is his pride.

KEN. [*Not emphatically, but in mere acknowledgement of Ladru's compliment*] She is very dear to me. [*Dix enters with two large skins and spreads them on the ground. Kennion motions the Indians to be seated. Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue sit on ground, R.; Arthur, on front end of steps, with a notebook, which he uses occasionally; Morton on other end of steps. Andy stands in background*]

LUCY. [*Appearing on veranda*] O Columbus! A five o'clock tea. [*Runs down steps and joins Kate and Fawn*] Girls, let's stay.

KATE. Usage doesn't permit squaws at a conference. Come with us, Fawn—come. [*Fawn shakes her head and runs off, L.U.E.*]

LUCY. [*Gazing at Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue*] Oh, look at those two. [*In comic alarm, as they chance to turn their faces toward her*] Wooh! [*Exit quickly, following Kate into house. Ladru sits, R.C., and Kennion, L.C. The men on ground are now in a semicircle. At this moment McGlynn enters with a pipe of peace, already lighted. Burleigh takes pipe, passes it, stem foremost to Ladru, and sits on lower step. McGlynn sits on steps of wagon. Ladru takes one deliberate whiff, and passes pipe to Kennion, who, after a single puff, passes it to Fell-an-Ox and he, after smoking, gives it to Silent Tongue, who lays it down after using it. The ceremony is performed in silence, impressively, but not slowly. The red glow of the setting sun falls on the group*]

LADRU. General Kennion, your soldiers are scattering our braves at the sun dance.

KEN. The government believes that these dances breed mischief.

LADRU. They are the ceremonies of our religion. [*Arthur writes quietly in his book*]

KEN. Your education, Ladru, should free you from these old superstitions.

LADRU. The good priest taught me much, but he did not make me forget the wrongs of my people, [*Meaningly as he looks at Kennion*] nor what I myself have suffered.

BUR. Our government provides liberally for you.

LADRU. [*Addressing Kennion*] Since last winter's cold and hunger, the rations have grown smaller and poorer, and last month there was no food at all.

BUR. [*Brusquely*] Silent Tongue's men seemed ready enough yesterday to help themselves.

KEN. Let us listen, major.

LADRU. [*Ignoring Burleigh*] When Silent Tongue's men take the cattle to feed their hungry women and children [*Turns to Burleigh*] you call them thieves and drive them back to their tepees, where the next snow may fall upon their graves. [*Arthur writes. Turns to Kennion*] General, I did not come to speak of these things, but to ask you to keep your soldiers from interfering with our worship.

KEN. The military has no option.

LADRU. You are Christians, because you choose to be, but you deny to us the sacred rites handed down from our fathers. [*Pointing to Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue*] These are human beings. Raise your voice for them.

KEN. I am powerless. [*Enter Fawn Afraid, R.U.E., leading Edgar, who good-humoredly submits. Fawn expresses in pantomime her proud intention of showing him to Ladru. She pauses on hearing her father's voice*]

LADRU. Then if we begin our great annual sun dance tomorrow, you will stop it?

KEN. [*Firmly*] The order is imperative.

LADRU. [*Rising and speaking with vehement protest*] This is monstrous. [*With intense feeling*] You have taken from us every earthly right, and now are we to have no God?

KEN. [*Rises*] I must enforce the policy dictated from Washington.

LADRU. [*Stooping and taking up handfuls of dust*] Then let the Great Spirit witness, I hurl defiance. [*Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue, who have sat stoically, leap to their feet. All start up. Before Ladru can hurl the dust, Fawn arrests his hands*]

FAWN. No, no. We must not hate them.

LADRU. [*Lets the dust fall from his hands, and points to Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue to go. Exeunt Fell-an-Ox and Silent Tongue, R.I.E.*] Come with me, Fawn, to our people. [*Fawn exit with Ladru, R.I.E., looking back at Edgar with an expression of dread*]

BUR. His vicious look at you, general, when he referred to a grief of his own, gave me a chill. Have you ever met?

KEN. [*Who has stood looking after Ladru*] Yes—in the Blue Lake expedition of '75. I was ordered to punish the Blackfeet for their atrocities. In an attack on an Indian village, we met with desperate resistance. The young brave who had led them in their raids dashed upon me. We struggled together until a cut from my sabre across his forehead laid him senseless.

BUR. [*Quickly*] Then it was you who gave him that scar?

KEN. Yes, and it is unfortunate that he should come to me at a time when his influence may cause or prevent trouble. [*McGlynn picks up the pipe and exit to house. Dix gathers up the skins and exit above house*]

BUR. Oh, there'll be no difficulty, if we sweep down on their dance in the morning. A little scrimmage might show them we're not fooling. [*Enter Dick Burleigh, running, L.U.E. He is nine years old, dressed in the uniform of the Poughkeepsie military school, with leggings added. A game bag is slung across his shoulder, and he carries a small rifle*]

DICK. [*Pauses at back. Aside*] A scrimmage!

BUR. Well, this means boots and saddles for you youngsters. You'll have to get to Snake Head Hills by daylight. Hawkesworth, detail twenty men to start soon after midnight. At the first sign of a dance, bring in the leaders; one moment. [*As Edgar goes. To Kennion*]

KEN. [*To Edgar*] Let there be no more severity than is absolutely necessary.

BUR. [*Casually, yet distinctly*] You'll find a wire at Lumber Camp if you wish to let us know anything.

ED. I will take men and horses that were not out today, and make it a brisk gallop. I promise you, Morton, to get you back in time for the ball. [*Edgar speaks apart to Andy. Exit Andy, L.U.E.*]

DICK. [*Coming forward with enthusiasm*] Say, pop, I'm going along. There'll be great fun chasing Indians, and I don't want to get left.

BUR. You've chased enough today. [*With a wink to the others*] Get left. [*As Dick salutes Kennion, Burleigh grabs and fondles him with rough affection*] You young runaway! I missed you out of bed this morning.

DICK. I gave you the slip to go squirrel hunting. Oh, it was great fun. I shot at more'n forty and hit this fellow. [*Takes a dead squirrel from the bag and holds it up*] I plumbd him right in the eye.

BUR. I'll plumb you. [*Playfully turning him over and spanking him*]

KEN. Major, let there be no more severity than is actually necessary.

BUR. [*Dick's cap falls on steps*] Now, go and have McGlynn clean up to eat supper with the ladies.

DICK. [*Coaxingly*] Pop, can't I go with the boys?

BUR. [*Soberly*] No, Dick—no.

DICK. Thanks. [*Aside*] I'll be in it, all the same. [*Runs up steps and exit to house*]

BUR. [*Picking up Dick's cap*] The week I've had with him makes me feel—Why, general—boys—the grip that lad has on me here—[*Strikes his breast*] frightens me. [*Fondling the cap, he sees a small band of crepe on it and is deeply moved*] God knows, I once lost the thing that filled up my heart. [*For an instant, he holds his cigar in his trembling fingers, and then sinks down on a seat, R., covering his face with his hands. Parlow shows uneasiness at Burleigh's last words*]

ED. [*To Morton*] The crepe on the boy's cap recalls the old affair. [*Burleigh quickly pulls himself together, rises and hands cap to Kennion. Unable to speak, he requests by a gesture that it be sent to Dick; then bites the end off a fresh cigar viciously, to conceal his feelings, lights it by the stump of the one he has been smoking*]

BUR. [*With no show of apology*] I'll be back in a minute. [*Exit abruptly, R.U.E.*]

KEN. Poor Tom. [*To Edgar*] Has he ever given way like this before?

ED. Not since that morning he returned from Crook's January raid and found in his wife's room only the boy asleep. His grief was terrible, general. Thrown on the bed was the gown she had worn at the garrison dance.



The flowers from her hair, the slippers from her feet—lay where she had hastily flung them and a note—read at a glance—told him of the dishonor of her flight. [*General goes up, crosses to R. Feelingly placing hand on Morton's shoulder*] Ah, Morton, if you had seen his heart break!

MORT. [*Who has crossed to R. and stands looking after Burleigh*] I was away on detached duty at Cheyenne River; and then I went East on furlough—to see Kate, you remember? When I rejoined the troop I heard that Mrs. Burleigh was dead.

ED. Yes, as always happens, the man abandoned the woman. She dragged herself far away, like some poor animal shot for sport, and bled to death in her heart, slowly and miserably.

KEN. To court-martial that scoundrel, I'd give the stars off my shoulder.

ED. But so long as Major Burleigh lives, he is not safe.

MORT. [*Eager for information, yet wishing to conceal his special interest*] And the man? Was no clue to his identity found? No letters—no—anything?

ED. Evidence was obtained that he was an army officer.

KEN. [*Abruptly turning*] Morton—

MORT. [*Startled by the sudden utterance of his name*] Ah! [*Supports himself against wagon*]

KEN. [*Taking hold of Morton*] Morton, what is it?

MORT. Oh, nothing serious. [*Edgar goes toward well*] I don't need any water. [*Rises*] There! A twinge left over from my Pine Ridge out. It bothers me once in a while—You were going to say, general—

KEN. [*Laughs. Placing his hand on his shoulder and speaking in a mock, peremptory manner*] That I shall officially prevent you from taking my girl away from me. You will be married on the 5th, and on the 6th Troops A and F will change places. That will quarter you with me at Assinaboine. This time, you see, the father-in-law rises to the occasion. [*Exit to house*]

MORT. [*Aside, R.C.*] That dead woman kept my secret well. [*Crosses up L., to Edgar*]

ED. [*Long pause*] Morton, I don't believe you're fit to go on this expedition.

MORT. I'm all right, old fellow, what makes you look at me—that way?

ED. [*Recovering with a nervous laugh*] Morton, when we ride together tonight, it will be for the last time.

MORT. The boys and you? For the last time?

ED. I have asked the colonel to get me transferred to the Ninth and the order is here. [*Indicates that the paper is in his breast pocket. Morton is about to speak*] Don't ask why I leave the regiment. [*Again silencing him by laying his hand on his shoulder*] Don't question me. Oh, I won't go until after

the wedding, and then I—I—I won't be missed. It will be hard to leave the old troop—the boys and you—but—[*Struggling to keep from breaking down*] What can a fellow do but go, when—You saw our major. [*Points to stump on which Burleigh sat*] Only the sight of a band of mourning crushed him with memories. [*Forgetting himself*] But, before my eyes are—that's what is driving me away. [*Stares wildly toward house*] She—she! [*Recollects himself*] My God! What am I saying? [*Laughs*] Why, I've made up my mind to go. [*Turns away to hide his emotion*] That's all.

MORT. [*Looks at him, then slowly turns his eyes toward house. Aside*] Is it possible that—[*He starts toward him with jealous rage, then collects himself. Enter Lucy from house. Bugle, "Assembly"*]

LUCY. [*Coming down steps*] Oh, here you are. [*To Morton*] Excuse me. It's my turn with Edgar now. Tell Kate I'll bring him right in. [*Goes to Edgar*]

MORT. Very well. [*Crossing to house, aside*] I'll be sure—first. [*Exit to house*]

LUCY. [*Suddenly*] Brother, I've a little secret to tell you. I've become interested in—guess.

ED. Um—m. An army man?

LUCY. [*Nods assent*] But you needn't guess at—[*Holds her hand high and lowers it at each mention of a rank*] generals—colonels—captains—or well—try privates.

ED. Privates?

LUCY. [*Nodding "yes"*] Try your own troop.

ED. I'll begin with the A's. Adams, Allen, Appleby—

LUCY. [*Impatiently*] Try the J's.

ED. [*Quickly*] Jones?

LUCY. [*Nods vigorously*] How's he getting on? Promoted yet?

ED. Hardly. There hasn't been enough fighting to let him distinguish himself. Sis, what enlisted your sympathy for this young man?

LUCY. [*Quickly*] His mother. She's a helpless invalid, whom I met in my church work. [*Edgar is about to speak*] Oh, I'm coming to him. He was—why, I told you all about it in my letter.

ED. You said he was out of work and discouraged, and you asked me to help him. [*Tenderly taking her in his arms*] Now, little one, isn't there something more than charity in Jones's case?

LUCY. I don't know—yet.

ED. [*Seriously*] He is too good a fellow to trifle with. [*She is about to speak*] The girls are sometimes careless with men's hearts. [*She is about to speak. Band. Kisses her, as she is about to speak*] There—you needn't say it.

I know you won't be too hard on poor Jones. [*The music of a military band is heard faintly, off L.U.E., from direction of barracks*]

LUCY. [*Impulsively kisses him*] You're a new Solomon. Now, come and see to Kate. [*Band. The music grows louder. A gentle breeze stirs the flag*]

ED. Oh, listen. [*Runs back and looks up road, L.U.E.*] The boys are coming from the barracks.

LUCY. [*Running up steps and calling*] Girls! Girls! Kate! [*Edgar retires back. The flag screens him from the view of those on veranda. The band now plays spiritedly. Enter McGlynn exuberantly from house*]

MCGLYNN. It's to pay their respects to Miss Kate an' all of yez. Whoo! [*Hurries down steps*]-an' I'm wid 'em. [*Arthur and several pretty Girls, chums of Kate and Lucy, enter from house, form group on veranda and watch the approaching Troopers with animated interest. Enter Ann, L.U.E., twirling a stick after the manner of a drum major. She marches well to front, faces about and continues her evolutions. Troopers march on, L.U.E., led by Dix. Jones is third in the front rank and McGlynn at the rear. They cross to R. Each man has a flower on his breast and every boot shines with polish*]

DIX. Halt! Left front! [*The Men obey and are drawn up in lines that seem to extend beyond L.U.E. Enter Kennion from house. Remains on veranda*] Salute! [*Kennion acknowledges salute. Girls wave handkerchiefs. Music ceases. At this moment Kate appears on veranda, leaning on Morton's arm*]

MCGLYNN. Now, boys, wid yer hearts in yer throats, cheer for the gin'ril's daughter.

TROOPERS. H'rah! H'rah! H'rah!

MCGLYNN. [*After the others*] Hurroo!

ANN. [*Very quickly*] Tiger!

KATE. [*Advancing to front of veranda*] My dear, gallant boys, thank you. [*Throwing kisses*]

MCGLYNN. [*Aside to Arthur*] O doctor, diagnose that line of smiles. [*Calls attention to the Men, who stand bashfully with assorted grins of delight on their faces*]

ANN. Speech! [*Kate looks appealingly at Kennion*]

KEN. Eh? Did I hear a call for a speech? [*Ann hides behind Dix*] Well, we didn't bring an orator along, but if you'll let me assure you—the young ladies appreciate your hearty welcome. It seems they've captured this post for the Fourth of July, and your unconditional surrender does credit to your courage. It is indeed an occasion imbued with noble sentiments when— [*Drops his eyes to the Men's polished boots*] a cavalryman shines his boots. [*The Men titter*] Never mind, boys—it's all right. [*Puts his arm around*

Kate] And now I may tell you, my daughter loves soldiers so well that she is to become a soldier's wife.

MCGLYNN. [*To Edgar*] Lieutinint Hawkesworth, will you spake fer us? Tell her how happy we are she's goin' to marry Lieutinint Parlow. Fall out! [*Troopers fall out, coming to front*]

ED. [*Advancing to C.*] Miss Kennion!

KATE. [*Who has not seen Edgar until now, shows agitation, but quickly recovers herself*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth.

ED. Let me say for our boys, they are grateful to you for brightening a few of their dull days at Post Kennion. Although they may seem to have no objects of care or affection—except the faithful horses that they ride—you may be sure that hearts warm with hopes and tender with memories throb under those blue jackets. From them, Miss Kennion, and from every officer and private in the Twelfth you have the sincere wish—may God give you happiness in your marriage with Lieutenant Parlow. Now boys, give a cheer for my friend and comrade. [*Kate, to hide her emotion, droops her head*]

TROOPERS. H'rah!

ANN. [*Emphasis in the "ger"*] Ti-ger! [*Enter Burleigh, R.U.E. He has regained his usual composure. Ann runs in to him*]

BUR. [*Waving his hand in acknowledgment, then turns to Edgar with bluff good humor*] Now Hawkesworth, better get your men to bed—if the ladies can spare them—or they'll make a sleepy start for Snake Head Hills.

DIX. Fall in! [*The band plays pp., "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Men form ranks*]

LUCY. [*Coming down from veranda. Apart to Burleigh*] Major, I've a message for Private Jones. May I give it to him now?

BUR. Why, yes. [*Calls*] Jones! [*Joins the group on veranda*]

JONES. [*Stepping from ranks and saluting*] Yes, sir.

LUCY. [*Crosses to him*] This is from your mother—[*Takes an envelope from her pocket and hands it to him*] a letter and a picture.

JONES. Thank you, Miss Hawkesworth. She wrote to me of your kindness during her illness. She called you an angel of charity.

LUCY. Oh! Pshaw! I'm nothing of that sort.

JONES. [*Putting packet into breast of his coat*] Thank you. [*Salutes and rejoins rank*]

LUCY. [*Looking after Jones as she returns to veranda*] Poor, handsome fellow. [*Dick enters from house. He has removed his leggings, and discarded his game bag. In his hurry he nearly tumbles downstairs*]

DICK. Have I missed anything?

DIX. "Tention!

DICK. [*Pushing Dix aside*] Excuse me. [*To Burleigh*] Pop, this is Poughkeepsie Institute Day. [*To Troopers*] Attention! [*They obey*] Oh, it's great fun to boss an army. Right face!

ANN. [*Waving Dick aside*] Say, Casabianca, give Joan of Arc a show.

DICK. [*Giving place to her and touching his cap*] Professor Smith says a true officer is always a gentleman. [*Ann takes her place at head of Troopers as drum major and Dick as commander!*] March! [*The music becomes spirited. The men march off, L.U.E., with a jaunty swing. Each Man throws the flower from his breast to veranda in passing. Girls wave their handkerchiefs*]

LUCY. [*Picks up Jones's flower as it falls on step*] This is mine. [*Exeunt Kennion, Burleigh, Arthur and Girls into house*]

MORT. [*Observing Edgar and Kate*] If they are breaking their hearts, they conceal it cleverly. [*Exit to house. Troopers heard singing, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The sun sets. The bugle call of "Retreat" is heard, and at the last note the sunset gun is fired. Early twilight begins*]

LUCY. [*At door, listening to the singing which has grown faint in the distance*] Sounds as if every fellow was singing his own love story. "The girls they leave behind them." [*With a long, semi-comic sigh, holding the flower unconsciously to her lips*] Heigh-ho! [*Exit*]

KATE. Edgar!

ED. Miss Kennion!

KATE. [*Coming down steps and extending her hand*] Will you forgive me?

ED. Why, yes. [*Takes her hand*]

KATE. And you don't despise me?

ED. You were not bound to give your confidence to a soldier whom chance placed at your father's headquarters, even though you let him believe his presence near you was welcome.

KATE. I was bound to be an honorable woman. [*Tearfully*] I was to blame—I had no right to keep the truth from you—that I was already engaged to marry Lieutenant Parlow. It was a secret—owing to a foolish whim—my desire to enjoy a girl's untrammelled freedom for one more season. [*Earnestly*] But, oh, believe me. I did not plan deliberately to—to make you love me and then hate me. [*Edgar is about to speak. She silences him with a pleading gesture*] Don't! I don't deserve it. [*Crosses to R.*]

ED. [*C.*] I loved you. In all the world there was nothing for me but you. You made my day or my night by the opening or closing of your eyes. And today—I am like a dead man dreaming after death. [*With a faint smile*]

It was as well for me, after all, that I didn't speak the words that were always between my heart and my lips.

KATE. [*R.C., by wagon. Brokenly*] Time and again, I knew you were about to make the declaration which never comes to a woman unawares, and as often I found some device to stop you. Then—you were ordered back to your troop here, and we shook hands—Oh, you remembered—through the portière of my room. I pleaded illness that morning. I would not let you ask me to be your wife—for I could not answer yes, and—I did not want to answer no.

ED. [*As if to himself*] And I felt so sure of you.

KATE. [*Crosses to C., and speaks in a low, earnest tone*] When I sat down to write what I should have had the courage to tell you—what excuse could I make? How explain the despicable part I had played—the cheat I was guilty of? [*Edgar moved by her distress, makes a gesture as though desiring her to stop*]

ED. [*Stands partly turned away from her*] You have seen enough of army life to understand the utter lonesomeness that comes to a man just transferred from fond associations into a wilderness. The chill and weariness of the night were on me—with the gray promise of morning lifting none of the darkness or cold that had settled into my very soul. The relief guard brought me a letter. [*Turns to her*] A look at it showed me your handwriting. Had time skipped an hour, and the sun risen instantly? I and all about me seemed suddenly light and warm. I tore the envelope open. I read what you had written. The mock sunlight was gone. I read what you had written. The whole false day was over. Night had fallen on me again. [*Breaks down and covers his face with his hands*]

KATE. [*Moved by his outburst*] My only defense—my punishment—is that I—[*Enter Morton from house, the interior of which is now warmly lighted. Hearing Kate's words, he draws back unseen, and conceals himself in the folds of the drooping flag*]

ED. Say it.

KATE. [*Frightened*] No.

ED. You did—care—a little for me? [*Her head droops. Pause. "Soldier's Farewell," he kisses her hand. She tries to withdraw it*] Oh, I am going away. [*At this moment the voices of the Troopers at the barracks are faintly heard singing "The Soldier's Farewell"*] It is good-bye. Never reproach yourself for this. [*Tries to smile*] Why, it is worth the pain to know you did care a little for me. [*Trying to bear up*] and I—I—[*Brokenly*] Good-bye.

KATE. [*Low*] Good-bye. [*The refrain of "The Soldier's Farewell" dies away as Kate slowly passes into house. Morton screens himself closer in the*

*flag, as she passes him. The moonlight which has flooded the scene, now falls on the corner of the house only, leaving the rest of the stage in darkness. Stars appear in the sky]*

ED. [*Tears open his collar as though seeking relief in the open air*] How can I live with the heart torn from my breast? Ah, if the stars only knew I was in love with death!

MORT. [*White with rage, comes halfway down steps*] Hawkesworth—[*Edgar recovering, faces him*] Have you anything to say to me?

ED. Yes, if you will come down here, [*Stepping into the light*] where you can look into my face. [*The sound of "Du Da Day" are heard. Morton comes down steps. Morton, unable to control himself longer, raises his hand. Edgar seizes his hand and holds it in a viselike grip*] Morton! [*Releases his hand*] I tried to mean it when I wished you happiness. When I saw you standing there with her, [*Points to veranda where Kate and Morton stood*] believe me, my prayer for you was sincere. But now—I won't lie to you. A man can't be glad to leave all in life that seems dear to him. After meeting her again, and parting, I do love Kate Kennion.

MORT. She loves you!

ED. You are right and just in your anger. I am no more than a man in my misery. Now you know why I leave the regiment—why I am going away.

MORT. [*Husky with rage*] She loves you! [*The notes "Du-Da-Day" picked on a banjo are heard, with voices in the refrain. This is to represent the jollity of the Troopers at the barracks, in contrast with the dramatic scene in progress*]

ED. Morton, don't let us take our last ride tonight as enemies, but as comrades about to part for life.

MORT. She loves you! [*Strikes him in the face*] Damn you!

ED. Ah! [*With a cry of rage, stands with uplifted hand. Falls back a step or two. His anger gives way to self-control*] No—no, I will let you regret that blow. [*The curtain falls to a call of "Taps" from the barracks. Picture*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: *The barrack room at Post Kennion. A large apartment with wooden walls and ceiling picturesquely decorated with ferns, hemlock, boughs and flags. At R., a large fireplace of unhewn stone, with wide hearth. The opening of fireplace is filled in with wild flowers and foliage. Over it hangs a large frame containing portrait of Dick Burleigh. One or more spaces on*

walls are filled in with colored cartoons from Puck and Judge, with narrow strips of wood for framing. At back, a staircase, with landing and doorway, leading to outlook above. The banisters and railing are decorated. At each side of stairway a window with solid wooden shutters open. Between windows a row of lockers; double sliding doors, L.U.E., leading into dancing room. A door, L.I.E., has an army blanket for a portière. Between these two doors hang the colors of the regiment. Under them is a small settee. At R.U.E., a large wide window, showing barrack grounds after moon rises. Door, R.I.E., which is the entrance from without. Lamps with reflectors on walls. A chandelier made of bayonets, in which lighted candles are placed, hangs from ceiling. Candelabra, similarly made, stand at sides of room. A plain table and chair, L.C. Between fireplace and door is an automatic telegraph instrument, including apparatus for both sending and receiving messages. The tape from the receiver falls into a basket. Outside is utter darkness. TIME: The evening of the next day.

MUSIC: At rise of curtain, a waltz is played by the regimental band, off L.U.E.

DISCOVERED: Ann and Arthur appear on landing of stairway. Ann is dressed for the ball, but with a touch of rusticity in contrast with the modish toilettes of the other ladies. Arthur wears evening dress.

ANN. [*Leaning over banisters, L.*] Oh, there's the waltz tune. It sets me floatin' round as if I was asleep in a whirlpool.

ARTH. Pardon me, Miss Wilber, but these symptoms indicate a tendency to paralysis.

ANN. [*Who has descended two or three steps, suddenly stops*] Gee, gosh!

ARTH. Permit me to count your pulse. [*Takes her wrist and looks at his watch*] One—two—three— [*Silently continues counting*]

ANN. [*After a pause*] Doctor, wish you had somethin' to cure a tight shoe. [*Raises her R. foot and taps it on the stair*] My off one's hurtin' me like everything. I never wore high heels b'fore. [*Looking down admiringly at her feet*] Guess I can stand it, though, s'long's they look pretty. [*Looks at Arthur, who is still holding her wrist and counting*] Old Doctor Brown never counted up to five hundred.

ARTH. [*Releasing her hand*] He did not know his business. I advise ten minutes more of fresh air up there in the lookout.

ANN. You'll have to scuse me. [*Descending stairs and going R.*] The dew was takin' the starch all out o' my frock.

ARTH. Won't you go back—just for a minute—

ANN. My eyes are wide open an' it's so dark up there, bats couldn't see t'play peek-a-boo. [*Places foot on chair, R., and fixes rosette*] My nigh



rosette's lopsided. [*Pulling up her long, lisle-thread gloves*] These mits keep slidin' down so—they o' have s'penders. [*Ingenuously*] 'Pears to me you're foolin'. What y' want to get me up here fer, anyhow?

ARTH. I'm afraid I only want to keep you away from the ballroom. I like to study you—to get you by heart.

ANN. [*Takes a silk handkerchief from around her neck and hands it to him*] Might 'ev caught a sore throat without your han'ke'chief. [*Suddenly standing still*] Oh, gee whiz! Turn y'r head.

ARTH. [*Turns L.*] It's turned already.

ANN. [*Turning her back to audience, shows one button of her dress waist open*] Thought I felt a draught. [*Buttons dress*] All right, now. Let's go back to the hop room. [*Crosses, L.*]

ARTH. Are you engaged for the lancers?

ANN. Have to look at my mem. [*Gets a slate from mantel with pencil attached by a long string. Takes bayonet with lighted candle from L., comes forward reading*] Opening march—Arthur Penwick, M.D. Quadrille—Doctor Penwick. Waltz—Penwick. Gal-lup—Doc. [*Sticks bayonet with candle in table and sits*] Strikes me, I've got a run on you.

ARTH. [*Leaning on table*] Don't stop it. [*Leans closer*] I wouldn't mind being bankrupted. [*Ann cleans slate vigorously. Toying with her hair*] Do you know Miss—

ANN. [*Without looking up*] Ann.

ARTH. Miss Ann—

ANN. Plain Ann.

ARTH. Not very. Ann, it's a scientific fact that hair is a quick conductor of electricity. [*Puts her hair over his heart. Affectionately*] That I must tell you that—

ANN. [*Writes busily, with slate held close to her face*] I'm dead ez an ear o' corn. [*Reads as she writes*] "Lancers." [*Continues to write*]

ARTH. [*Unseen by her, kisses the hair and lets it fall*] You're as ingenuous as a cherub.

ANN. [*Tosses her hair back, nestles on her knees in chair with slate in her lap*] What's that?

ARTH. Well—a young angel.

ANN. Dad sez I'm a holy terror. [*Holding up slate*] There's ye'r full name—off my mind.

ARTH. May I write all that is in my mind? It won't take long.

ANN. [*Handing him slate. Arthur writes. Ann reads*] Love wrote a message in the sand.

ARTH. Yes. "Love—wrote—a—message in the sand. [*Ann shows curiosity, and sitting up in chair, tries to peep over his shoulder. He sees her and turns away to finish writing*] I—I beg pardon. I trust my boldness won't offend you. [*Embarrassed. Ann reaches eagerly for slate; reads, and is disappointed*]

ANN. That's innocent 'nough t' be read by a policeman. 'Sides, y' don't mean it. Things said on th' spur o' the moment [*Wets her thumb and rubs slate*] rub out easy. Oh! I've wiped off half y'r name, too.

ARTH. [*Reads*] Lancers—Arthur.

ANN. [*Quickly*] I'll write the rest back.

ARTH. [*Gently staying her hand*] Don't. I'd rather you'd let it be Arthur—with you—always. I beg pardon—when a fellow feels a lot, he can't help telling some of it. I like you immensely—Fact is, I'm getting to like you so much that—[*Very earnestly*] when the time comes for me to go, I'll—

ANN. Whoa-up. [*With simple earnestness*] Ef you mean half yer pretend ter, I'll find your face at the bottom of the well out yender. [*Points R.*]

ARTH. My face at the bottom of a well! How very extraordinary! How's that?

ANN. [*Emphasizing with her forefinger, and speaking as though reciting a familiar legend*] Ef a girl holds a candle over her head—so, [*Takes candle out of bayonet and illustrates*] an' looks down into a well on a dark night, she'll see the face of the man she's goin' t' marry.

ARTH. [*Takes candle from her*] Let's go and see.

ANN. [*Hesitates*] I—I guess the girl oughter go alone—but—we might try together. [*They go toward door, R.I.E., and as she opens it the wind nearly blows out candle. He shields it with his hand, and she quickly closes door*]

ARTH. Much better together.

ANN. Oh, there's a breeze. [*Takes his crushed hat from under his arm and springs it out*] Let's make a lantern. [*Covers candle in his hand with hat. Enter Burleigh, R.I.E., in full dress uniform*]

BUR. [*Knocks ashes from his cigar and lays it on the mantel*] Hello! What new game are you two playing now?

ANN. [*As she and Arthur go to R.I.E., carrying hat over candle*] Oh, jest goin' t' look down the well.

BUR. [*Regarding them amusedly*] Look out you don't fall in.

ANN. Oh, he'll catch hold of me.

ARTH. With both hands. [*Exeunt Ann and Arthur, R.I.E.*]

BUR. [*Looks out of window, R.U.E. Looks at watch*] Getting late. If I didn't know Hawkesworth understood how to manage these redskins, I'd

think he'd blundered into some trouble. [*Crosses to telegraphic instrument, R.*] In that case, he'd have wired from Lumber Camp. [*Stop music. Picks up tape and looks along it*] Not a word; so they're all right. I'm worried more about Dick. He wrote me a note—on the slate. [*Long pause. Sees it on table and picks it up by string*] It was tied to my foot when I woke this morning. [*Looking at it*] Somebody's dance list. What's this? [*Reads*] "Love wrote a message on the sand and—The rest is gone. A wave must have struck it. [*Looks to R.I.E. as he turns slate over. Reads*] "Dear Pop: I am off early for big game. If I am not back for tatoo, you will know that I am having great fun. Your obedient son, Dick. P.S. I have borrowed your horse." [*Chuckling. Shaking his finger at portrait of Dick over mantel*] Dick, you young deserter—if there was a grizzly this side of the foothills I'd be frightened. [*Lancers heard faintly through the almost closed doors. Enter McGlynn, R.I.E.*]

MCGLYNN. [*Salutes*] Are ye ready to make a raid on the ladies, sir?

BUR. Why, I suppose I'll have to attack a square dance or two. Get my gloves from in there. [*Points to L.I.E.*]

MCGLYNN. Yis, sor. [*Goes to door, L.I.E., pulls portière aside and closes it quickly*] Sure, I can't go in—at present.

BUR. Why not? Are you paralyzed?

MCGLYNN. Nearly, sor. There's a lady. I think she's chalking her face.

BUR. You're not afraid of that kind of powder, are you?

MCGLYNN. [*Straightening up*] I wouldn't be an Irish gentleman if I entered a lady's boudoir widout knockin'. [*Knocks and exit, L.I.E. Enter Lucy in full ball costume*]

LUCY. Major, we can only scrape up a dozen men for two dozen of us girls. Oh, won't you help us out? [*Reenter McGlynn with an old-fashioned pair of gloves*]

BUR. With pleasure. [*Taking gloves*] I was just dressing up to dance.

LUCY. I didn't mean you. [*Correcting herself*] That is—we didn't expect as much as you. You'll be such a surprise. Let me fix you. [*Buttons his coat*] You shouldn't use army soap. [*Takes a small powder box from a pocket and powders his face*] I'll take the shine off. [*Stops and looks at his nose*] What makes so many officers' noses red?

BUR. McGlynn, can you tell the young lady? What makes so many officers' noses red?

MCGLYNN. The weather, miss.

LUCY. [*Fluffing up Burleigh's hair*] If your hair was a little bit longer it would be just like Byron's. You're the most popular man in the army—you're

so obliging. [*Blowing something off his shoulder*] Won't you detail some privates for dance duty?

BUR. We couldn't maintain discipline if we let the men mix with the officers in a dance.

LUCY. You don't mind mixing with them in a fight. [*She rubs on the fingers of his gloves*] Will you please let the girls have Private Jones, we're in a great hurry.

BUR. He's off with your brother's party.

LUCY. Well, when he comes back. [*Gets thumb of glove on with difficulty*]

BUR. Thanks for all the trouble you've taken with me, but [*Semi-officially*] I can't break the rules.

LUCY. [*Vexed*] Your thumb is big enough, but you needn't try to keep everybody under it. [*Pouts her nose*] Oh! [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

BUR. [*Dryly*] It looks, McGlynn, as if my popularity is on the wane. [*Stops music*]

MCGLYNN. Yis, sor. [*Enter Kennion, L.U.E., in the full uniform of a major general of the United States Army*]

KEN. Burleigh, if you venture in there now, they'll hang you with your own red tape.

BUR. It's getting late for Dick to be out—What's that? [*McGlynn goes to window, R.U.E. Listening*] That sounds like my horse's hoofs.

MCGLYNN. [*Peering out*] It's too dark to see, but sure that's Black Prince's neigh.

BUR. [*Relieved*] Thank heaven! Quick, McGlynn, help Dick to dismount. [*McGlynn goes, R.I.E., with assumed severity. Gradually relenting*] And bring him to me.

MCGLYNN. Yis, sor. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

BUR. [*Takes slate from table and winds string around it*] When we go to bed tonight, I'll tie him to my foot. [*Reads*] "Great fun." [*Kisses slate*] God bless him! [*Lays slate on mantel*] Will your courier bring over a mail in the morning?

KEN. He'll get in tonight, if he started promptly. The girls couldn't wait another day for their letters, and made me telegraph for him. Are you in a hurry, too?

BUR. That mail bag may contain something I'd rather wait for till after this affair is over. [*Takes a telegram from his pocket*] Music and this are hardly in accord. [*Kennion fixes his eyes on the telegram*] John, I kept from telling even you what I was expecting. I didn't want anything to mar the pleasure of your stay with us over the Fourth.

KEN. Did you suppose for a moment you could hide your anxiety from me? Let me see that telegram. [*Long pause. Burleigh gives him telegram. He reads it*] You received this three days ago?

BUR. Yes.

KEN. So the package it speaks of must be in this mail?

BUR. Yes.

KEN. But, in God's name, Tom, what does it mean?

BUR. [*Almost inaudible*] It means that I shall have in my hands the portrait of the man who destroyed my wife and left her shame upon my boy. [*Crosses to mantel and takes his segar. Kennion follows him, strikes a match, and holds it for him to light the segar. Crosses up a little, to R.C.*] After I had my—Dick's mother—removed to our family vault, my lawyers—[*Indicating telegram. Long pause and slight laugh*] sought out the woman who was with her when she died. Perhaps she had left some word—a message—something for me. This woman told them she had placed over the dead stranger's heart a portrait found in her room—the likeness of a young officer. [*Kennion starts*] She thought it might be her—husband, perhaps. This was buried with her.

KEN. My God!

BUR. I ordered the vault opened and the picture sent to me. [*Takes telegram and speaks calmly to Kennion, who stands spellbound*] When it comes, I want you, John, to give it to me. [*He speaks the last words quietly, but his hands clench, and his face and voice show intense hatred. The music of the quadrille is heard as the doors are opened by Kate. Enter Kate, R.U.E., in full ball costume*]

KATE. Now, you two—drop army talk. Is it etiquette at Post Kennion to let the ladies hunt up their partners? Our dance is half over.

BUR. If you'll take me now, I'll keep half my engagement.

KATE. [*Taking his arm. They go towards L.U.E.*] There's your favorite quadrille.

BUR. That's the only square thing I know about dancing.

KEN. And you'll find he doesn't know that any too well.

KATE. [*Going up, L.C., with Burleigh*] Don't mind him, major. You'll be the lion of the evening.

KEN. The what?

KATE. The lion of the evening.

KEN. That settles him. He's ruined. I know of only one person not spoiled by being lionized—Daniel.

KATE. [*Up L.C.*] Father's jealous of you. [*Turns to Kennion who is at window, R.U.E.*] It's after eleven. What can detain—Morton and the others?

BUR. [*Laughingly*] If they don't come soon, I'll send a corporal guard to bring them in.

KATE. [*Anxiously crossing to C. a little*] You don't suppose anything has happened?

KEN. [*Reassuringly*] Why, no. [*His attention is attracted by footsteps outside*] Here's one of them now. [*Opens door, R.I.E. Private Jones, his face pale, his uniform in disorder, and a blotch of blood on his R. cheek, staggers into the room. Salutes*]

BUR. Man, what's the matter?

JONES. [*Out of breath*] Bad news, sir.

KATE. [*Releasing Burleigh's arm, crosses to Kennion*] Father!

KEN. [*To Jones*] Well—[*Jones looks at Kate and hesitates*]

BUR. Speak out.

JONES. [*With breathless excitement*] We got to North Pass before daylight. We forded the creek. There we found fresh trails—camps with fires not yet cold. The Indians were coming in from all directions for the sun dance. Lieutenant Hawkesworth halted the column, and sent Jackson and four of us to scout along the ridge. We reached Flagstaff Rock—dismounted—and peered down into the pass. Suddenly—from the rocks behind us—came a volley. It was all over in a second.

BUR. [*Starting forward*] An ambushade.

KEN. [*Holding forward, Kate close to him. To Jones*] Go on. What else?

JONES. [*Rises to his feet and salutes*] Three men fell forward—into the gorge below—dead.

KATE. Terrible!

BUR. [*Angrily*] Treacherous devils!

KEN. So Ladru's threat was not an idle one.

BUR. [*Quickly*] Who else came in with you?

JONES. Nobody.

KEN. And the main party?

KATE. [*Anxiously*] Were they attacked?

JONES. [*To Kennion*] I can't tell, sir. I was cut off. I galloped hard, by the shortest way to [*Salutes*] report.

KEN. [*Slaps Jones on back*] Burleigh, this is serious. [*Kate hands a glass of water from stand near fireplace to Jones*] Hawkesworth's party may have been massacred as Custer's was.

KATE. [*Wringing her hands*] God forbid!

KEN. We must rescue them, if they're alive and if dead —

BUR. [*Hotly*] Wipe out every redskin in the reservation. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." I'll start at once with every man we can spare.

[Removes white gloves and puts on riding gloves] I suppose Dick has used up Black Prince. [Dix passes window, R.U.E.] Sergeant!

DIX. [Halts, saluting] Yes, sir.

BUR. Saddle me a good horse.

DIX. [Turns back] Yes, sir.

BUR. Send McGlynn here. [Comes down, R. Dix disappears. Lights fresh segar. To Jones] Go wash your face and afterwards let the surgeon [Points to ballroom dryly] in there look at that cut.

JONES. Oh, it's nothing, sir.

BUR. I know better. Do as I tell you. [Lucy enters and stands on the threshold, surprised at seeing Jones] Go with Miss Hawkesworth—if she'll take you in.

LUCY. With pleasure, Mr. Jones—[Sees blood on his cheek] Oh! [Goes to him in alarm] You're hurt?

BUR. A slight cut. If it won't wash off, I think a dance with you will heal it. [Jones with a smile salutes]

LUCY. [Marches straight to Burleigh, hugs him] You know what that's for. [Turns and goes quickly, L.U.E.] When you're ready, Mr. Jones, I'll introduce you. [Delighted] I'll tell the girls they've all got back. [Stop music. Exit, shutting doors after her]

BUR. [Cautioningly] Not a word to them in there.

JONES. No, sir. [Salutes and goes, L.I.E. At this moment the telegraph instrument clicks. Kate rushes to it]

KATE. This may be news of them. [They all gather around the instrument, excepting Jones who stands L.U.E. Kate holds tape. Burleigh is about to take it from her] Let me, major, please. [Reads as the instrument continues clicking] "Lumber Camp. Scouting party of five ambuscaded at North Pass. [Reads from this point word by word as they are clicked off] Williams—Munson—Campbell—killed—Jones—missing—I—have—with—me—badly—wounded—" [Stops abruptly] Ah! [Stifles cry with hand and tears off the tape which she holds behind her. Clicks of instrument continue]

KEN. What is it, Kate? Morton?

KATE. [Stifled] No.

BUR. Who is the man? [Reaching to Kate for tape, brusquely] Quick! Give it to me. [She hands it to him. Reads quickly] "I have with me badly wounded—" [Takes segar slowly out of his mouth and stands as if struck dead, staring at the message]

KATE. [To Kennion] Dick! [Instrument stops]

BUR. [Turns and takes up the undetached tape. Reads from it mechanically] "Nothing known of others, Jackson." [Tape drops from his hand] Why—my

—horse—came—[*Stands for a moment unable to comprehend; then realizing the truth*] Is he dead? [*Enter Dix, R.I.E.*]

DIX. All ready, sir.

BUR. [*Under control, to Dix*] Mount twenty men and ride after me to Lumber Camp. [*Starts toward door, R.I.E., and falls into arms of McGlynn who enters. Kate and Kennion start toward him*]

KEN. You're in no condition to go. [*Kate picks up tape*]

BUR. [*Rouses himself and stands erect, brokenly*] Dick! [*Exit, R.I.E., followed by McGlynn. Kennion with a gesture stops Dix, who is about to exit, R.I.E.*]

JONES. The boy overtook us half way. When Lieutenant Hawkesworth ordered us to the ridge, he slipped away and joined us. After the volley I couldn't find him. My horse was shot. It was I that came in on Black Prince.

KEN. [*To Dix*] Take forty men with you. If the boy is dead, and the major can't go on, take Jackson along and find Hawkesworth's party if you can.

KATE. [*Following Dix to door*] Quick! Quick! Ride fast! [*Dix salutes and exit hurriedly, R.I.E.*]

JONES. [*Steps forward, salutes*] Let me go with them. I know every inch of the ground.

KEN. You're tired out. [*Jones steps back*] With Ladru's brains to direct them, there's no telling what they may try to do next. [*Goes to table, R.*] Well, we can manage them. [*Sits at table*] We will get reinforcements from Assinaboine. [*Takes paper from drawer of table and writes*] "To arms." [*Bugle*]

KATE. Yes—yes—but—[*Looking towards window, R.*] Meanwhile they—[*Jingle of sabres and bustle of Troops heard outside, R. Starts*] What's that? Perhaps they're here. [*Goes quickly to window*] No, it's the men mounting to go. [*Bugle call of "Forward" followed by sounds of departure*]

KEN. [*To Jones. Rises and tears off paper from pad*] Take this to Baker at the major's quarters. Tell him to get it on the wire to the Fort—instantly. [*Jones takes paper, salutes, and exit hurriedly, R.I.E. To Kate, reassuringly*] That will bring seven hundred men [*Looks at watch*] before three o'clock.

KATE. [*Walking to and fro in intense anxiety*] Yes, I know, but those—[*At window*] out yonder?

KEN. Take courage, Kate. Jones says his party was fired on from the further side. The main body may have escaped the ambush altogether.

KATE. [*Facing him*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth wouldn't abandon any of his men without an attempt to save them.



KEN. Perhaps they had to entrench themselves, and are waiting for help. That may be why there's no news of them [*Points to message*] at Lumber Camp. [*As if to himself*] That's likely. [*To Kate*] In that case, our forty men may get there in time.

KATE. But, O father, the uncertainty—[*Throwing herself in chair with her hands clasped between her knees, and swaying her body*] the suspense.

KEN. Courage. They will miss you in there. Go back to them. Let them see no alarm in your face. The Indians are ugly over the order to stop their dance. This is only an attempt to intimidate us. When they see Burleigh's party, they'll give in without further trouble. Come—come—[*Takes her to L.U.E. Music heard off*] There's a waltz. Why, you have no reason yet to give up Morton as lost.

KATE. God grant—[*Fervently*] That they all are safe. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

KEN. [*Left alone, he betrays anxiety*] I hope I've said nothing that won't prove true. [*Looks out of window, R.U.E.*] Nothing but darkness—darkness. [*Looks at the telegraphic instrument*] Nothing—Great heaven! If it is an outbreak—and Kate—[*Points to L.U.E.*] the women here—Pshaw! I'm too apprehensive. They won't dare go any further and, with the force from the fort, we will punish them for this day's work. Meanwhile, I'll be hanged if the pleasure of the women shall be spoiled by a scare. [*Goes toward L.U.E.*] I'll let Captain Morgan know—and Metcalf—Keats. But they must keep on with the dancing. [*Exit, L.U.E. Enter Arthur and Ann, R.I.E., his arm around her waist, deeply absorbed in each other, and carrying the hat and candle as before, except that the still lighted candle protrudes above the hat, having burned its way through*]

ANN. I guess we've been out there morn' a minute.

ARTH. It is delightful to be alone—with someone like you.

ANN. Um—m. But you spoiled the charm by lookin' over my shoulder when I saw your face at the bottom of the well.

ARTH. I was anxious, don't you know, to have it there. I'd have jumped in, if necessary. [*Wooingly*] Why, Ann, I'd go to the end of the world for you.

ANN. [*Dreamily*] Gee! And jump off!

ARTH. [*Abstractedly*] With happiness—if you requested it. Ann, look into my eyes and read what's in my heart. [*Music stops*]

ANN. [*Sighs and droops her head on his shoulder. Romantically*] You make me see stars. Oh, there's a fire in your stovepipe.

ARTH. [*Quickly withdrawing candle from hat*] Good gracious! [*Embarrassed*] Ha-ha!

ANN. [*Commiserating*] Tch! Tch-tch. It's a sin [*Thrusting finger through hole in hat*] Burnt a hole clean through the roof.

ARTH. Ha-ha! [*Takes hat*] I hope I don't appear absurd, but—[*More embarrassed*] Ha-ha!

ANN. Ha-ha! 'Scuse me, but—ha-ha!

ARTH. Ha-ha!

ANN. Ha-ha! [*They both laugh heartily. Ann exit*]

ARTH. I wonder if she thinks I'm a fool—By Jove—I'll go and ask her. [*About to follow her. Sees the tallow on his shoes and exit, L.1.E. The music of a galop is heard from the ballroom, mingled with the sound of the dancers' feet on the floor and the merry laughter of the women. Enter Edgar Hawkesworth, R.1.E., under intense, subdued excitement, goes to door, L.3.E. Morton Parlow, ghastly white, staggers in, R.1.E., and sinks into chair, R.; he throws his arms across the table, his head sinks down. There is an outburst of laughter in the ballroom at this instant. Edgar turns and looks in that direction*]

ED. [*In a low voice*] Well, Morton, we are here—safe; and not too late to keep our engagement at the ball.

MORT. [*Husky*] Don't—don't. We should be thankful to have escaped at all—without a scratch.

ED. While those poor fellows are lying dead, out there on the ridge. [*Morton, as if recalling the event of the day, groans. Edgar cautiously closes the doors, L.U.E. Stop galop. Then returns to table and bends close over Morton*] Morton, we could have saved them.

MORT. [*Uneasily*] You'll get credit, depend on it, for bringing your column safely out of an ambuscade. As for Jackson's party—why, you did all you could for the men.

ED. They would have been warned in time, surely and easily, if you had not failed in your duty.

MORT. [*Rising resentfully*] Take care. You are accusing me—

ED. [*Facing him*] Of an act of cowardice in the face of an enemy.

MORT. Sh! [*Looks around, frightened*] Sh! [*Smiles faintly*] Hard words, those. [*With bravado*] Don't speak them—again. [*Changes to a beseeching manner*] Edgar, old fellow, you won't let others hear you say such a thing as that?

ED. The general will demand a full report.

MORT. Well, you will report that you ordered Jackson and four men to reconnoitre the pass; that, when they'd been gone awhile you and I went to a point where we might use our glasses; that the Indian girl came and warned you that Scar Brow's braves were lying in ambush; that you sent me to bring back the scouts, but that—[*Hesitates*] there wasn't time to do it.

ED. [*Marked*] There was time to do it. [*Rapidly*] After you started, I returned to the men and made ready for the retreat that was imperative. Ten—fifteen—twenty—minutes passed. Why had you not overtaken them? I struck spurs into my horse and dashed your way. You were coming back—coming back—[*As Morton is about to speak*] letting those poor fellows go on to their death. Are you a soldier? Where was your courage? At that moment the deadly volley rang out. [*Dashes his hand across his eyes*] It was too late—too late.

MORT. If I blundered—well, if my nerve failed me—I'm sorry; but what is the good of getting me into trouble? Nobody knows you sent me to them.

ED. If Dick Burleigh is hurt—or worse—the major will insist on knowing every detail.

MORT. [*Dumbfounded*] Oh! You love Kate. You knew it meant death to me.

ED. Morton! [*Vehemently. Controlling himself*] Yesterday you struck me in the face, and I forgave the impulse which prompted the blow. But for daring to breathe what you have this moment uttered there is no excuse. You have forfeited all claim of friendship or pity. [*Firmly*] And I will not spare you.

MORT. [*Pleadingly*] Yes—yes. Don't mind what I said. I didn't mean it. [*Thinking Edgar means to denounce him at once, goes between him and doors, L.U.E.*] No—no—. Don't—don't. If you tell the general, I'll be court-martialled, cashiered from the army—disgraced. Ah! You are making this the means of degrading me before Kate. You hope to make her your wife by destroying me. [*Edgar turns to him. Crosses down, R.C., by table*] Is that fair? Is that fair? [*Abject*] Oh, for God's sake, don't tell them I could have saved those men if I hadn't been afraid to risk my own miserable life. [*Sees the colors of the troop on the wall, L.*] Ah! [*With a cry, hides his face*] I am not fit to look at that flag. I am the lowest and most contemptible thing on God's footstool—a coward. [*Sinks on the seat beneath the flag*]

ED. [*Affected, aside*] That I, of all men, should have the power to decide his fate. [*Aloud*] Do you know what my silence means? That I must lie to them.

MORT. [*Rising slowly, crosses, and facing him*] We both love Kate Kenion. I hold her in honor bound to marry me. I will give Kate up to you. [*Edgar starts, comprehending his meaning. Bending close to him*] It shall be I—not you—who seeks a transfer to another regiment—who goes away without her. [*Enter Kate joyfully, L.U.E.*]

KATE. Morton! [*Goes to him. Edgar rises at the sound of her voice*] I'm glad you've come. I was so anxious. [*Turns to Edgar*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth—we feared the worst.

MORT. You've heard what happened?

KATE. Yes. [*Takes tape from table, where Kennion has placed it and hands it to Edgar*] This message came.

ED. [*As he reads*] Three poor fellows killed. [*Crosses up, L.C. Hands tape to Morton*]

KATE. And little Dick, too. [*Looks up at Dick's portrait*] He may die.

MORT. [*Aside to Edgar*] Shall it be silence and Kate Kennion?

ED. [*After an effort*] No. [*Enter Kennion from ballroom*]

KEN. Hawkesworth—Morton. [*They salute. Crosses in between. He takes a hand of each*] Boys, thank heaven, you are back with us. [*To Edgar*] Where did the major's party join you?

ED. Just beyond Two Mile Bluff. He rode on alone to Lumber Camp.

KEN. How did you escape the ambush?

ED. The Indian girl, Fawn, gave us warning.

KEN. Before you sent the scouts forward?

ED. No, afterwards.

KEN. Wasn't there time to recall them? [*Morton starts and looks at Edgar*]

ED. [*After a second's hesitation*] I thought so. An effort was made to reach them—

KEN. Of course, but why did your man fail?

MORT. [*Fearful of Edgar's reply, he answers quickly*] He rode almost to Flagstaff Rock. Then he heard the firing and knew it was too late. [*Click. Aside to Edgar beseechingly*] Spare me! [*Instrument clicks. General crosses to instrument*]

KEN. Ah! Here is something from Lumber Camp. [*Goes to instrument. Reads as message is clicked off*] "Jackson reports Indians—in—war—paint—massing—in—great—numbers—indications—of—general uprising." [*Speaks*] From Burleigh. [*Clicking stops*] This means hot work ahead of us. [*Crosses to C.*]

MORT. General, wouldn't it be well to stop the ball?

KATE. [*At mantel, crosses a little to L.C.*] No, no; let it go on. You may depend on the women to be brave when the test comes; but keep the truth from them as long as possible.

KEN. She is right. My telegram will bring the rest of the Twelfth here before the dancers have half slept off the fatigue of the ball. [*Enter Jones hurriedly, R. & E.*]

JONES. [*Salutes*] General.

KEN. Well?

JONES. The wire to Fort Assinaboine is cut.

KEN. The wire cut?

JONES. Baker has been signalling for ten minutes. All communication with the Fort is broken off.

KEN. That is Ladru's cunning. He means to shut us off from reinforcements. Humph! Humph! Morton, you take your sweetheart and keep the ball rolling. You can brush up in there. [*Points to L.I.E. Morton, with an appealing look at Edgar, exit, L.I.E. To Edgar*] I'll use you. [*Dryly*] You haven't a girl tied to your heartstrings. [*Instrument clicks. Points to it*] See what it is.

ED. [*Reads*] "Lose no time—in—getting—help—from—Fort—attack—on—Post—Kennion—imminent. Burleigh.

KEN. And no wire to Assinaboine!

ED. [*Continues reading, as the clicks continue*] "For—the—general—personally." [*Looks at Kennion. Kennion motions him to go on reading. Reads*] "If by any chance I don't come back—open—package—courier—brings—and—" [*Clicking stops. Pause*] Something must be the matter.

KEN. That wire is gone, too. [*Troubled*] Ladru is bent on isolating us. Ah! The courier!

KATE. [*Up L.C.*] He arrived a few minutes ago with the mail.

KEN. [*Sits at table, R.C., and writes. After a few seconds, reads as he continues*] "A general uprising of Blackfeet has taken place. [*Enter Ann quickly, L.U.E. Kennion sees her and writes silently*]

ANN. Oh, dear. Not a chair to be found an' it's so much snugger to talk to a gentleman sittin' down. [*Sees chair Kennion is sitting in*] 'Scuse me, gineral, will you spare this—if you're not usin' it? [*Kennion rises without noticing her and keeps on writing*] Much obliged. [*Picks up chair and runs off, L.U.E. Kate brings keg from R., and places it for Kennion, who sits*]

KEN. [*Reads as if completing despatch*] "Send in great haste remainder of Twelfth Cavalry." [*Finishes as though writing signature. Blots the page and folds it, addresses it*] "Colonel Ridgeway—" [*Rises and hands it to Jones*] Give this to my courier. Tell him to mount my horse and ride like the devil for Assinaboine. [*Jones salutes and exit*] They should be here by daylight. [*By this time moonlight has relieved the darkness outside and stars are visible. Takes field glass from wall, L., and goes toward stairway at back*] The moon's giving us a little light now. I'll see what I can make out. [*To Edgar*] Lieutenant, wait for me. [*Goes upstairs and exit*]

KATE. [*At window, R.*] Look yonder—to your right—that speck of fire.

Ed. [*At window*] The Indians are signalling.

KATE. How far is that?

Ed. Six miles, probably.

KATE. There's another. [*Points*] Lieutenant, what do those signals mean?

Ed. Ladru is gathering his forces.

KATE. Then there is no doubt that he means to attack the Post? Oh, my father doesn't hesitate to speak before me. You need not. [*Distinctly*] Unless Ladru delays until the courier brings the regiment, we are—doomed? [*Gavotte begins*]

Ed. God help the women. Before those stars fade [*Points out window, R.U.E.*] into dawn all of us may be face to face with the calamity which now seems certain. Miss Kennion, we are alone; whatever comes, it is for the last time. [*Kate stands motionless*] If anything should happen to me—tonight—we are only a handful of men here—facing death perhaps, for some of us. If it chances that I am removed from the troop—and if you are near me when I—go—promise me that you will whisper good-bye to me again and tell me—tell me—[*With an outburst*] O Kate, you could speak it to me then. Let those three precious words be the last.

KATE. [*Almost rigidly*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth, I am the affianced wife of an officer in your troop. [*Enter Morton, L.I.E. He has removed the dust from his boots and uniform. To Morton*] Will you take me to the ballroom? [*Takes his arm and exit with Morton, L.U.E.*]

Ed. [*Looking after her*] Yes, yes; I had no right to expect you to say, even if I were going out to certain death, "I love you." [*Fawn appears, R.I.E. She rushes to L.U.E. The humor of the following scene must be accentuated notwithstanding Fawn's serious earnestness*]

FAWN. [*Impetuously*] I hate her.

Ed. Fawn!

FAWN. [*Stamping her foot with childish fury*] I hate her. I hate her. [*Faces Edgar*] Fawn hates the pale lady.

Ed. Why does Fawn hate the lady?

FAWN. [*Points to window, R.U.E.*] Fawn was there. How dare she not love Hawkesworth.

Ed. Hush, Fawn. [*Gently but firmly leading her from doors to C.*]

FAWN. [*Looking at him wonder-eyed*] Why is she not glad when Fawn's big soldier chooses her to be his squaw?

Ed. [*Taking her hand and patting her on the shoulder*] It is the custom with our people, little Fawn, to let the woman decide for herself.

FAWN. Hawkesworth saved Fawn. She will plead with the pale lady. [*Starts toward L.U.E.*]

ED. [*Amusedly restraining her*] No, you mustn't do that. You've done quite enough for me today. If it hadn't been for your timely warning, heaven knows what might have been the fate of our whole party. [*Kisses her hand*]

FAWN. [*Takes handkerchief from her neck and winds it around the hand he has kissed. Tearfully*] Fawn grieves because the beautiful lady will not make Hawkesworth happy.

ED. Miss Kennion is the promised wife of another man.

FAWN. Who can he be—instead of Hawkesworth.

ED. Lieutenant Parlow. [*Fawn, unnoticed by Edgar, starts. Kennion appears on stairway. Stop music*]

KEN. [*Seriously*] Hawkesworth.

ED. Yes, sir.

KEN. Things look bad. Hurry in there and tell Keats and Metcalf to slip out and keep the men ready for an emergency. Send Morton here. [*Edgar hastily brushes his clothes and exit, L.U.E. Kennion comes down steps and replaces glass on wall. He does not see Fawn*]

FAWN. [*Crosses to R.C., confronting Kennion*] Fawn wants to tell the great general something. Why his braves died. Fawn saw the lieutenant go to bring them back. He was afraid. He stopped and waited. He turned back. He was a coward.

KEN. [*Starting*] A coward? Which lieutenant do you mean?

FAWN. [*Turns back, L.U.E., and points*] Him. [*Exit, R.I.E. Edgar and Morton appear, L.U.E. A pause, Kennion turns and sees that Fawn is gone*]

KEN. Hawkesworth, I'm sure I saw Major Burleigh's party coming around the curve. Go out and see. [*Edgar salutes and exit, R.I.E.*] Morton, certain information has come to me. There may be some mistake; I hope so and, before taking any action, I thought it best to speak with you alone.

MORT. General! [*Kate appears in doorway, L.U.E.*]

KEN. [*Not noticing this interruption*] Was it through any error or [*Hesitates*] blunder, that these men were not overtaken before they reached Flagstaff Rock? [*Kate hearing Kennion's words comes into the room*]

MORT. [*Starts slightly, but quickly controls himself*] You heard Hawkesworth say an effort was made.

KEN. By whom? [*Pause*] Answer.

MORT. General—I—I—

KEN. [*With his eyes fixed on Morton*] Is it true that there was an act of cowardice?

MORT. [*Aside*] Hawkesworth has spoken.

KEN. [*Slowly and distinctly*] Is it true that there was an act of cowardice?

MORT. [*Drooping his head*] Don't insist—general—not yet.

KEN. You are keeping something back. You are a trusted officer. This affects the honor of your regiment. Who was the coward?

MORT. [*Relieved; aside*] Then he hasn't accused me—yet. [*Aloud*] I beg of you, don't compel me.

KEN. [*Seriously*] Morton, do you want me to believe—

MORT. [*Faces him*] No—no—general.

KEN. [*In measured tones*] Who was the coward—Hawkesworth?

MORT. [*Almost inaudibly*] Yes.

KATE. [*Stunned*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth a coward?

KEN. You told me that a man rode almost to Flagstaff Rock; that he heard the firing; that it was then too late. Those were exactly your words.

MORT. When I spoke them, sir—I said what was not true.

KEN. [*Breaking down*] Then you lied to save your friend and comrade from dishonor?

MORT. Yes— [*Aside*] It is his word now, against mine. [*Kate, half stifled, opens window, L.U.E., and leans across sill*]

KEN. Few as we are here, we can spare a poltroon. [*To Morton*] Pending an investigation, tell Hawkesworth he is relieved from duty.

KATE. [*Starting forward*] No—no—no—father.

ANDY. [*Outside window, R.U.E. Not seen*] General—general! [*Kennion goes to window, R.U.E.*] The Indians are surrounding the Post. [*Enter Lucy, L.U.E.*]

LUCY. The girls would like to know what detains Mister Jones.

KEN. [*To Andy outside*] Sh! Speak low.

KATE. [*Laughingly*] Lucy, dear—come here. [*Takes her to window, L.U.E.*]

KEN. [*To Andy*] Has Major Burleigh come?

ANDY. Yes, sir.

KEN. Report to him. [*Turns away from window*]

LUCY. [*Still at window, L. To Kate and others. Delighted*] Oh, look at the bonfire 'way off there. [*Points*]

KEN. [*Glances out window, L. Speaks apart to Morton*] They are between us and the Fort. Thank God! My courier by this time is well on his way to Assinaboine. [*Enter Edgar hastily, R.I.E., carrying a courier's mail bag*]

ED. General, your horse has just galloped in with this. [*Holds up bag*] Across the empty saddle. [*Sees Lucy and lowers his voice*] There's blood on it.

KEN. They've killed the courier. [*Clock outside, L., begins to strike twelve. Kate, with her arm around Lucy, goes L.U.E.*]



KATE. It's Fourth of July. [*Playfully*] Tell them in there to play something patriotic that we can waltz to. [*Calls*] Private Jones. [*Private Jones enters, R.I.E. Kate sees him and beckons. He goes to her. Puts them both out. Closes doors and stands with her back against them, her hands holding the knobs. Dix enters, R.I.E., crosses to window, L.U.E., and closes the shutters. Edgar retires to window, R.U.E., and stands looking out. Kennion has opened bag and taken out his despatch. He throws bag on table, tears envelope open, removes sheets of paper and writes hurriedly. The air of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is heard faintly, off L.U.E.*]

KEN. [*Writes*] "Since the above was written, the courier who started with it has been killed. Our only hope now is that a second messenger may reach you." [*Waltz starts. Folds up letter and replaces it in envelope*] We require a good, clear-headed rider for this—a man who doesn't know fear.

KATE. [*Impulsively calls*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth! [*Morton starts. Edgar comes forward*]

KEN. [*Crosses to C., aside to Kate*] What do you intend to do? [*A Trooper appears at window, R.U.E., holding a spirited horse, saddled, bridled and flecked with foam. Note: The horse may be omitted*]

KATE. [*Crosses down to R., aside to him*] In this hour of peril, I want to know whether we have a coward among us. [*To Edgar, taking bag from table, R.C.*] The general wants a second courier. It is almost certain that he will never reach Assinaboine—alive. [*Falteringly*] Will—you—go?

ED. [*Holding out his hands for the bag*] Yes.

KATE. [*Places the bag over his shoulder and speaks under her breath*] I love you! [*There must be a strong contrast between the gaiety of the ball and the gloom of danger hanging over the Post. Picture*]

### ACT III.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH"

SCENE: *The stockade at Post Kennion. The enclosure is built in accordance with military usage, as described in article on "Fortification" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The stockade is formed of a row of strong palisades, pointed at the top, from nine to twelve inches in diameter, fixed deeply in the ground, with intervals of three inches between the palisades. These intervals are filled by smaller palisades, cut square at the top, every alternate palisade being shortened four and a half inches, so the open space above it may be used as a loophole. A stout riband nailed horizontally to the upper ends of the palisades strengthens the construction. Along the palisades extends a ban-*

*quette or embankment, high enough to enable persons when standing on it to look out through the loopholes. At L. is the barrack building. The front corner is partially burned. Several extinguished incendiary arrows are sticking in the wood. A long ladder is against building, and three or four water buckets marked "U.S." are beside it. Three windows in second story, two facing R. and one facing audience. One window in first story faces audience and one, near corner, faces R. The windows have closed wooden shutters. A door, L.U.E., with a small roof supported by posts. At R. are massive wooden gates, swung on large posts, and heavily barred and bolted. A parapet, R.C., large enough to hold several persons, is reached by steps. The ground outside is supposed to slope away. Beyond the stockade on all sides, nothing but sky is visible. No wings are used. A small fire, L., has nearly burned out. The scene presents an aspect of grim picturesqueness.*

**TIME:** Dawn of the Fourth of July, 1890.

**MUSIC:** Sixteen bars of awe-impressive music are played; then a pause of dead silence, after which the curtain rises on the following tableau.

**DISCOVERED:** Kennion stands, L.C., his back to audience, and his eyes fixed on Andy who is crouched on the parapet, R.C., peering through loophole. Kate stands R. of Kennion, clasped in his arms facing audience, listening breathlessly. Burleigh is seated on camp stool, near corner of building, L., writing on a small cross-legged table, on which are pen, ink, and paper. McGlynn stands, L. of him, holding up a lighted lantern. Lucy is lying asleep, covered with a blue cavalry overcoat, her head resting on a rolled-up army blanket, R. of fire, the glow of which illumines her face. A trooper's Wife sits on the ground near rear corner of building with an infant at her breast, and a little Boy and Girl asleep at her side on an army blanket. Jones is watching at loophole near gate, R. The cut he received in Act II is covered by a piece of plaster. A Trooper at back is looking off, L., through loophole. Dix, with his head bandaged and bloodstained, stands with a group of six Troopers, C., facing Kennion, carbines in hand as though awaiting orders. Their faces and clothes show the effects of a night of desperate fighting. All who appeared in Act II still wear the costumes of the ball, producing an effect of contrast between their gay attire and their present plights. The light is gray and misty, as though the darkness were giving way to the dawn of day. Note: The voices of the people in this act are modulated in keeping with the awful suspense and danger hanging over them.

**BUR.** [*Lays down pen, blots page and reads by light of lantern unheard by the others*] "Daylight, July 4th, 1890. We are now besieged on all sides by overwhelming numbers. Since my last entry we have withstood a fierce at-

tempt to destroy the Post by fire. Our men have shown admirable courage, during the night's desperate defense, and our women are bearing up with remarkable fortitude. The—last—bullets—are in our rifles. Unless Lieutenant Hawkesworth has reached the Fort and soon brings relief we are beyond—human—help." [*A pause. McGlynn puts out lantern and exit, L.U.E. Kate, who has stood motionless, listening for some distant sound of the expected relief, droops her head with a despondent look; then slowly turns and faces the east. Daylight begins to show faintly over the horizon*]

KATE. [*Pointing*] Look, father, at last—the day is breaking. [*Crosses up, L.C.*]

BUR. [*Picks up half-burned segar from table, but does not relight it. Rises and comes forward*] Good morning, general. [*Kennion extends his hand. They silently shake hands, and separate, Burleigh goes to parapet, R.C., and speaks up to Andy*]

KEN. Sergeant, make these men take a little rest.

DIX. [*Sharp, but subdued*] Fall in. [*The six Troopers do not obey. One steps forward and speaks to Dix. Turns to Kennion. Salutes*] General, we think that if you can stand it, we can.

KEN. I want everybody to take advantage of this breathing spell.

DIX. But, sir—

KEN. If they're bound to do as I do, [*Good humoredly*] let them go and get some coffee. I intend to. [*Facing them*] Boys, for the sake of the women and children that are with us, we must keep all our strength for what's to come. [*Dix and the Men fall in obediently and march off, L.U.E.*]

MCGLYNN. Left face—forward—march.

KATE. Poor little Lucy. [*Drawing the blue army coat over her*] She tried to be so courageous but her strength gave out.

JONES. Miss Kennion, can I do anything?

KATE. [*Hushed*] Sit by her till she wakes. [*Jones takes Kate's place by side of Lucy. Kate crosses to trooper's Wife, L., at back. After speaking to her, she goes to parapet, and stands leaning against it, facing L., listening. Burleigh comes down, R. of Kennion; they speak apart in low tones*]

BUR. I think they're waiting for the sun to rise.

KEN. Ah, that must be it. Ladru has excited them to a religious frenzy. Sunrise will be the signal for the final attack. How many men do we number now?

BUR. Seventy-six.

KEN. [*Echoing*] Seventy-six! [*Impressive*] Against those thousands of bloodthirsty wretches we can't hold out an hour longer. [*Crosses down, L.,*

*then up, R.C. Enter Arthur, L.U.E., still in evening suit, but wearing a military fatigue cap]*

ARTH. [*To Burleigh*] Dick has just woke up and he's asking for you.

BUR. [*To Kennion*] If Jackson hadn't brought my boy out of the ambuscade, I'd be of little use to you. [*To Arthur*] I'll go to him. [*Goes L., back of table*]

ARTH. He's much weaker since I removed the bullet. I want him to sleep again.

BUR. I'll only kiss him. [*Takes papers from table, puts them in his breast pocket and exit, L.U.E. Arthur takes letter from his pocket, sits at table, L., and addresses it. Kennion shades his eyes with his hand and watches horizon, R.*]

KATE. [*Up C.*] This awful stillness. If only it would be broken by [*Low*] "Are you dead? Are you alive?"

ARTH. [*Aside*] I've written home there's a little girl out here I'd like to take back with me. I'll add another postscript, [*Opens letter and writes*] about the peril we're in, in case—[*Speaks as he continues writing*] If we get out of this I'll tell Ann I love her. I've told everybody else. Now to post this—[*Recollects*] Impossible. If the worst comes, they'll find it here. [*Seals letter. Puzzled what to do with it, suddenly pins it inside his cap. Goes to loophole, L.C., and looks out over Trooper's shoulder. Reenter McGlynn, L.U.E.*]

MCGLYNN. [*To trooper's Wife*] Come, Mrs. Saunders, the little ones must ate somethin'. Ah, now put that look out of yer face. [*Cheerfully*] Sure, Jim isn't mindin' his wound at all. They'll let you go to him, after awhile. He's fast asleep. [*Aside*] Lyin' where they danced last night, wid a bullet in his heart. [*Gets on knees and speaks to the boy who awakens*] Now—Boots and Saddles. [*Boy rubs his eyes with his fist and climbs on McGlynn's back*] I'll be yer donkey. [*Sings softly a snatch of an Irish lullaby as he picks up the sleeping girl, and rising, exit L.U.E., followed by the Mother, pressing the infant to her breast*]

KATE. [*Coming down, C.*] Father, if Lieutenant Hawkesworth reached Assinaboine safely—he should be back—when?

KEN. [*Without turning*] Before this.

KATE. [*Turning to him*] With your horse and no—accident—when should he have been here?

KEN. [*Turning to her*] Knowing our need—an hour ago. [*Watches horizon again*]

KATE. An hour ago—sixty slow—slow minutes—yes—yes, [*Recalling Kennion's words*] he knew our need. He rode for our lives—our lives. [*Tears*

*streaming down her face*] I—I sent him out, too. [*Enter Morton, L.U.E. He wears his cavalry overcoat. He sees Kate and pauses, then approaches her*]

MORT. Kate, dear, the air is chilly yet. That light wrap. [*Referring to a small lace mantle which has fallen away from her shoulders*] Isn't enough, [*Takes off his overcoat*] take this.

KATE. [*As coat touches her shoulders, shivers slightly and draws back*] No. [*Recovering herself*] No, thank you. I don't need it. [*Crosses up R., to Kennion*]

MORT. [*Aside, watching her*] What does she mean? [*Passing his hand across his forehead*] Pshaw! There's no time to care for that now. My heart thuds like clods of earth on my coffin. [*Aloud*] General, anything encouraging?

KEN. [*Coming down with Kate, C., extending his hand*] My boy, [*Looking from one to the other, trying to smile*] this isn't the most cheerful place for you two young people just now, but—we won't give up all hope of your wedding tomorrow. [*Kate's head sinks on Kennion's breast*] All depends on that young man.

MORT. I've wanted to tell you how I regret that I exposed him. I should have faced a court-martial rather than let you force me to tell. [*Aside*] I'm too close to death to lie now.

KEN. His conduct last night goes far to retrieve his—

KATE. [*Silencing him with a kiss*] My father is too just a man to speak that word, when Lieutenant Hawkesworth is not here to defend himself. [*Goes up*]

MORT. [*Aside, to Jones, annoyed*] Go to that lookout.

JONES. [*Salutes*] I'm on duty here, sir.

MORT. Do as I order. [*Jones is about to obey when Lucy moves uneasily in her sleep*]

JONES. I beg pardon, but I'm on duty here, sir.

MORT. [*Angrily*] I'll have you punished. [*Kennion coming down, C.*]

KATE. [*Down C., a little*] I requested him to sit by her.

KEN. [*To Jones*] Jones, bring my glass. [*Jones rises and salutes*] And then—obey Miss Kennion. [*Exit Jones, L.U.E. To Morton*] He was keeping guard over the girl he loves. If he'd deserted her I'd have let you punish him. Thirty years in the army have taught me a loyal lover is bound to be a good soldier. [*Reenter Jones, L.U.E., with field glass. Gives it to Kennion. Lucy suddenly sits up, half awake, her hair unloosened. Jones quickly crosses to R. of Lucy, Kate goes to L. of her*]

LUCY. [*Jones crosses to R. of Lucy*] Ah, Kate, [*Rises and clings to her*] don't leave me. Hold me close—close. I'm not afraid—but—[*Shudders*] those

horrible cries. [*Nestling her head on Kate's bosom*] Oh, if my brother were only here.

KATE. Courage, dear.

LUCY. [*Crossing to Kennion*] General, you're sure he has reached the Fort—aren't you? [*Kate, stretching out her arms to hold Lucy, nods to Kennion to say "Yes"*]

KEN. Why, yes.

LUCY. Ah, but I heard someone say, [*Burleigh enters, L.U.E.; pointing*] you—major—there was only one chance in a thousand for him.

KATE. [*Drawing Lucy to her, fervently*] We still have that one chance left for hope to cling to. [*Enter Dix*]

ANDY. [*Abruptly, without turning from loophole*] There's something stirring—[*Kennion goes to loophole, R., near gate and peers out*]

KEN. Where?

ANDY. To the left—in the bushes. [*A breathless silence*]

KEN. Looks like somebody creeping cautiously towards the Post.

BUR. They're up to some mischief.

KEN. [*Turning from loophole*] It may be a trick to divert our attention from that side. [*Points, L.*]

BUR. [*Crosses up, L.C.*] Parlow, tell Keats and Radcliffe to keep a sharp lookout. [*Morton salutes and exit, L.U.E.*]

ANDY. It's the Indian girl.

KEN. and BUR. [*Surprised*] The Indian girl!

KATE. Fawn. [*Jones and Troops recover arms. Lucy crosses to L.*]

ANDY. She wants to slip in without the Indians seeing her. [*Quick raps are heard on gates, R.*]

KEN. Open the gates. [*Kate crosses up, C.R. Trooper turns the heavy bar, Jones draws the bolt, and the gates are opened. Fawn Afraid, her face stained red and wearing a blanket, part of which covers her head, enters. Trooper quickly closes gates, Jones bars and bolts them. Fawn walks stoically to C., and then looks around as if in search of someone*] Do you come from Scar Brow? [*Fawn fixes her eyes upon Kate*] What have you come to tell us? [*Red light on. Fawn takes a cavalry hat from under her blanket and hands it to her*]

LUCY. Edgar's hat. [*Takes hat from Kate, and with a scared look, examines the lining*] Yes, yes. [*Dazedly*] Here—is—the—little—blue—band—I—put—in—it. [*Buries her face in the hat with a sob. Jones impulsively goes to her, and her head sinks on his breast. At a gesture from Kennion, he leads her off, L.U.E. Andy comes down from parapet, Trooper taking his place*]

KATE. [*Afraid to realize the truth*] Do you bring us a message—from Lieutenant Hawkesworth?

FAWN. [*Mournfully*] He-ay-wa-na. He-ay-na. [*Bows her head and ends with a low moan*] Cha-n. [*Sits on the ground with her blanket drawn closely around her*]

ANDY. She says he is dead. [*Indian music commences*]

KATE. [*R. Transfixed*] Dead! [*All are deeply impressed, as this destroys their last hope of relief from Assinaboine. The first glow of sunrise is seen in the sky above the palisades*]

KEN. Only a miracle of God can save us now.

BUR. Listen. [*Indian songs, pp. The voices of the Indians rise wilder, and the peculiar sounds accompanying a war dance are heard at intervals*]

KEN. Look. [*Pointing to the horizon*] We were right. The sun has risen. They are getting ready. [*Dix, McGlynn, Jones and the six Troopers reenter, L.U.E., and take their places, L.C.*]

BUR. [*Desperately*] Well, we can—fight!

KEN. I will appeal to Ladru.

BUR. [*Coming down, L.C., a little*] Beg to the enemy? No, general. They may crush the Post like an eggshell, but let's fight it out.

KEN. [*Placing his hand on Burleigh's shoulder*] Major, you and I fought on a forlorn hope once. [*Business hand*] Don't speak. [*Continues so that Kate does not overhear*] My heart quails at the fate for our women in the hands of these savages. [*Arthur and Jones shudder, and with desperation stamped on their faces, look towards barracks*]

BUR. [*Fearfully*] I had forgotten—that—[*To McGlynn*] Signal them. [*McGlynn ties a white handkerchief to a carbine and raises it above the palisades, R. To Andy*] Watch for the answer. [*Andy goes on parapet and watches. They form group at back waiting anxiously for an answer to the flag of truce*]

KATE. [*Coming out of her stunned condition*] Dead—out there. [*Speaks through choking tears*] And I sent him to his death—because—I wanted to show them how brave he was. And, oh—my hero. [*Covering her face, sobs*]

FAWN. Is the pale lady's heart [*Rises to her knees, and placing her hand on Kate's heart*] breaking—[*With her other hand, takes Kate's and places it on her own heart*] like Fawn's? [*Kate nods her head. Unwinds the handkerchief, which in Act II she wrapped around her hand, after Edgar had kissed it*] Hawkesworth's kiss is there. [*Lifts the hand to Kate's lips*] Fawn came to bring it to you. [*Indian music stops. Kate, stifling her sobs, kisses the hand. Fawn, with a smile of content, sits on ground again, draws the blanket about her, and the stoical look comes back into her face*]

KATE. [*With an outburst. Fervently*] If I pray to live now, it is to answer the black lie that stains his name. [*Morton appears in doorway, L.U.E. He shows by his manner that he has heard of Hawkesworth's death. Fawn sees him, and touching Kate, points at him. Kate looks, sees Morton, and not comprehending Fawn's meaning, looks down at her enquiringly*]

MORT. Hawkesworth's dead.

ANDY. [*Abruptly*] Scar Brow is riding this way. [*All stand perfectly still. The war song gradually ceases. Kennion mounts the parapet and stands erect beside the signal flag, exposing himself above the palisades. A pause. At the sound of Ladru's voice, stillness seems to be intensified, so great is the suspense*]

LADRU. [*Outside*] What do you wish to say? [*He is supposed to stand on the slope below the level of the stockade. He is not seen. Kennion, in addressing him from parapet, looks down*]

KEN. If you succeed in your purpose of massacre, what good will it do for your people?

LADRU. I came to hear you. What else have you to say?

KEN. Our government will retaliate. But if you wait, your complaint will be answered from Washington.

LADRU. And the answer brought to us again by your soldiers. No. We do not trust you.

KEN. Can I not appeal to your reason?

LADRU. No.

KEN. If we surrender, will you treat us as prisoners of war?

LADRU. No.

KEN. Our women? Will you—spare them?

LADRU. No. [*Kate runs on banquette, mounts parapet, and stands beside Kennion. A breeze has gradually risen; it stirs her garments and flutters one or two ribbons*]

KATE. Will Scar Brow let one of the women appeal to his—heart?

LADRU. Yes. [*All listen eagerly for what may follow*] I promise—that the general's daughter shall live. [*Marked*] My—braves—will—not—kill—her. [*The Men are horrified, showing in their faces the full of significance of Ladru's words*]

KATE. Ah! [*Not fully understanding, clings instinctively to her father*]

ARTH. Horrible!

BUR. My God. This is his revenge for the Blue Lake affair. [*The Troopers recover from their horror and instinctively clutch their carbines*]

KEN. [*Turns to them, his hand resting on the flag of truce*] He is protected.



LADRU. If this is all you have to say, I will go.

KEN. [*Faces Ladru. Quietly*] You have a child. We all know you love her. It is to a father I—beg. Don't let this—harm come to—[*Placing his hand on Kate's head*] my child.

LADRU. [*His voice for the first time showing intense passion*] You cannot soften my heart. I hate you. It was you—you that destroyed us at Blue Lake. Your sabre marked the memory of that day on my face. My people's cries against you make me deaf. [*Kate, now beginning to realize the truth, with a cry staggers down from parapet and sinks at Fawn's feet. Fawn clasps Kate, and draws her protectingly to her*]

KEN. [*His eyes fall on Fawn. With an inspiration*] Ladru, your child is here. What shall I do with her?

LADRU. Fawn is with her own people. [*Fawn kneels*]

KEN. [*Pointing towards Fawn*] She is with us. I will be more merciful than you. [*Deliberately*] The first shot you fire on this Post, I will give the order to—kill her.

LADRU. [*With a cry of intense feeling*] Ah!

BUR. That reached his heart. [*A pause*]

LADRU. If Fawn is with you, show her to me. [*Kennion turns to Burleigh. As Burleigh starts to bring Fawn to the parapet, she sinks to the ground; Arthur goes quickly to her, opens her blanket and examines her*]

ARTH. [*Horror-struck*] She is dead. [*All stand aghast. Kennion remains motionless on parapet, not daring to show his despair to Ladru. A pause*]

LADRU. My soft-eyed Fawn is not there to protect you.

KEN. I give you my solemn word—she is here.

LADRU. Then let me hear her voice. [*The sun by this time has fully risen and the sky is brightly illumined, the light falling on the hopeless faces of the group*] She cannot stay my hand again. [*Defiantly*] Let the Great Spirit witness, I hurl defiance.

KEN. [*Calling*] Ladru. [*Turning to the others*] He is gone. [*Comes down from parapet*]

ARTH. [*To Kennion*] A bullet wound, general.

MCGLYNN. Sure, it must have been a stray shot, while tryin' to save the lieutenant. [*Tenderly lifts Fawn's body, carries it to the back of stockade, L.C., and covers it with an army blanket*] This is the last of Hawkesworth's poor little "Captive." [*Kate rises to her feet, totters to Kennion and sinks on his breast. An impressive silence*]

BUR. [*Moved*] God help her.

KEN. [*Stifles his feelings, dashes his arm across his eyes, and recovers himself*] Boys, the time has come for us to do our best. Look to us [*With his*]

*hand on Burleigh's shoulder*] for orders, as long as you can. When it's hand to hand, rally around the women and children there—[*Pointing, L.*] and, well, I won't tell you what to do then.

BUR. Let's get ready. [*Lights cigar and puffs vigorously*]

KEN. Take your places. [*The six Troopers go to loopholes*]

BUR. [*Calls off, L.*] Take your places.

KEN. [*To Burleigh*] Tell them to put the women and children in the strong room.

BUR. [*Calls off, L.*] Put the women and children in the strong room.

KEN. [*Putting his arm around Morton's neck*] You and I, Morton, with the thought of Kate, must fight like—demons. Join the men. [*Pointing, L.*] There—[*Shots*]

MORT. Kate, let me take you in.

KATE. No—not yet. If we shouldn't meet again—[*Extends her hand*] Morton, good-bye. [*Morton kisses her hand and, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a handkerchief, exit L.U.E.*]

DICK. Pop! Pop! Is there going to be another fight?

BUR. [*At door, L.*] Dick does not get left. [*Shots*]

ANDY. They're advancing—they're making for the other side.

KEN. [*Looking off, L.*] Ah, they'll begin the attack on the burnt portion of the barracks. [*To Troopers*] Boys, you're wanted there. [*Dix, Jones, Jackson and the Troopers quickly exeunt, L.U.E.*]

BUR. [*To McGlynn*] Look after Dick.

MCGLYNN. [*Salutes*] I'll barricade him wid me last breath. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

ARTH. [*Picking up a rifle*] I'll keep Miss Ann company. [*Exit, L.U.E. Shots. Volley heard, off L., supposed to be from Indians*]

BUR. [*Excitedly, looking off, L.U.E.*] They're at us now. [*Exit, L.U.E., calling*] Boys, get ready. [*Kate, who has not stirred since the flag was taken from her, fixes her hair at the back with both hands where it has become slightly loosened. With the last straggling shots, she speaks*]

KATE. Father!

KEN. Kate!

KATE. When he said—they would not kill—me—did he mean—[*Fearfully*] the—worst?

KEN. My child!

KATE. [*Huskily*] Yes?

KEN. God help you. [*The war song is heard again*]

KATE. Then, if I stood there [*Pointing to the parapet*] in full view of those savages, every rifle would be turned aside from—me?

KEN. [*Turning away*] O my darling!

KATE. [*Desperately, turning him to her*] I want to be sure, tell me.

KEN. [*Almost inaudibly*] Yes.

KATE. Oh! [*With a cry of horror, buries her face in her hands. To Kennion, as he goes to her*] Don't. Let me cry out. Anything. [*Sinks on her knees*] O God, hear me.

KEN. [*In despair*] Am I powerless to save her?

KATE. [*Rising and tearfully twining her arms around Kennion's neck*] And can't my father who has always shielded me so tenderly—from every harm—help me now—help me now?

KEN. [*Clasping her tightly in his arms*] To the last, he will try, my darling.

KATE. And what—after—when I am alone—I shall be left a captive to—Indians! [*With a shriek of terror*] No—no—no—no—never—never! [*Clings to Kennion*] Father—father—father—save me—some way.

KEN. [*Agonized*] Kate.

KATE. [*Resolute, calm and deliberate*] When the time comes—when all hope is gone—when it is the end—before death comes to you—father—[*A pause*] kill me!

KEN. [*Struck dumb with horror*] Kate!

KATE. [*Pleadingly*] Oh, it won't be so hard. It will be over so quickly. [*Clinging to him*] Take me away from them—with you. My own hand might fail. Oh, think of the fate of that woman at Pine Ridge—[*Beseechingly*] and save me!

KEN. [*Turns away, revolting at the terrible deed exacted*] No!

KATE. [*Holding fast to him, and with a superhuman effort turning him to her*] Think of Ladru's fearful hatred of you. Think of his rage when he finds his daughter. [*Pointing to Fawn's body*] dead—[*Kennion starts*] He will believe you have killed her—and—speak, father—do you want me to live?

KEN. No.

KATE. Then you will?

KEN. [*With his heart breaking. Inaudibly*] Yes. [*Volley of shots from Indians*]

BUR. [*Outside, L., above the tumult*] This is the last, boys—give it to them for all you're worth. [*A volley from the Indians and barracks is kept up till exit of Kennion. Kennion clasps Kate to his breast, kisses her and exit, L.U.E.*]

KATE. Edgar! [*A momentary lull outside. Sinks on her knees, C., clasps her hands and recites from the service for the dead*] "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live." [*Shots*] "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower"—[*The shots of Indians and barracks drown the re-*

*mainder of speech and is kept up until Kennion enters, L.U.E., hatless, his coat torn open, and a smoking revolver in his hand]*

KEN. It is the end.

KATE. [*As before*] "In the midst of life we are in death." [*Kennion, with an agonized look, faces her*] "Of whom may we seek for succor but of Thee." [*During a moment's stillness, the distant notes of the bugle call to advance are heard very faintly, off L. Lets her uplifted hand fall across her eyes and faces Kennion*] Now. [*Kennion, with a heartbroken cry, clicks the pistol, which is held at his R. side. The weapon must not be seen by the audience. Kate vaguely begins to hear the bugle, and as Kennion is about to raise the pistol, which is still unseen, she utters a cry*] Listen—listen! Do you hear it?

KEN. What?

KATE. Sh! [*Straining every nerve*] Listen. I heard the call of the Twelfth!

KEN. Impossible. [*The bugle call is heard*]

KATE. There. Now—do you hear it? Help at last! [*Wild with joy*] They are coming—they are coming! [*The bugle call of "Charge" is sounded close at hand*]

KEN. Thank God! [*A low volley fired by the approaching relief party, is followed by a general commotion. Kate, laughing and sobbing hysterically, seizes the flag, dashes on the parapet, and waves it frantically. Wild cheering in barracks. Edgar, with mud and dust on his uniform, enters, L.U.E.*]

ED. [*Saluting*] General! [*Kate, at the sound of Edgar's voice, staggers down from parapet, still carrying the flag. When she realizes he is alive, she sinks across Kennion's breast, extending her hand towards Edgar, who grasps it. Picture*]

## ACT IV.

### "FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN"

SCENE: *The general's home near Fort Assinaboine. A reception room. It is V-shaped. A large opening and staircase, L.U.E., showing hallway, with windows at back. The hallway is lighted by a hanging lamp. The stairs are so built as to show as much as possible of the hallway leading to rooms beyond. A small opening with portières, below hallway, L., leading to library. A doorway, L.U.E., with portières. At angle of room, back C., a door with portières. A large opening extends almost the entire R. of room, and is backed by windows, with glass doors, C., forming alcove. Lattice work over windows. Portières at sides of opening. A marble veranda and balustrade, outside R., showing garden. Fort Assinaboine is seen near-by, and, in the distance, a lake*

*view. The soft, blue light of summer twilight illuminates the exterior and floods the room. A low couch, R.U.E., near opening. A full-length mirror between opening, L. A large, shaded, pedestal lamp, lighted, between library, opening and mirror, L. A table, L.C., with a gong bell on it. A chair, R. of table, L.C. A high-backed armchair, R. Note: No ornaments or furniture except the pieces mentioned above; carpets, rugs and portières are rich and tasteful.*

TIME: *One day later.*

DISCOVERED: *Lucy appears at opening, back C., dressed suitably as a bridesmaid at an evening wedding.*

LUCY. [*Talking, off L.*] I won't be long, Kate. Eh? I'll be right back—sure. [*Sits in chair, L.*] I came out to think. [*After a second, she hears footsteps, off R., runs to window*] Mister Jones. Curious, he'd just come in my mind. [*Private Jones appears outside windows, R., in uniform. Raps. Getting no response, he enters, and goes toward staircase, L.U.E. Third knock*] Come in. [*Disappointed*] How do you do? He's going without speaking to me. [*Coughs, as though with a slight cold*]

JONES. [*Aside, surprised*] Miss Hawkesworth. [*Lucy coughs again*] Poor girl. She caught cold sleeping on the ground. [*Lucy coughs a little harder. Alarmed*] I hope it's not serious. [*Advancing. Aloud*] Miss Hawkesworth. [*Lucy pretends to be fast asleep*] Asleep. After her awful experiences, she's tired out. [*Stands at back of her chair, Lucy opens her eyes*] She'll not hear me—now. She will never know. The poor soldier would not dare to tell her. [*Lucy closes her eyes as he bends over her and looks into her face*] I love you. [*Turns to go*]

LUCY. [*Takes his hand, pretending to be dreaming*] Kate—my darling—don't leave me. [*Jones is greatly confused. Wakes up. Rubs her eyes with one hand, retaining his with the other*] Was I dreaming? I thought somebody was here. [*Sees Jones. Starts to her feet*] Mr. Jones. I beg pardon. Was I—was I asleep?

JONES. Yes. I beg your pardon for awakening you.

LUCY. I hope you'll excuse me. It seemed as if somebody was talking to me. [*Jones gets nervous*] Did you see anybody go out?

JONES. [*Realizing that Lucy holds his hand*] No.

LUCY. I thought I had hold of the person's hand. [*Aside*] How his hand trembles, poor fellow. [*Rises, seriously*] Mr. Jones, I've been wanting to see you—to thank you. You were so kind to me—so good—during that dreadful time—as long as I live I shall never forget you. [*Shakes his hand vigorously*]

JONES. [*Modestly takes his hand away and salutes*] Thank you. [*Assumes a stiff, soldierly attitude*]

LUCY. [*Aside*] He's so bashful, he's delightful. [*Aloud*] Has my brother arrived at the Fort yet?

JONES. [*Hesitates*] Yes.

LUCY. Oh, then he was able to ride. The general said his wound wasn't painful.

JONES. [*Aside*] They haven't let her know how serious it is.

LUCY. I wish he'd hurry over here. I want to show him off. Just think. My brother rode through a hailstorm of bullets. I don't think Phil Sheridan's ride amounted to anything.

JONES. Miss Hawkesworth, I am indebted to you for an invitation to Miss Kennion's wedding tonight. I came [*Taking letter out of his pocket*] to present my regrets.

LUCY. Why, aren't you coming?

JONES. Among all the fashionable guests, I'd be out of the ranks.

LUCY. I'm tired of seeing dress-suits. You've no reason to be ashamed of your uniform. I like you better as you are.

JONES. [*Impulsively*] I'll come. [*Assumes a stiff attitude as before*]

LUCY. We'd have missed you if you hadn't. [*Offers chair*] Won't you be seated, Mr. Jones? [*Crosses to R., to armchair; seeing his military attitude*] Oh, you needn't stand that way. General Kennion's not here. [*Seeing strip of plaster on side of his face*] I forgot to ask about your wound. Oh, my, there's a drop of blood trickling down. [*Jones wipes his face with handkerchief*] Does it pain? You never told me how you got it.

JONES. The day of the ambuscade, the bullet that killed poor Campbell said "How do you do" to me.

LUCY. I wish you'd write that in my autograph book. I'd like something to remember you by when I'm far away.

JONES. [*Forgetting his military attitude*] Far—away?

LUCY. Good gracious, it's worse. Sit down and I'll bind it for you.

JONES. [*Wiping his face with his handkerchief*] You?

LUCY. Quick. Sit down. [*Jones sits in chair, R.*] 'Twould break your mother's heart if you bled to death. [*Folds her lace handkerchief into a bandage, passes it around his head and finds it too short*] It's too small. Where's yours? [*R. of chair, Jones gives her handkerchief. She folds it into a bandage and passes it around his head*] So is this. Why, I'm afraid it's puffed your head. What shall I do? Not a piece of lint in the house. No time to send to the Fort. [*With a sudden idea*] Ah! [*Points R.*] Guard that door with your eyes. [*Runs L., turns her back to audience, raises her dress and*

*tears off a lace flounce from her petticoat*] There. Nobody'll ever guess where it came from. [*Goes to him*] Oh, did I hurt you?

JONES. No, thank you.

LUCY. Now, Mr. Jones—[*Wraps the lace several times around his head and pins it*] your wound is dressed.

JONES. [*Rising*] Thank you. [*Affected*] Miss Hawkesworth, you've done a great deal for me. Before I met you, bad luck had discouraged me. But now—[*Overcome, covers his eyes with his hands*] What's going to become of me when you're away—far away?

LUCY. [*Unseen by him, wipes away a tear*] Oh, I don't expect to stay away forever. I'll come to see Edgar occasionally.

JONES. [*R., with much relief*] I'm glad of that. May I say something?

LUCY. [*R.C.*] Of course.

JONES. [*Modestly*] If I should ever earn a promotion—if—if—circumstances should so place me—[*Stops with a lump in his throat*]

LUCY. [*Aside*] My heart aches for him. [*Aloud*] Well—

JONES. That I could come to you and say—No. No. I am forgetting myself. [*Hopelessly*] I have no right to even dream of it.

LUCY. Is it anything like what you said [*Mischievously*] when I was dreaming?

JONES. [*Starts, looks at her, realizing she heard his avowal, hangs his head confusedly*] Forgive me. [*Enter Kennion down stairway, L.U.E. He wears evening dress*]

LUCY. [*Throws her arms around Jones*] I love you, too. [*Kennion coughs. Hearing Kennion*] I had to. He's so bashful.

KEN. What does this mean?

LUCY. [*Startled*] Union forever. [*Runs off, back C. Jones embarrassed, assumes a military attitude of "Attention"*]

KEN. [*Aside*] I thought she was taking an unusual interest in this young man. Poor girl. All her happiness will go when she hears her brother accused. [*Sits R. of table, L.*]

JONES. [*R.C.*] I didn't mean to let her know, sir. It was a secret I expected to carry [*Laying his hand on his breast*] here. [*Earnestly*] General, I do love Miss Hawkesworth, and—and, somehow I told her so.

KEN. [*L.C.*] I judge, by what just happened, you'd better let her brother into the secret, too.

JONES. [*Starts*] Tell the lieutenant?

KEN. Report to him, when he's able to hear you, all you've done.

JONES. Yes, sir; but he may be angry and—

KEN. Well, you can't do better than get killed in a good cause.

JONES. [*Salutes*] No, sir. [*Hands an official despatch to Kennion*] Colonel Ridgeway sent this, sir.

KEN. [*Opening despatch*] Oh, then the colonel's command has got back to Post Kennion from the pursuit. [*Glancing at paper as he speaks*] Was Major Burleigh's party in yet?

JONES. He came in a few minutes before we started to ride over here, sir. I gave him the package, as you ordered, at once upon his return. When I went to his quarters again, I found him white as a ghost, his eyes fixed on something—it looked like a portrait—clenched in his hand.

KEN. [*Aside*] He had seen his face. Who can the scoundrel be? [*Enter Morton, L.I.E., restless but with a manifest effort to appear calm*] Morton, Ridgeway reports that Ladru was killed at the Curve this morning in a last desperate resistance.

MORT. This will end the outbreak. How is Lieutenant Hawkesworth?

JONES. The surgeon says it's a bad wound, but not fatal.

MORT. [*With much relief, aside*] He won't know of the wedding until tomorrow. That's sure.

JONES. Any further orders, general?

KEN. Patrol that room [*Pointing to L.I.E.*] until Miss Hawkesworth relieves you. Then tell her that she can do what she pleases with you. [*Jones salutes and exit, L.I.E.*] Well, my boy, the wedding takes place tonight after all, though yesterday Post Kennion did look like our permanent headquarters. [*Looking at watch*] There's a whole hour yet. I'll have time to read your report of the ambushade.

MORT. It is not completed.

KEN. I have appreciated your reluctance to act against Hawkesworth. God knows, the father of Kate would shield the man who prevented—[*Falters*] But unfortunately the War Department has ordered an investigation of every detail of the uprising. Hawkesworth's conduct at Flagstaff Rock must be reported—fully.

MORT. He will be court-martialled?

KEN. Undoubtedly. But I feel too grateful for his great service to us not to use every means to save him.

MORT. When you questioned him again why did he admit everything?

KEN. He told me nothing. My first information came from Fawn. [*Morton starts but instantly recovers, and listens eagerly*] She saw it all. Finish your report before the ceremony. It must go to Washington with mine. [*Authoritatively. Exit, L.U.E.*]

MORT. There's been a blunder—fortunate for me. [*Draws a long breath of relief*] The Indian girl is dead. [*Exit, L2.E., to library. The early twilight*]



*begins to fade out of the room. Enter Wilbur's Ann, L.2.E., downstairs. She wears a pretty frock. The only attempt at fashionable style in her toilet is with her hair, which is arranged in a Psyche knot*

ANN. [*Goes to large armchair, R. Sighs ruefully*] Heigh-hol [*Sits stiffly on chair*] Life is a dismal, barren desert now. [*Puckering her mouth to keep back the tears*] He's goin' away. I've forgot how t'cuss sence I've known him. When he's around he makes you feel so good. [*A long sigh*] Heigh-ho. I s'pose likely there's some girl in Quebec achin' f'r him t'come back. But 'er hair don't beat mine, f'r he says he never saw anything so glorious. [*Glancing toward mirror*] I gave it a Psyche twist tonight f'r him. [*Whimpers*] Oh, I wish I could live in the same family with him till I died. [*Sinks on her knees and buries her face in seat of chair, the back of which is turned towards L. She has a good cry. Arthur appears on stairs, L.U.E.*

ARTH. Ann promised to come early. I've looked everywhere for her. [*Comes down several steps*] She doesn't care a rap for me. It's devilish lucky I'm off early in the morning. The only remedy for love is—land between—  
[*Ann sobs low. Starts*] A girl crying. [*Ann sobs a little louder. The high back of chair hides her*] Where is she? [*Comes downstairs. Looks about the room, Ann swallows a sob, turns L., quickly*] Ah, she's there. [*Approaches chair cautiously*] Who is she? [*Looks over the back. Surprised*] Ann! [*Ann's last sob ends in a gulping sigh*] What are you crying for?

ANN. [*Embarrassed, starts to her feet*] Nothin'. [*With difficulty keeping a sober face*]

ARTH. Nothing? [*Ann nods her head*] Give me your hand.

ANN. Goin' to count my pulse again?

ARTH. I want to find out what troubles you.

ANN. [*Putting her hands behind her*] Ye'd think I was silly.

ARTH. [*Coaxing her*] Won't you tell me? [*Ann shakes her head and turns away*] It's the last time I'll ever ask you anything. What's hurting you?

ANN. [*Shy*] A feller.

ARTH. [*Misunderstanding*] A felon? Let me see. [*Takes her hand and examines fingers*] Oh, here it is. Poor child—swollen all up. I'll lance it. [*Takes out a pocket surgical case; places it on table, L., pushes up his sleeves, and picks up a lancet. Ann gives a cry of alarm. Runs and hides behind portières, R.*] It'll all be over in a second.

ANN. [*Peeping out*] Nothin's the matter with my finger.

ARTH. No? [*Approaches her, lancet in hand. Ann scampers half way up staircase*] Didn't I understand—Oh, you said a fellow. [*Disgusted*] I hope I haven't disgraced my profession. [*Flourishing lancet in air several times*] The villain shall answer to me.

ANN. [*Coming downstairs*] Please don't. You'll cut yourself. It's not his fault.

ARTH. No? I'll ask you one more question. Do you love this—feller? [*Ann nods "Yes," and hangs her head, sinking in chair, L.*] I'm deuced glad I'm going away.

ANN. You needn't go on his account.

ARTH. [*Turning up the collar of his dress coat and buttoning it*] I must. Why didn't you tell me when we first met, you were in love with somebody else?

ANN. I wasn't.

ARTH. You mean to say you fell in love with him after you saw me? [*Ann nods her head*] What's he look like?

ANN. [*Touching up her hair before mirror, L.*] Want t'see him?

ARTH. Yes.

ANN. What would ye' say t'him?

ARTH. [*Looking over her shoulder and speaking to her reflection in the mirror*] "You've got the sweetest little girl in the nation." [*Ann in her nervousness, instead of fastening her hair takes out the pins*] "I'd give all my money to stand in your shoes." [*Feelingly carried away*] I wouldn't call Queen Victoria my uncle. I would say, "Confound you I'm—sorry to congratulate you."

ANN. [*Her hair falls down, covering her face*] Gee whiz. [*Peeping out of her hair, aside*] He recip-er-o-cates.

ARTH. [*Still looking in mirror*] Where is the rascal?

ANN. Lookin' at you.

ARTH. [*Turning quickly, R.*] Where? [*Ann with the palm of her hand turns his face towards mirror again. Starts back as he stares at himself in the mirror*] Idiot! [*Turning to her*] Kiss me.

ANN. I will, if ye' can ketch me. [*Ann quickly turns down lamp, L., leaving the room in darkness. He chases her. She finally cuddles up in chair, L., R. of table*]

ARTH. If I were a cat I could see her in the dark. [*Arthur in passing to go L. almost touches her. She snickers. He kisses her. She picks up the skirt of her dress, disclosing a pretty petticoat, covers her head like a hood, and runs off, R., through glass door, pursued by him*] I don't think I've disgraced my profession. [*The moonlight begins to fall through windows, R., but leaves L. of room in shadow. Enter Edgar in dress uniform, R.U.E. of alcove. He is weak from a wound in his side. He pauses at the threshold and comes into room*]

ED. Everything in this room is a memory. [*The voices of Troopers are heard far away singing, "Cheer, Boy, Cheer." Edgar sinks in chair beside table, L., and leaning his elbows on table, buries his face in his hands. He is in the dark. Reenter Morton, L2E., with finished report*]

MORT. It is written. The only voice that could prove this a lie is silent in the grave—like that other—dear woman. [*Thinks he heard something outside, R.*] What's that? [*Looks towards R.*] Why the devil doesn't the girl light the lamp? Pshaw. [*Turns to go, L., smiling*] I think my management of this whole affair is a master stroke. [*Starts again, speaks under his breath*] There is somebody there. [*Sees the shadow of a man on window, R.*] Scared by—a shadow. [*Goes upstairs*] The ceremony over, General Kennion's son-in-law can take care of himself. Ha-ha! [*Exit, LUE., laughing. As the shadow disappears, Burleigh, wearing uniform as in Act I, is seen outside windows, R., and enters by the glass door. He has heard Morton's laughter. He pauses, R. He is pallid and unnaturally calm. He knocks the ashes from his segar, holds up its fire and peers, L., into the dark. Sees the form of Edgar in the shadow, seated at table. Controlling himself by a superhuman effort, with an expression of terrible hatred on his face, he advances towards him. At this instant, Edgar rises, turns L., and the two men stand facing each other in the moonlight*]

ED. [*For a second fails to recognize Burleigh in the dim light. Extending his hand*] Major.

BUR. [*Taking Edgar's hand*] Lieutenant. In the dark I thought you were Parlow. [*Exit, L2E., to library*]

ED. [*Goes to window, R., leans his back against open door for support, his face turned towards the Fort, and listens to the distant voices. He sings the last line with them as the song dies away*] In the barrack, at the camp fire, in the battle, even when hearts are breaking, the soldier finds cheer in a song that nerves him for—duty. [*Music stops. Enter Lucy, LUE., looking for bridal veil*]

LUCY. Oh, dear, where did I put that wedding veil? [*Goes to lamp and turns up light, sees Edgar, hugs him*] Edgar—has Private Jones had an interview with you lately? When he reports to you, remember what you said to me—"Don't be too hard on poor Jones." [*Looking off, L1.*] There he is marching up and down as if he'd been put on patrol duty. I'm so happy—if the whole Twelfth had one mouth—I'd kiss it. [*Exit. Kate appears in doorway, back C., dressed in simple white gown. She stands in the folds of the portières and looks towards the rooms beyond stairway, LUE. The light through windows, R., falls upon her*]

KATE. Edgar!

ED. They told me at the Fort you had called. [*She is compelled to sit on chair*] Thank you. The orderly also informed me you'd made him promise to send for you as soon as I awoke.

KATE. Yes—there's something you should know. Are you strong enough to listen to me? [*Strikes bell on table*]

ED. Ah, I'm all right—thanks to Fawn—she was riding beside me in the darkness when the bullet struck me. But first it had pierced her poor little body.

KATE. What I tell you will make the blood leap from your heart into your face. [*Edgar looks at her in amazement*] On it depends more than a life—a soldier's honor. [*Going close to him*] Are you able to hear it?

ED. Yes. [*Enter Jennie, L.1.E.*]

KATE. [*To Jennie*] Ask Lieutenant Parlow to come here. [*Exit Jennie, L.2.E., upstairs. Speaking quietly but gradually rising to great intensity*] The general knows there was cowardice at North Pass.

ED. [*Starts*] Ah!

KATE. Was Lieutenant Parlow the guilty man? [*Edgar is dumbfounded, but checks himself and is silent*] As I suspected, you are shielding him. [*As the conviction of Morton's dastardly lie is forced upon her by Edgar's continued silence, she cries out in horror*] Oh! [*Turns to Edgar*] You are silent because I am his promised wife, and you are his friend.

ED. You were right—when you said—"On it depends more than a life—a soldier's honor." [*Rising*] I will tell General Kennion he is mistaken.

KATE. [*C.*] What if Lieutenant Parlow has accused somebody else?

ED. [*R., by chair*] Impossible.

KATE. He has told the general that you are the coward.

ED. No! He won't believe it.

KATE. I heard him.

ED. [*With tremendous vehemence*] He lies. [*Morton appears on stairway, L.U.E., followed by Kennion*]

KATE. [*Pointing to Morton*] Tell him so.

ED. Ah, you coward! [*To Parlow*]

KEN. Hawkesthorn, what does this mean?

ED. When you accused me of that act of cowardice—confess to the general you lied. [*Kennion, astounded, comes down stairway to L.*]

KEN. [*L.*] Morton?

MORT. [*R.C.*] General—I admit—I'm as much surprised as you are, by this outrage.

ED. [*To Kennion*] When you questioned me, on our return from the ambushade, I was silent. I did not contradict him. Against my duty, I spared him.

MORT. He wants you to believe he did for me what you know I did for him. There's only one explanation. He loves Kate.

KEN. [*Surprised, looks hard at Edgar*] He loves Kate?

MORT. He won't deny that. Maddened with jealousy—dreading exposure—he has made a ridiculous attempt to disgrace me.

KEN. [*To Edgar*] If I have been lenient with you, sir, it is because I remembered your final deed of heroism. You make me forget it now.

KATE. Father!

KEN. This is no place for an investigation.

ED. General—

KEN. Fall back, sir.

BUR. [*Enters from L.2.E., looking straight at Morton*] Damn you. I'll shoot you like a dog—if I hang for it. [*This should be made electrical in its effect. Before Burleigh can draw his pistol, Kennion seizes him by the hand*]

KEN. Burleigh—[*Realizing the truth, looks Burleigh in the face*] My God the face was—*Burleigh raises the portrait, which is in his L. hand. Kennion, stunned, turns his eyes from the picture to Morton. By this time Morton, who showed the craven before Burleigh, has recovered self-possession*

BUR. [*In a husky voice*] Let go my hand. [*Dick Burleigh, dressed in a neat black suit, pale, and his arm in a sling, enters with McGlynn, R. In the presence of the boy, Kennion releases Burleigh's hand*]

DICK. Pop, I've been wanting to see you. [*Putting his free arm around Burleigh's neck*] I promise I'll never run off again without first reporting to you. [*Explosively*] Whoop, but I nearly went to join the angels—[*Seriously, putting his lips for a kiss*] and—mother. [*Burleigh kisses him, and breaking down, turns away*] Don't pop. I'm O.K. [*Kate takes Dick from Burleigh's arms*]

KATE. Then show us you are. Let us see you march up those stairs like a little soldier. [*Dick salutes*] About face! March! [*As Dick marches upstairs, Kate turns to Burleigh*] Major, let the world forget your sorrow. Let the disgrace go into oblivion—for the boy's sake. [*Dick halts on landing*]

DICK. Say, pop. [*Descending several steps, stretches out his hand. Burleigh goes to stairs. Coaxingly*] Come up and tell me all about the fight. Did we sock it to 'em? [*To McGlynn*] Give me a lift. Get up. Hurray—Tiger! [*McGlynn helps him on Burleigh's shoulder. Exit Burleigh, L.U.E., carrying Dick, McGlynn following*]

MORT. General, it is useless for me to deny I am not worthy of your daughter. As for that act of cowardice, you have my report.

KEN. [*Takes report from his pocket and tears it up*] Lieutenant Hawkesworth, let me have your report tonight.

MORT. I understand, sir, after that [*Insolently*] I resign my commission. [*Exit, R.U.E., through alcove*]

KEN. The same court-martial that punishes him ought to sit on me. [*Lucy runs on excitedly from C. back*]

LUCY. Kate, you'll be awfully late.

KEN. Hawkesworth, I don't know what to say to you. [*The air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is played softly by the orchestra*] First, tell me—do you love my daughter?

ED. Yes, general. [*Lucy sinks on sofa paralyzed with surprise*]

KEN. And—[*Looks at Kate. Kate turns away confused*] I have been an idiotic old bat.

LUCY. [*Jumping up. To Kate*] And I've been as blind as an owl—kiss me. I'll tell the girls the other wedding's off. [*Runs upstairs and exit, L.U.E. Enter Arthur, R., through window. At the same time, Jones appears at door, L.I.E.*]

ARTH. I kissed her. [*To Kate*] I took your advice. I told her I loved her.

KATE. And asked her to be your wife?

ARTH. By Jove, I forgot that! [*Exit precipitately, R.*]

ED. [*Extends his hand to Jones, who clasps it in both his own*] It is all right, Bob. [*Pointing upstairs*] Go up there and ask her to be your wife. [*Jones hesitates. Edgar starts him up the stairs with a push. Exit Jones, L.U.E.*]

KEN. [*To Edgar*] I'll silence that fellow's lie by—[*Abruptly pointing to Kate, who stands by windows, R.*] I wonder what Kate would say if you asked her to be your wife?

KATE. [*Turning quickly*] Yes. [*Stops suddenly, abashed. Edgar draws Kate to his breast. Arthur enters, R., with his arms around Ann, and Jones comes down stairway with his arms around Lucy*]

KEN. [*Looking at them, amused. Coughs*] This looks like—union forever. [*The melody of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," swells louder as the curtain falls slowly*]

CURTAIN

THE HEART OF MARYLAND

*A Drama in Four Acts*

(1895)





## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE HEART OF MARYLAND was first produced at the Grand Opera House, Washington, D.C., on October 9, 1895, under the direction of Belasco, and after a two-week try-out engagement was moved to New York, where it opened at the Herald Square Theatre on October 22, and ran continuously for 229 performances. The cast was as follows:

GENERAL HUGH KENDRICK	FRANK MORDAUNT
COLONEL ALAN KENDRICK	MAURICE BARRYMORE
COLONEL FULTON THORPE	JOHN E. KELLERD
LIEUTENANT ROBERT TELFAIR	CYRIL SCOTT
PROVOST SERGEANT BLOUNT	ODELL WILLIAMS
TOM BOONE	HENRY WEAVER, JR.
LLOYD CALVERT	EDWARD J. MORGAN
THE SEXTON	JOHN W. JENNINGS
UNCLE DAN'L	SCOTT COOPER
CAPTAIN LEIGHTON	A. PEARSON
CAPTAIN BLAIR	A. C. MORA
AIDES-DE-CAMP OF GENERAL KENDRICK'S STAFF	{ WILLIAM JOHNSON
	{ FRANK STANWICK
	{ ROBERT MCINTYRE
CORPORAL DAY	EDWIN MEYER
BLUDSOE	EDWIN F. MAYO
LITTLE TRUE BLUE	MASTER JOHNNY MC KEEVER
O'HARA	J. H. HAZLETON
RUGGLES	THOMAS MATLOCK
FORBES	JOSEPH MAXWELL
PHIL	JOSEPH A. WEBBER
SENTRY	E. J. BOYCE
SCOUT	C. H. ROBERTSON
MRS. CLAIBORNE GORDON	HELEN TRACY
CORPORAL	H. E. BOSTWICK
MARYLAND CALVERT	MRS. LESLIE CARTER
PHOEBE YANCEY	GEORGIA BUSBY
NANNY MACNAIR	ANGELA MCCAUL

After its highly successful run in New York the play was in demand throughout the country, and was sent on tour in October 1896, opening in Philadelphia at the Broad Street Theatre, and ending at the Grand Opera House, New York, in May 1897. The play's third season opened at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on August 17, 1897, and included a transcontinental tour, ending at Hartford, Conn. in March 1898. At the close of this tour the company was sent to England, where the play opened at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on April 8, continuing until June 25. A London engagement for an American company was at that time an unusual occurrence, and may be taken as an indication of the prestige which the play had earned.

*The Heart of Maryland* was written as a vehicle for Mrs. Leslie Carter, who had been under Belasco's tutelage since 1889. It was written and rewritten over a period of several years, and suffered an extraordinary number of rejections at the hands of producers to whom Belasco submitted it. There were times when Belasco himself grew discouraged and laid it aside, but he always returned to it, and eventually, following a series of hectic financial adventures, succeeded in bringing it before the public. It was treated rather severely by the critics, but its popular appeal was enormous, and it established Belasco's fame and fortune.

Although Belasco had taken great pains to recreate the *locale* and period of the play—had even spent some time in Maryland absorbing atmosphere—his effort did not impress the critic of the New York *Tribune*, who accused the author of not having studied carefully enough the annals of the Civil War. "The enormities which he puts on the stage as perpetrated by military men of high rank were never committed by officers who wore the recognized uniform of the Confederate Army." The same critic insists that "Mr. Belasco is always the deviser, the contriver, the constructor of illusions and stage tricks." He objects to the "wild shrieking melodrama" of the play, and objects also to Mrs. Leslie Carter, "who had dyed her abundant tresses to a hue of so violent a red as to suggest the carnage of Magenta and Solferino." Such hair, he says, would stop "any timepiece ever put together."

The most famous scene in the play is that in which Maryland swings out from a tower holding on to the clapper of a bell which was to have signaled the lover's doom. This situation proved as popular with audiences as it proved unpopular with critics. Even today critics shudder when the scene is mentioned. But whatever may be said concerning the artistic value of the girl and bell-clapper device, the fact remains that it was a natural climax of the author's original theme, for Belasco's inspiration for the play was the poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight!"

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

GENERAL HUGH KENDRICK, *commanding Southern forces*

COLONEL ALAN KENDRICK, *his son, of the 9th Cavalry, Northern forces*

COLONEL FULTON THORPE, *a spy*

LIEUTENANT ROBERT TELFAIR, *Battery B., Southern artillery*

SERGEANT BLOUNT, *ex-jailer, now a Provost Sergeant in the Southern Army*

TOM BOONE, *of Boonesboro*

LLOYD CALVERT, *Maryland's brother*

THE SEXTON OF THE OLD CHURCH

UNCLE DAN'L

BLAIR

HAYNE

BRYCE

LEIGHTON

} *Aides-de-camp of General Kendrick's staff*

CORPORAL DAY

BLUDSOE, *an orderly*

PRIVATE JOHNSON, *Southerner*

PRIVATE WILLIAMS, *Northerner*

LITTLE TRUE BLUE, *a bugler*

O'HARA

RUGGLES

FORBES

} *exchanged Northern prisoners*

CORPORAL (ACT I)

PHIL, *a Northern prisoner*

SENTRY

SCOUT

OFFICER (ACT III)

MRS. CLAIBORNE GORDON, *nee Calvert*

MARYLAND CALVERT

PHOEBE YANCEY, *Lloyd's sweetheart*

NANNY MACNAIR, *Mrs. Gordon's ward*

SOLDIERS, SCOUTS, SENTRIES, EXCHANGED PRISONERS, ETC.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I: "THE LILACS," BOONSBORO. "GREEN-WALLED BY THE HILLS OF MARYLAND."

ACT II: SOUTHERN HEADQUARTERS AT "THE LILACS." THE NEXT MORNING.

ACT III, SCENE I: EXTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH. NIGHT. (CURTAIN DOWN THREE MINUTES)

SCENE 2: COLONEL THORPE'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE VESTIBULE.

SCENE 3: THE BELFRY. (DARK CHANGE)

ACT IV: AT "THE LILACS." A LITTLE AFTER DAYLIGHT.

## ACT I.

PROPERTY PLOT: *Plenty of yellow ochre for dust, etc. 4 flour dredgers for same. 1 flour dredger filled with powdered charcoal. Letter in large envelope for Colonel Thorpe. Small bird (supposed to be wounded and unable to fly), a lark, for Nanny. A general's saddle and bridle for Bludsoe, off R.2.E. Transport order for Blount. Small salver with leg of chicken, for Uncle Dan'l, off L.U.E. Large piece of bread for Blount. For effects offstage, R.: 12 horse-shoes; large stone slab, 6 by 2 ft.; 2 pieces of lumber, 6 ft. long, 2 in. thick, 12 in. wide, covered with carpet and rubber. Also two small trestles for same. 12 cavalry sabres tied together with chains. Wood crash and loose logs. 2 trucks with wooden cogwheels filled with heavy weights, chains, etc., for artillery effects. Heavy iron weight for rumble. Large loose chain for use in artillery effect. 2 long rolls of matting for men to stamp on. Marching effect. Large watermelon on stage, C. Hanging vines on lower L. corner of balcony and railing. One lilac tree, high enough for a person to stand under and one lilac bush, L.; some of the blossoms and petals have fallen to the ground. Table made out of stump of tree, between lilac tree and lilac bush. On table, workbasket, plenty of sewing materials in workbasket, also one very large blue woolen sock, and one partly knitted. 4 steel knitting needles with a ball of blue wool on table, L. Small bench 12 by 18 in., 18 in. high, above gate to orchard, R.2. Large stone for little True Blue to rest on, R. of gate above house, L. Carpet inside house on upper and lower platform, also on steps inside house. Picture on backing inside house, facing front door. Field glasses in case with straps to sling over shoulder for Telfair. War map on rollers, made out of tracing linen for Aide. Memorandum books and pencils for General Kendrick and Colonel Thorpe.*

CALCIUM PLOT: *Lens in flies on low stand, R.3.E., large focus, to cover balcony and lilac tree in front of house, L., and "run" upstage, L. Red all through act. Green on high stand, R., back of bridge to cover drop Amber at rise; at cue "Drunk or in love, or both," change to Red until end of act. Lens in flies, R.2.E., to cover steps and stage front of house, C. Amber, change to Red at cue. Lens in flies, R.3.E., to cover lilac tree and table, front of house. Both these lights Yellow at rise. At cue, "Drunk or in love, or both," change to Red until end of act.*

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLOT: *Red and Amber proscenium lights, L. Amber proscenium lights, R. Red and Amber strip lights, R.1.E. Red and Amber strip*

*lights, R.3.E. Red and Amber strip lights, on wing of stage, R. 3 set rows on set pieces upstage, Red and Amber. White strip on set house, L. White strip over windows in house, L., light at cue. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th borders, Red and White; back border, Red, White and Blue. Footlights, Red and White. Note: All these lights must be worked on resistance. The Act opens with a warm summer afternoon. Lights changing gradually to a deep sunset.*

"THE LILACS." BOONESBORO.

"GREEN-WALLED BY THE HILLS OF MARYLAND."

*SCENE: Old Colonial homestead with veranda facing road, R. The veranda is four or five feet from ground, and rests on corbels. Vines droop over lower corner. Flagstaff slants from upper corner. French window opens on veranda. Steps, facing audience, lead to door of house which opens into hall. A fan-light is over door. Large brass knocker on door. The view from veranda commands the old country road, which leads to off R.2.E. Gate with latch to orchard, R.1.E. A brook runs from R., nearly to C. and disappears among meadows at back. Water lilies grow in it and the bank is covered with grasses. An old moss-covered, low-pitched rustic bridge crosses stream, overhanging boughs bend over bridge. Nearly L.C. is a path leading to a military camp, tents are seen near-by and in the distance. Adjoining house is a hedge with gate opening into private grounds. By upper corner of veranda is a lilac bush in full bloom, high enough for a person to stand under. Some of the blossoms have fallen to the ground. An old stump, about the height of an ordinary table, covered with vines, is by lower corner of house. Shrubs and flowers grow under the veranda. Ancient lilac bushes in full bloom hug the sides of house, thereby giving name of "The Lilacs" to the place. The scene is "walled in by the green hills of Maryland." Effect of lowland lights comes from valley at back and sunlight bathes all in a tender glow. The odor of lilacs fills the air. A soft melody is played at rise of curtain. End of prelude.*

*DISCOVERED: Uncle Dan'l, a lovable old darky with shining bald pate, and snow-white wool. His skin a dark brown. Dressed in a rusty old-fashioned suit of black, frilled shirt and high white stock, is asleep on front steps. His hat has fallen on the ground, and a large watermelon lies near him. When the music ceases the stillness is broken only by the heavy breathing of Uncle Dan'l; he draws a long breath, sighs and snores, ending with a little soft whistling sound. Lieutenant Robert Telfair, a tall young fellow, with all the elegance of a Southern gentleman, and an ultra-military bearing, dressed in the uniform of Confederate artillery (a sort of "Jeb Stuart"), enters down road at back, L.*

TEL. [*By bridge, unslings field glasses, looks off, R.*] No signs yet of General Kendrick's advance along this side of the hills. [*Replaces glasses in case, comes down, R.C. Uncle Dan'l utters a prolonged snore, followed by a whistle*] Eh! what the devil's that? [*Faces L., sees Uncle Dan'l*] Oh, of course! Ripening in the sun—[*Crosses over by house. Uncle Dan'l brushes back of his ear as if annoyed by an insect*] and a bumblebee singing to him. [*The bee is supposed to come near him*] Sho! Sho! [*Strikes at it with his hand*] Sho! Here! [*Tapping Uncle Dan'l on shoulder*] Wake up! [*Gives double rap on his bald pate*] Attention! [*Uncle Dan'l gives a short grunt like snore, his head falls forward*] A cannon shot wouldn't rouse him. [*As he moves away sees melon*] Ah! Cooling suggestion! [*About to pick it up*]

UNCLE. [*Raising the lid of one eye*] Le' go—le' go dat million! [*Recognizing Telfair, rises, his manner is courteous, imitating the old school of colonial gentry*] L'ten'n Telfair, I ax yo' pa'din, sah. I t'ought some ob yo' boys wuz a' prankin' agin, sho', sah.

TEL. You weren't asleep at all, uncle! You were playing possum.

UNCLE. 'Deed I wuz in de lan' ob Beulah, but—[*Going L.R., with untenuous chuckle*] b-b-but I had one eye on de million! Won't you had sum, lootenen? [*Picking up melon which is very heavy; admiringly, insinuatingly*] A slice ob dis million'll slide down de troat like de grace ob Hebben. [*Starts to exit through orchard gate, R.I.E.*]

TEL. No—no—thank you. [*Turns up L., quickly. Whistle. Goes up and signals, off L., towards the Post*]

UNCLE. [*Sort of paralyzed*] 'Fusin' million! 'Fusin' million! [*Horse distant, H.E.S. Smacks his lips and exit into orchard, R.I.E., with melon*]

TEL. [*Up C., speaking to someone off L.U., a little distance away*] Sergeant! No signs of General Kendrick yet? I'll take a look from Flag Staff hill. [*Starts L., Bludsoe is heard outside, R., Telfair stops. Bludsoe is supposed to have halted his horse down road*]

BLUD. [*Offstage*] Hello-o-o, there! [*Horse coming and halt*]

TEL. [*Facing road*] Hello!

BLUD. Lieutenant!

TEL. Ah, the general's orderly.

BLUD. [*Running across bridge, R., salutes*] I'm from General Kendrick.

TEL. Ah!

BLUD. With a message to Colonel Thorpe. [*They go downstage. Takes paper from belt and shows same to Telfair*]

TEL. [*Pointing from R. to L.*] Ride along that road to the foot of the hill. [*Bludsoe starts R. Horse going*]

BLUD. [*As he gallops off, his sabre clanking*] Yesterday morning.

TEL. [*Calling after him*] All quiet—along—the—Potomac?

BLUD. [*Distant*] All quiet—[*Voice gradually dies away*] except a stray bullet—[*Almost inaudible*] now—and—then. [*Sound of horse's hoofs and clank of sabre die away*]

TEL. [*C., looking R.*] Kendrick's advance! That's meat for the mess at our Post tonight. The second invasion of Maryland has begun in earnest. Hot days ahead! [*Nanny MacNair, a merry, little, bright-faced girl, about fifteen, frank and innocent, with a quaint brusque manner, dressed in a plain frock, and wearing a large gipsy palmetto hat, trimmed with long red, white and blue ribbons, comes through orchard, R.I.E. She has a bird snuggled in both hands up against her cheek. The gate is on the latch, and, without taking her hands down, she leans her elbow on the gate to push it open with her knee. Telfair salutes her with marked gallantry*] Miss MacNair. [*Nanny looks steadily at him, and with a manner equally marked, ignores his presence. She pushes the gate open and shuts it with a vicious little backward kick, passes him, and walks over to the corner of balcony, looking at hanging vines*]

TEL. [*Amused*] Little Northern nettle. She thinks her silence is stinging. So it is. I haven't deserved it—I won't stand it! [*As he watches her searching through the vines*] Miss MacNair, my services are at your command, if you're looking for anything in particular. [*Comes down*]

NANNY. [*Throws him a little disdainful glance, and continues her searching*] Where's that hummin' bird's nest? [*Giving up the search with a little disappointed cry*] Oh, shucks! It's gone!

TEL. Routed by a petticoat! [*Glances at her over his shoulder*] And such a short one, too. Never! [*Boldly and with lots of manner*] May I ask what you have there?

NANNY. [*Incisively*] A victim of war! [*Holding out bird*] Look there—what you've done!

TEL. [*Backing before her, astounded*] I—?

NANNY. Your men—choppin' down the trees for kindlin's murdered the parents and broke up the home. I found this—the only one alive, and they were all nearly ready to fly. Looters! Poor little shivery thing. [*Rummages in workbasket on porch*]

TEL. I'm sorry. Anything in the way of indemnity I can offer—

NANNY. [*Taking from basket a partly knitted blue woolen sock set on the needles. Without looking at him*] —will be refused! [*Drops on her knees to adjust sock in small bush. Cooingly*] Didums! There—this sock will do for a nest. You've lost your mother and I'll have to bring you up by hand. [*Puts bird tenderly in sock*] You shall have the sunshine!



TEL. Yes, but what a waste of good hosiery—and you knitted them! I'd love to wear them. I'd love to march in your socks—No, no, I mean—in those socks. [*Pointing to socks*]

NANNY. [*Facing him, still on her knees, taking very large sock out of basket*] What! A Southerner march in those! [*Saucy toss of her head*] H'm! [*With a contemptuous glance at his foot*] These are number twelves! I'm knitting them for a good, square-footed Northerner!

TEL. [*With a little extra interest*] Is that the measure of his foothold in your heart?

NANNY. [*Ignoring his interruption*] And when he comes down with both feet, [*Rising*] you 'uns better get out of his way.

TEL. [*To her*] Miss MacNair, am I to suppose then, that this young giant—is—your—sweetheart?

NANNY. If you want to.

TEL. I'm honored with this confidence, and I can certainly say [*With his most gallant manner*] the gentleman is to be congratulated. I can see you're devoted to him.

NANNY. Heart and soul.

TEL. And you've been engaged—?

NANNY. Since I was old enough to choose.

TEL. May I have the honor to know the name of your conqueror?

NANNY. Uncle Sam! [*Turns again to bird*]

TEL. [*Aside*] She's toasting me! [*To her, affecting great perplexity*] Uncle Sam, oh, that's the gentleman with whiskers on his chin, who dresses himself up in a white hat, with stars on his coat-tails.

NANNY. Never mind how he dresses himself up, he'll dress you down. [*Turns away*]

TEL. However does a rabid little abolitionist like you manage to get along under the same roof with Miss Maryland?

NANNY. Oh, she enjoys me, calls me her whetstone. It's the old lady I'm skeered on. [*At foot of steps, L., facing audience. Taking ribbons off hat, and cramming them into her pocket*] I reckon it's just as well not to rouse her secesh. [*About to go into house, L.*]

TEL. [*Tenderly, as she starts to go L.*] Don't go! You quaint little sprig of bittersweet.

NANNY. [*Looking back over her shoulder*] What's that, you Johnny?

TEL. Why do you hate us so, Yank?

NANNY. Oh! Never mind! [*Turning away*]

TEL. That warlike spirit of yours was never left you by your father, dear old Parson MacNair.

NANNY. [*Moving a little to him, facing him, with rising feelings*] No—it's my brother Ned's, who was shot by one of you. P'rhaps I don't know what it is to be an orphan like—[*Pointing to bird in bush*] that.

TEL. [*Starts to speak, with tender gravity*] I'm so sorry—I—I—it's awful for a country to divide, the North on one side, the South on the other. But we shouldn't be enemies.

NANNY. [*Suddenly realizing she is opening her heart, turns on him like a little fury*] Don't speak to me! Oh! Why wasn't I born a man?

TEL. For the delight of the fellow who was!

NANNY. I'll never forgive any of you! Never! Never! I hate you! You—you—[*Turns and runs up steps*]

TEL. Say it!

NANNY. I won't! [*Exit into house. Telfair crosses to R. Fulton Thorpe enters by road at back, R. His face is one not to be soon forgotten: sallow complexion, almost livid, and his hair, jet black. He has the look of a man addicted to very hard drinking, but never unsteady on his feet, nor in his speech. He wears the uniform of a colonel of Confederate infantry*]

THORPE. [*Speaks as he sees Telfair cross to R.*] Lieutenant!

TEL. [*Saluting*] Colonel Thorpe! [*Down R.*]

THORPE. [*L.*] General Kendrick will halt at One Tree Hill until the main force has crossed the river. By the way, do you know, is he related to Colonel Alan Kendrick of the Northern Army—let me see—colonel of the 9th Cavalry now holding Charlesville? [*Pointing, R.C., at back*]

TEL. Father and son.

THORPE. Too bad they should be fighting on opposite sides!

TEL. That's the pity of civil war, colonel.

THORPE. Of course, you know Alan Kendrick's not in command now, he's a prisoner at Danville.

TEL. That hole! You know Alan Kendrick, colonel?

THORPE. I've met him! [*Brusquely*] Keep a sharp lookout! [*Goes L., front of steps, looks off, L.*]

TEL. [*Salutes, aside*] Been drinking again—about time he sobered up. [*Thorpe turns, R. Exit down road, R.3.E. Lloyd Calvert, a pale-faced lad, with an earnest enthusiastic face and manner, dressed in a neat civilian's suit, enters by the road at back, L.3. Sees Thorpe and halts*]

THORPE. [*Eyeing him closely*] What are you looking for? [*Lloyd, R.C., Thorpe, L.C., front steps*]

LLOYD. [*Pointing to house, L.*] This is my home, sir.

THORPE. You're Lloyd Calvert? [*Crossing to Lloyd*]

LLOYD. [*Looks at him searchingly*] Yes, sir.

THORPE. [*Lowering his voice*] When'd you leave headquarters at Washington? [*Lloyd starts*] Don't spasm, boy! [*Thorpe whispers a word*]

LLOYD. Oh! [*Saluting timidly*] You are Colonel Thorpe, of the Northern Secret Service?

THORPE. Sh-h! [*Low*] Yes, but don't say that again! Be careful! Remember, I am known here as a trusted officer in command of this Post. [*Glances about without moving his body. Lloyd salutes. The following dialogue is spoken in low guarded tones*] When'd you leave headquarters?

LLOYD. Yesterday.

THORPE. Detailed on secret service—to enlist in the Southern ranks and report to me. You've enlisted?

LLOYD. Just now! [*Pointing off, L.U.E.*]

THORPE. Your family is the first here; your sister Miss Maryland, one of the most loyal women in the South, and your local knowledge makes you invaluable. That's why you were sent to me.

LLOYD. [*Aghast*] In—my—own—home! [*Crosses to L.*]

THORPE. What's the matter with you? [*Putting hand on his shoulder, stopping him*]

LLOYD. [*L.C.*] Nothing—but, on my way here I saw a Union spy hanged. As he stood with the rope 'round his neck, his coffin at his feet, his eyes were fixed on me.

THORPE. [*R.C.*] Nervous, eh?

LLOYD. [*Turns strongly, with spirit*] No! When I entered the Military Academy at West Point, I took the oath of allegiance to the North, I swore to serve it, and I'm going where my duty calls me. I know I'm doing right. But if I'm caught—Oh! I'm not afraid to die—[*Turns to look at his house. His voice falters as he looks toward the house*] They—my people will learn I have not been fighting for them—I was a spy against them.

THORPE. My young friend, emotion's a very fine thing—but curb it, if you don't want to fill a pine box like that fellow you saw hanged at Middletown. Don't stand so close. [*Lloyd takes a step, L., pause*] What news from Washington?

LLOYD. [*Distinctly and impressively. Front face, soldierly, low, distinct*] They know that General Kendrick is advancing with 60,000 men—that he intends to take our strongest post, Charlesville, and cut off all communication with headquarters at Washington.

THORPE. Well?

LLOYD. [*Increase a little*] General Hooker has been sent with a large force of artillery to strengthen the garrison at Charlesville and check Kendrick's advance.

THORPE. Well? [*Until after Lloyd's exit, he has a preoccupied air, even when talking*]

LLOYD. The reinforcements should reach there by daylight. [*Make a climax*] Every energy is bent on holding Charlesville. I have here orders for you. [*Hand to bosom*]

THORPE. Careful. [*Lloyd drops hand. After both have looked cautiously around, Lloyd takes paper from bosom, Thorpe takes paper from Lloyd*] Seen your sister?

LLOYD. No! She thinks I'm in Pensacola.

THORPE. Say you've been sent here to await orders. Sleep home tonight. Report to me in the morning. [*Lloyd starts to move, L.*] Mind, [*Stops, then goes on*] trust nothing to writing and be careful about speaking to me. [*Thorpe goes up to bridge, R., reading paper Lloyd has given him. Lloyd salutes, approaches door, hesitates. Phoebe, a sweet, modest-looking girl of seventeen comes out of orchard, R.I.E., sees Lloyd*]

PHOEBE. Lloyd! [*R.E.*]

LLOYD. [*By steps*] Phoebe! [*Hoofs ready; he comes toward her; they meet, L.C.*]

PHOEBE. Lloyd! [*Recovering from her surprise, runs into his arms*] Oh, I'll have to pinch you to make sure you're real. [*Pinches him*] That's not hard enough. Oh, isn't this good! [*Throwing her arms around him again*] Where are your soldier clothes? You're too sure of me—you stayed away so long. When did you get back? Have you seen Aunt Elinor? No! We'll steal in quietly and surprise them. [*Tiptoes up, crosses and takes him by the hand*] Sh! Sh! Don't make a noise. [*Calls*] Aunt Elinor. [*Pushes him into house*] Come! O Lloyd, won't they be glad to see you! [*Both exeunt into house, L. Phoebe pushes him in*]

THORPE. [*On bridge. Has kept eye on Lloyd and Phoebe while reading. He has torn up one paper and now looks at another which was enclosed in his*] So Hooker's to check Kendrick's advance; one false move on either side—what a calamity! [*Pause, looking at paper*] Instructions for officer in command of the cavalry at Charlesville. [*Sound of an approaching horseman and clank of sabre heard coming from L. to R. Crosses to L.C.*] I don't know why I should warn that damn 9th Cavalry that drummed me out. [*Single horse. Pause*] This paper—with the information the boy gave me, placed in the hands of General Kendrick, should be worth a generalship to me. I'll give it. [*Hearing horseman close by, calls out*] Hello there! Halt! Where to? [*Noise of horseman ceases*]

BLUD. [*Outside*] Back to General Kendrick, colonel.

THORPE. Here. Give my compliments to General Kendrick. Tell him that his plans are known at Washington and I must see him immediately. [*Clank of spurs and sabre heard. Bludsoe, an orderly, enters, R.2.E. Salutes. His boots and uniform are very dusty. Thorpe whispers a short, hurried message to him*] Now, ride like the devil! Tell him there's not a moment to lose. [*Bludsoe salutes and exit hurriedly, R.2.E. Horse. Bludsoe pats horse on neck and immediately starts off at a gallop*] I've struck my first blow at the United States today. [*Mrs. Claiborne Gordon appears at door. She is an aristocratic Southern lady. Her white hair is rolled in pompadour style. Her manner is stately, and she makes discreet use of Southern accent*]

MRS. G. Why! Colonel Thorpe! [*Wears glasses*]

THORPE. Mrs. Gordon. [*Lifting his hat. He makes a point of being exceedingly polite to the old lady*]

MRS. G. [*Coming down steps*] I want to thank you for allowing our mail to pass through your lines. Most co'teous of you! Just like a gentleman of our a'my. Always watching fo' occasions to se've a lady. [*C. Looks at letter. Calls*] Maryland! O Maryland!

MARYLAND. [*Inside*] Yes.

MRS. G. Run yeh! [*Holding up letter. Maryland comes, L., to door, bows to Thorpe, who returns salutation*] Fo' you, deah. From the front.

MARY. Colonel Thorpe—[*Takes letter, opening it; on steps*] your pardon. From Southern headquarters; from General Lee. [*Comes down steps, reading letter*] O auntie, read that! [*She gives Mrs. Gordon letter and joins Thorpe, carrying her delight into her greeting. Talk dumb show*]

MRS. G. [*Adjusts her glasses and scans ahead a little*] Oh, my deah! I must read this to Colonel Thorpe. [*Reads with pride. Maryland turns to lilac bushes, picks slip*]

“Headquarters, Southern Army.

My dear little Miss Patriot:

Your last contribution of tobacco, coffee and shirts, is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Were all hearts in Maryland as loyal as yours, she would stand with her sister states, ovo'hthrowin' her present shamblin' indecision.

Yours with most grateful regards,

Robert E. Lee.”

THORPE. [*R.C.*] Ah!

MRS. G. [*C.*] What chivalrous dignity—and yet how co'dial! Our house is honoh'd. [*Maryland comes down*]

THORPE. [*To Maryland, jocularly, touching his hat*] Miss Calvert is known to be the fiercest Southerner of us all. [*Maryland returns salutation in same spirit. Laugh*]

MRS. G. I'm proud of it. [*Laughingly*] Why, she takes fire quicker than I—don't you, deah?

MARY. I reckon!

MRS. G. [*Puts letter in her reticule. Crossing Maryland, to L., by steps*] My niece—this letteh shall go in the frame with the one f'on Cha'les; the f'ist to our ancestor, the f'ist La'wd Baltimo', who melted down his family plate to se've his king.

MARY. [*Crosses to L.C., turns up*] And for his devotion to his royal master he very nearly lost his head! [*Crosses to Mrs. Gordon*]

MRS. G. [*L.*] Colonel Tho'pe, it's a real pleasure to have you with us. We weren't in touch with Colonel Chan'ler, who had charge here befo' you came! We found out he took *pay* fo' his se'vices in the war.

THORPE. [*In a shocked tone*] Oh, my dear Mrs. Gordon!

MRS. G. After that, when the Boonesboro' ladies passed him, they drew aside their skirts.

THORPE. Do you know, I find a strong tide of sympathy for the North amongst the people here?

MRS. G. Ah, but there's an undercurrent of love for their native state. Were it not fo' those Northern soldiers at Cha'lesville—[*Points to C. at back*] stationed there to ove'awe the people—they would rally to our ranks. [*Enter Telfair hurriedly, R. & E. Comes down, R.*]

TEL. [*Excitedly, saluting*] Colonel Thorpe, General Kendrick has reversed his march, and is moving up rapidly. Something important must have happened.

THORPE. Turn out the men to receive the general. [*Aside, as Telfair crosses, L.R., up*] I thought my message would startle the old man. [*Distant cornet. Thorpe starts upstage and looks off, R. Telfair salutes, and exit by road, L., at back, touching his hat to the Ladies as he passes them. Distant bugle call heard, R., the echo resounds through the hills. Maryland runs on bridge, looking off, R. Two echos*]

MRS. G. [*Speaks after echo of second bugle*] Ah! That sound that rings through the hills, will find an echo in their hearts. [*Bugles. Roll of drums beat "The Assembly" and shouts heard from Post, L. Answering bugle call, off R. Voices of Men, Women and Children heard from Post, L., singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag," at first very low, getting louder as the crowd gathers, seeming as if the whole village is aroused and joining in the song, which is intermingled with shouts and hurrahs*]

MRS. G. They are awake at last! [*Phoebe runs from house waving her handkerchief excitedly and exit, L.U.E.*]

THORPE. [*Looking off, R., shading his eyes*] General Kendrick will be up before long.

MRS. G. A julep fo' the general. [*Goes briskly towards house; at steps, to Thorpe*] and fo' the colonel commandin'—[*Thorpe, taking off his hat in salute, goes off, R. & E.* Mrs. Gordon exit. Maryland stands waving her handkerchief. As the song is gradually dying away, her handkerchief wavering down with her own spirits, she stands a moment looking out into emptiness before her. Tom Boone, a well-to-do young Marylander, appears at gate, R. He wears a riding suit and carries a short, heavy whip]

BOONE. Maryland!

MARY. [*Opening gate*] Why—why—Tom Boone! I declare! [*He enters. Holds out her hand cordially*] How d'ye do? [*She closes gate*] When did you come back to Boonesboro?

BOONE. [*Crosses, L.C., riding whip*] Just rode in.

MARY. [*Going, C., to him*] Well, I'm right glad to see you. Why, it's more than a year since you went away. Do you know, when you all left here, the place seemed like a deserted village. Ah! New neighbors may come, but the old ones are best, after all! Look heah, I certainly feel inclined to scold you for not coming over to see us before.

BOONE. It's a long way—and—

MARY. The road is never long to the house of a friend. Come in! Come in! [*Crosses him, to L. She moves towards house. Turns, Boone stands looking down. Noticing he is not following*] Aren't you coming?

BOONE. I didn't allow to stop at your door—but—as I turned down the road, something—drew me in here—[*Looking at her for the first time*] the old love—Maryland!

MARY. [*L.C.*] Tom!

BOONE. [*C.*] I haven't seen you since the day I asked you to be my wife. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget it!

MARY. You shouldn't have asked me, Tom! You knew I was engaged to Alan.

BOONE. [*Bitterly*] Alan Kendrick is out of your life—now.

MARY. [*Sadly*] Yes.

BOONE. Maryland, there's a chance for me?

MARY. Don't, Tom! Please don't! [*Lights amber; dark reds down*]

BOONE. [*Gradually getting enraged*] You love Alan Kendrick still! You love him with all your heart and soul! You can't—you won't forget him—though he is your enemy, and has taken up arms against your cause. This cursed Yankee!

MARY. [*Firing up*] At any rate, he has taken up arms! He is fighting—not staying at home, making love to women!

BOONE. I can't go away from you! I can't forget you! I can't! I can't! As long as you live I'll love you. [*Thorpe, backing on the bridge as if watching approaching cavalry, turns*] I wish to God you were dead! [*Thorpe comes slowly down, R. Maryland is about to reply, but pauses, and picking up the slip from table, passes into the house. Lashing his boots in fury*] Scorned! The second time! Shamed! Damn! Damn! [*Sees Thorpe*] I beg pardon, sir!

THORPE. [C.] Well?

BOONE. [L.C.] I want to enlist.

THORPE. [*Looks him over. Pointing to L., at back*] Report to the recruiting sergeant. [*Boone exit, L., at back*] Drunk, or in love, or both. [*To bridge. Start cavalry, not too loud. Bugle call near, cavalry heard in the distance, single tap of drum heard which continues until the infantry which is in the rear of cavalry, is ordered to halt. The dialogue goes on all through this. Re-enter Telfair, L.U.E., at back*]

TEL. [*To Thorpe, who still remains on bridge. Saluting*] The lines are drawn up, colonel. Any further orders? [*Bugle call and cavalry nearer*]

THORPE. [*On bridge. Telfair comes down, L.*] Wait here. [*Slight pause, looks off, R., and calls*] Send word they'd better halt to the right of that stream. [*Uncle Dan'l enters hurriedly through orchard gate, R.I.E., crosses to C.*]

UNCLE. More sojers am comin'. Lord help the million patch and strengthen them chickens' wings. [*Bugle forte. Uncle Dan'l is startled and rushes off through small gate above house, L.M.C. Stop march. Cavalry heard very near. Bugle sounds "Halt," drum taps heard a little nearer as cavalry stops*]

BLOUNT. [*Outside*] I'll tickle the commissary for some stuffin' for ye, boys! You fellers come on with me. Reckon this is the shortest cut. Oh, break down the fence. [*Breaking timber heard outside, R. Sergeant Blount, a big, picturesque, loud-voiced Missourian enters, R.2.R. His uniform is a study, ragged and dusty. He wears a broad sombrero. His boots, however, are brand new with red tops. Telfair crosses to front of balcony. After Blount is on, bring on another squad of horses for General's entrance, 6 Officers, 1 Scout*] I'd give my new boots—I got 'em off a Northern general—for a good ole Missouri toddy with a roasted apple in it. [*Exit, L.3.E. Bugle sounds "Dis-mount." General Kendrick, a soldierly man of about fifty-five, dignified but evidently terribly stern on occasion, with traces of grief on his face, enters, R.2.E. followed by Captain Blair, Captain Leighton, Lieutenant Hayne, Aides-de-camp and a Scout. Their uniforms bear signs of hard travel*]



TEL. [*Saluting. Advancing from L.*] General.

KEN. [*Returning his salute in surprise*] Ah! Telfair! [*Laying his hand on his shoulder*] It's a long while since we've met. [*Abruptly breaking off*] Where's Colonel Thorpe?

THORPE. [*Who has come down, L., saluting*] I'm Colonel Thorpe, general.

KEN. [*Dismisses Telfair with a gesture. Telfair salutes and joins the Officers at back. They study map, Telfair has map giving information. Bludsoe enters, R.2.E., carrying the General's saddle and bridle. Exit, L.U.E., saluting Officers as he passes them*] My orderly brought me your hurried message. [*Apart from the others, over L.*] My plan of operations known at Washington! Good God! Thorpe, do you know this endangers the success of the whole campaign?

THORPE. This is why I ventured to cut short your halt at One Tree Hill, general, and ask you to come here. This is the one post along the line with telegraphic communication.

KEN. Well—well! [*Snapping his fingers anxiously*] Your information!

THORPE. [*Has cast a furtive glance about*] Your army is known to a man. Hooker is hurrying forward to Charlesville, to strengthen the garrison, and will meet you with a large force of artillery. Every energy is bent on holding Charlesville.

KEN. Ah! They'd force me to a battle before our armies can concentrate. You did right. So "Fighting Joe's" to check my advance? A defeat now means the fate of Richmond. [*Crosses, L.R., turns. To Thorpe*] Your source of information!

THORPE. [*For a moment staggered, glancing towards house, then calmly saluting*] Your pardon, general, private—I cannot give it. It's private.

KEN. Private!

THORPE. All I can say is I took desperate chances to get it.

KEN. The source—are you sure it's authentic?

THORPE. It has served me before. I intercepted these instructions to the commanding officer at Charlesville. [*Producing paper, giving same to Kendrick*]

KEN. [*Looking quickly over paper*] Good! Good! In the nick of time! Colonel Thorpe, I shall make known your valuable service. [*Thorpe salutes, the General snaps his fingers to attract attention of Aide*] Bring me the map. [*Crosses to C. Aide advances and hands map to General, who examines it. Thorpe destroys the page in book containing notes, unobserved. Telfair leaning on bridge*] By following back the Boonsboro road to the right, we can reach Charlesville.

THORPE. [*Looking at his watch*] By eleven o'clock! [*Artillery ready. Kendrick hands map to Aide, who salutes and returns it to Telfair. Bludsoe reenters and stands, L., by rustic table*]

KEN. What d'ye know about that Post?

THORPE. [*L.C.*] I know it is held by the 9th Cavalry, a set of bulldogs who will fight to the death.

KEN. [*R.C.*] Bulldogs, eh? A stroke of lightning will smash 'em, before they can open their jaws. I must occupy Charlesville tonight. [*Drily*] I want to have some fireworks ready to welcome General Joe Hooker. What's the quickest he can get up with his reinforcements?

THORPE. By daybreak. [*Lloyd Calvert appears at door, L., and is about to come down steps, but hearing the next sentence, pauses and stands in the shadow, listening*]

KEN. I will surprise Charlesville. [*A terrible, subtle look comes into his face*] They'll not be prepared for a night attack.

LLOYD. [*Aside*] Ah! [*Kendrick's Officers are attracted by his voice and manner and separate, facing him, ready for orders*]

KEN. [*Calling*] Captain Leighton! Blair! Hayne! [*They come forward, R., and salute*] Keep the men under arms, ready to move. [*The three Officers start to exeunt, R.2.*] Remember—[*Officers stop. Looks around as though counting men present. Aside*] How many know? [*Start artillery. Lloyd steps back into shadow as Kendrick, counting, looks in his direction. To Blair*]—these instructions are secret. [*Rumble artillery. Officers down R. Distant rumbling of approaching artillery is heard, R. They salute and exeunt, R.2.E.*] My artillery! Good! Lieutenant Telfair, see how many guns are across the river. [*Telfair comes C., salutes and exit, R.3., bridge*] Is that the Boonsboro road?

THORPE. Yes, general. [*Ready bugle*]

KEN. Halt the guns! [*Calls off. Bugle sounding "Halt," loud*] Bludsoe—[*Bludsoe comes well forward, C., salutes and stands at "Attention." Kendrick, to himself, all the soldier in him aroused. Thorpe drops up a little*] Check my advance! Will he? [*Bring in artillery. Takes notebook from pocket and hastily writes, tears out leaf. To an Aide, R., snapping fingers*] Take a fresh horse! General Longstreet! Point of Rocks! Quick! [*Aide takes paper, salutes and dashes off over bridge. To Thorpe*] You are sure of your wire to General Headquarters?

THORPE. I used it an hour ago.

KEN. [*To Bludsoe*] Listen!

BLUD. [*Crossing*] Yes, general. [*Lloyd appears at door of house*]

KEN. [*With dogged determination, showing the true character of the man*] Telegraph this: General Kendrick's compliments. He has changed his plans and will surprise Charlesville tonight, and cut that garrison to pieces. [*Bludsoe salutes, exit quickly, R.2.E. Horse and sabre effect. Kendrick turns, R., snaps fingers at Aide*]

THORPE. [*Aside*] That's Kendrick's way. [*Start to bring in infantry, drum taps gradually getting louder. Kendrick turns to two Aides, R., who step quickly forward, saluting*]

KEN. [*To one*] Don't let the men remove their saddles. [*Exit Officer, R. To the other*] Take your glasses! Keep a sharp lookout! [*Exit Officer, L. Telfair enters and meets General, L. Lower lights*]

TEL. Forty of our guns are across the river, general.

KEN. [*To Telfair*] Come with me! [*They exeunt, L.U.E., together. All done without halt, while the General continues to move rapidly off. The rumble of artillery has ceased*]

LLOYD. [*The instant Thorpe is alone, Lloyd steps out from shadow of door. Coming halfway down steps*] Colonel—

THORPE. [*Facing him, L.C.*] You were listening?

LLOYD. [*Steps*] Let me warn them!

THORPE. [*Aside, relieved, L.C.*] Oh! He only heard Kendrick's orders.

LLOYD. [*Steps*] It will soon be dark! It will be impossible for the general to reach Charlesville till midnight. I can get there in half that time—I know every inch of the ground. Let me warn them, colonel!

THORPE. [*Aside*] I must keep this boy here. [*Aloud*] You couldn't even reach the lines.

LLOYD. [*Steps*] I can try! [*Starts to come down*]

THORPE. [*With sudden idea, quickly*] Don't come forward! Look down the road cautiously, to your left. [*Lloyd, who has halted at Thorpe's warning, turns toward L.1.E.*] See that man—the picket—looking this way? [*Unseen by Lloyd, he beckons someone to L.1.E. Marked*] There is a rumor that spies are about. If you attempt to leave you're as good as dead.

LLOYD. [*Steps*] There are only six hundred men at the Post; if surprised with those thousands against them—[*Points, R., with determination*] I'll risk it! Unless they are warned, God help them! [*Facing him*] Let me go.

THORPE. [*L.C.*] It's madness!

LLOYD. [*Steps*] Let me go?

THORPE. You'll be hanged and your sister disgraced.

LLOYD. [*Involuntarily backs up steps*] Colonel, do you think you will be able to warn them?

THORPE. [*L.C.*] No. I'm suspected and watched.

LOYD. [*In despair*] What can we do? They must be warned!

THORPE. Ah! The picket is coming this way. Get into the house. [*As Lloyd hesitates*] Quick! [*Goes R. Lloyd goes quickly into house. Enter a Picket with a strong, marked face, L.I.E. Bryce salutes and exit, L.I.E. Blount enters, L.U.E., eating. Thorpe motions picket back; he retires. It is now nearly sundown, and the tap of drums has gradually come nearer. At this moment the infantry is supposed to come up close, outside R. Bugle sounds "Halt"*]

VOICES. [*One after the other down the line*] Halt! [*Near*] Halt! [*Further off*] Halt! [*Distant*] Halt! [*Very distant*] Halt! [*Faintly. Drum taps cease. Soldiers and Prisoners halt at the word of command*]

THORPE. Ah! [*Looking off, R.3.E.*] The infantry has just come up. [*Going L.*]

BLOUNT. [*Up L.C.*] Colonel, I brought along with me a batch of exchanged Federal prisoners. We're to lay over here till morning.

THORPE. [*Crossing, L.I.*] All right! I'll just tell that picket yonder to keep his eyes on young Calvert. Sentry—[*Exit, L.I.E.*]

BLOUNT. [*Calling off, R.U.E.*] Hello, there! Bring them swapped-off Yanks forrard. [*A plaintive minor air, with reminiscence of "The Red, White, and Blue" is played*] I'll halt 'em yer, till I find a place to stable 'em. [*A batch of wretched, pale, prison-worn men, in tattered Federal uniform, come on, R.U.E., and trudge wearily in a struggling manner over the bridge, preceded by dusty, travel-stained guards*] Close up! Close up! You fellers! [*Knocking down Forbes, R. The Prisoners still marching slowly. Blount pushes his way to C. of group*] Durn ye, d'ye want to be shot in your guzzles? Close up! [*To Corporal*] Corporal—that paper! Break ranks. [*Takes paper and goes down, L., at steps of house, reading same. Corporal crosses to gate, R. Some of the Prisoners have dropped wearily to the road at back. Ruggles, a gray-haired old man, stands leaning against the rail at end of bridge. O'Hara, under balcony, lays down at the first "Halt." Corporal directing them, the first four Guards come to "a rest" facing prisoners. Slight pause. Then enter Alan carrying Little True Blue, who is asleep on his shoulder. Alan Kendrick, pallid and exhausted, wearing a Federal colonel's uniform, dusty and worn. Little True Blue, whose foot is bandaged, wears a ragged blue overcoat around his worn-out uniform and his battered bugle is slung over his L. shoulder. They are followed by other Prisoners, four Guards bringing up the rear. As Alan gets C., he prepares to lay True Blue on the ground; O'Hara notices this and quickly takes off his overcoat which he throws on ground for True Blue to rest on. He salutes Alan wearily and resumes his position. Alan,*

*after fixing True Blue, starts to entrance of house, L., but is gruffly stopped by Blount who says* Halt! Who are you? [*Crosses, L.*]

ALAN. An exchanged prisoner from the stockade at Danville.

BLOUNT. Well! Git back where y' b'long. [*Telfair has reentered, L.U.E., at back and recognizes Alan*]

TEL. [*R.C.*] Oh, that's all right, sergeant. [*Blount salutes and goes up to Corporal and refers to paper and then exit, R.2., reading the paper*] Alan!

ALAN. [*L.C.*] Bob! [*They embrace, R. arm on Telfair's R. shoulder*]

TEL. [*R.C.*] I only heard today you were a prisoner at Danville.

ALAN. There's no hardship in a soldier's life, old fellow, till he's been a prisoner—down there! [*His hand on his side as if in pain*] Ah!

TEL. Why, here—here—what's the matter?

ALAN. Oh, nothing—an old wound—jogs my memory sometimes. [*Rallying up C., to True Blue, bending over him*] That youngster kept the horses from trampling me to death in our last fight, and was taken prisoner with me. We're chums. [*Pats boy, rises, hand to side*]

TEL. Why, man, you're bleeding! I'll call our surgeon.

ALAN. [*L.C.*] No, I'll get along till we reach our lines. [*Crosses over to Telfair*] I was glad enough when I heard we were to be passed through at Boonsboro, for I wanted a sight of the old place—maybe a glimpse of her! [*Crosses to L.C.*]

TEL. [*Following Alan*] It'll all end right. [*Cheeringly*] Don't give up. You know, April weather, card luck, and a woman's mind changes every five minutes. There's hope yet. Rally, dear boy, rally! [*Both down C.*]

ALAN. Ah, Bob! If I could have fought it all out at the head of my regiment. But to be penned up—to sit day after day, week after week, and see nothing ahead but four narrow, hopeless walls—a low, dreary, whitewashed ceiling—it was such hopeless agony! [*Crossing, R.*] Bob, my life was ebbing out from a deeper wound than this. [*Crosses, C. Breaking off, chaffingly, as he turns his face to L.U.E. Starts. Recrosses, looks*] Thorpe! [*Crosses, L.*]

TEL. [*C. Following Alan's look*] Yes, our colonel! Lately transferred here—he's rather fond of booze—can surround more liquor without showing it than any man I ever saw. By the way—he knows you.

ALAN. [*L.C.*] He was in my cavalry before the war. I had him kicked out!

TEL. [*Close to Alan*] The devil you did!

ALAN. [*L.C. R. arm on Telfair's R. shoulder*] He ruined and then heartlessly deserted the daughter of a dear comrade—my old color-sergeant—a little girl who had been adopted and was idolized by the whole regiment. We found her poor little body among the weeds of a mountain stream. I had it

brought to the barracks—forced Thorpe to look on the face of his victim, and flogged him in the presence of the regiment he had disgraced.

TEL. [*Looking off, R.C.*] I'm sorry the scoundrel is now hiding his dishonor under our Southern gray. He's seen you.

THORPE. [*Enters, L.I.E. As he enters, Corporal who is up C. crosses to L.U., looks off road, then returns to C. Stands on guard as if to prevent Prisoners escaping in that direction. Telfair, retiring a little up R., watching. Having seen Alan before he comes on, familiarly*] Ah, I thought it was you, Kendrick. [*Alan looks Thorpe straight in the face, and turns away*] Still keeping up that old grudge, eh? My memory's as good as yours. [*Coming close to him, under his breath, with intense feeling. Blount reenters*] You broke my career for a chit of a girl—you did that—you! [*Changing his manner*] Odd, I should turn up so near your old lady love's home, isn't it? [*Alan stands immovable, Corporal down R. Blount down L.*] She's bigger game than that little simpleton, Dolly Grey. I might have to marry her, you know. [*Alan with rage, starts forward with uplifted hand. Telfair comes down, restraining him. The Prisoners, thinking their Colonel is in danger, rise to their feet showing a spirit of fight. The Guards, R. and L., aim at them, but the "Boys in Blue" show no signs of fear, their eyes fixed on Alan. True Blue wakes up and hobbles down with other Prisoners to fight for Alan. Thorpe starts to draw sword*]

TEL. [*Quickly*] Alan! Remember your comrades! If there's any trouble they'll be shot down.

ALAN. [*Restraining his fury, his hand falls slowly to his side*] For their sakes! [*Turns away, up a little, taking True Blue with him. Telfair indicates to Men that it is all right. Corporal charges on Prisoners and drives them back to their positions, and then takes his position in front of Guards on bridge, R. The Men resume their former positions. The Guards recover arms*]

THORPE. [*Mumbling*] D—n his eyes! [*Reenter Blount, R.2.E.*]

BLOUNT. [*Saluting*] Colonel, will you sign this transport order so I can get these prisoners away early in the morning?

THORPE. [*Taking paper*] All right. [*His eyes resting on Alan, aside*] I'm to sign his passport to freedom—[*As a sudden thought strikes him*] Am I? Am I? Charlesville! The place General Kendrick surprises tonight! [*Marked*] I'll do it! Come along, sergeant! [*Crosses, R., they go off, R.2.E.*]

ALAN. [*Having quieted True Blue, C., passing Men, C.*] Well, boys, we shall soon be ordered out of Boonsboro, and then—hurrah for the old regiment! [*Northern Soldiers shout a weak "Hurrah!"*]

TEL. [*R., aside*] His regiment—those doomed men at Charlesville! Thank God, he won't be there! [*C.*] O Alan! Alan! [*Alan comes down, L.C. Hesitatingly*] General Kendrick has just arrived.

ALAN. [*L.C.*] My father!

TEL. Shall I tell him you are here?

ALAN. [*L.C.*] No.

TEL. [*R. of Alan*] Have you no message?

ALAN. None! [*As Telfair is about to speak*] Bob! Don't! His injustice to my mother—[*His voice grows sad*] You know what I mean—the separation—shadowed her life. She was a saint—God bless her! My father found that out too late. When she died, I made up my mind never to see him, or speak to him. No! No! I can't forget! I can't! Don't let him know I'm here. [*Crosses to R. Bugle sounds "Officers' March" pp. off R. Maryland appears at window. Seeing Maryland*] Maryland! [*The sun has gone down behind the hills in a glory of deep red. Maryland comes on the balcony and looks towards the immense body of Soldiers who are supposed to be encamped, R. The glow of sunset illumines her figure. Alan turns, R., to hide his face, leans on fence. Apart to Telfair*] Speak to her for me. [*As Telfair starts to turn, L.*] When I am gone—Bob—say you saw me—and—[*His L. hand hold of Telfair's R.*]

MARY. [*Coming on balcony, seeing prisoners, to Corporal on bridge*] Corporal, where are these men from? [*Corporal salutes, is about to answer when Telfair replies*]

TEL. From Danville, Miss Calvert. Exchanged prisoners going North.

MARY. Oh! [*Seeing the sleeping bugler Boy*] Why, there's a child! [*True Blue turns restlessly in his sleep*] Poor little fellow! [*Goes back into house and comes out down steps during next two speeches*]

ALAN. [*To Telfair. During this action, back to Telfair, facing R.*] For God's sake, get me away!

TEL. Can't do it, dear boy! but I'll do the next best thing—I'll get the others away. [*Speaks to Corporal on bridge, who gives orders to guards, L., and Prisoners, who start to exeunt slowly, L.U.*]

MARY. [*Pityingly, dropping on her knees beside True Blue*] Look at his poor foot! Oh! You little enemy! [*Touching his cheeks*] Hollow cheeks—hollow—and the biggest hollow—right here. [*Touching his stomach*] Well, it certainly must be filled—if you are a little Northern boy. [*Goes L., calling*] Uncle Dan'! O Uncle Dan'! [*Uncle Dan'l appears at door. She beckons him to bend down to listen, gives him directions in whisper and sends him off saying, "Now, hurry! hurry!"*]

UNCLE. Yes, Miss Maryland.

MARY. [*Alan staggers, R., by fence*] Now please hurry. [*Turns in time to see Alan stagger as if to faint*] What's the matter with that man?

TEL. He's badly wounded, Miss Calvert.

MARY. [*To Alan, whose face is averted; approaching him*] Are you in pain? [*Alan, without turning, shakes his head and sits on small bench, R., assisted by Telfair*]

CORP. [*Yanks little True Blue to his feet roughly*] Here! Here! Wake up, wake up! [*During the above speeches the Prisoners have been slowly going off leaving True Blue; Corporal sees him. Little True Blue exit with Corporal*]

MARY. O Corporal, don't be so rough! [*Corporal respectfully salutes her. True Blue, half awake, rubs his eyes with his fists. Uncle Dan'l comes through the gate, L.3., bringing a chicken's drumstick on a salver. Maryland laughingly holds out the drumstick. True Blue, his eyes as large as saucers, grabs it. As Corporal raises Little True Blue up on his shoulder, the little fellow's cap falls off. Maryland notices this, picks it up and says*] Corporal! Corporal! [*Corporal stops and Maryland hands him the cap, which he carries off in his hand. Telfair goes off, R.2.E. As Maryland turns to go into house, she sees Alan, who still remains, his back to her. Lights are lighted in upper rooms of house, shining through windows*] Your comrades are going.

ALAN. [*R., rising, back turned to Maryland*] Thank you—I—

MARY. [*Starts at the sound of his voice*] Why—

ALAN. I—

MARY. [*A pause, very low, C.*] Alan, is it you? [*Alan faces her, head bowed down. With a glad cry*] Alan! [*Controls herself*] A prisoner just outside my door and you never let me know!

ALAN. Would it have done any good?

MARY. [*C.*] Why, you are wounded—weak—

ALAN. [*R.C.*] Yes, but still a Northern soldier! [*Facing audience, R.*]

MARY. [*C.*] Ah, Alan! What of that? I have helped many a Northern soldier—for your sake!

ALAN. You sent me from you!

MARY. I had to, Alan! I had to. Oh, you don't know how we feel—we women of the South! How our hearts are torn by this divided duty. On one side, our country—oppressed, forlorn, desolate! We couldn't desert it, could we? On the other, our very own turned to foes—and so the long days pass with this awful, awful struggle here. [*Crosses to L.C. Throws herself sobbing against the lilac tree*]

ALAN. [*Deeply moved, follows Maryland. Standing above her*] Maryland! [*The light shows the gradual coming of night. A pale, bluish mist rises from the lowlands at back*] Do you remember the last time we were here together,



before this war cloud burst upon us? It was just such a night as this. You sang an old German ballad, to which I had scribbled some words. We little thought then, the simple tune would be a war song, to stir other hearts. It went—[*Alan bending close to her. The air, "Maryland, my Maryland," is played very softly*]

"She stood beneath the lilac tree,

Maryland, my Maryland!

The girl I love, and she loves me,

Maryland, my Maryland!

For her I'd live, for her I'd die,

I'd breathe her name in my last sigh,

She's leal and true—" [*Choking with tears*]

"and so—am I,

Ma—" [*Breaks down, his head dropping on Maryland's shoulder*]

BLOUNT. [*Outside, R.2E.*] All exchanged prisoners, get ready to march.

MARY. [*With a low, stifled cry*] Ah!

ALAN. They're going to send us on tonight. It is so hard to think that before the stars fade into dawn, I shall be far away. [*Maryland crosses, C. The Soldiers outside, L., are heard singing "Kathleen Mavourneen." One verse only. His voice rising to intensity. As Alan starts to speak, singing is pp. Maryland, with a sigh of despair, crosses to L.C., Alan following her*] Ah, Maryland! My love! My love! I cannot part from you like this! I love you! I love you! You love me! Why should this war break our hearts? You sent me away once and I obeyed. Now I will not go till you promise to be my wife.

MARY. [*C., facing him, pleadingly*] Then cease to fight against my people!

ALAN. [*L.C. Turns away, L.*] And forget my honor? No! No!

MARY. I don't ask you to fight for us. I only ask you not to fight against us. [*Going to him imploringly*] Alan, you are wounded—ill—there is no reason to take the field again. Put down your sword and—take me.

ALAN. [*Taking her passionately in his arms*] Take you—take you! Maryland, you *are* mine.

MARY. Yes!

ALAN. And I am yours—yours. No more quarrelling.

MARY. No.

ALAN. No more bitterness.

MARY. No, no—

ALAN. My wife! Say it—say it! Say it!

MARY. Your wi—[*Alan presses his mouth to Maryland's lips, and the word is finished in the kiss*]

CORP. [*Heard off, L.*] Northern exchanges ready!

ALAN. [*Still embracing*] Ready—no heartache—no wound—ready for the front again.

MARY. [*Drawing back*] Alan! You don't mean—you're not going *back*? [*Indicating R.U.*]

ALAN. [*L.C.*] Of course.

MARY. No, no, no, don't. Say you won't! [*L.C. Alan returns to Maryland*] I have prayed for you—my enemy—[*Clings to him with abandon*] Think what we lose if we let our happiness slip away. Alan, answer me—you *will*? You *will*! Say you will stay!

ALAN. No, no, I cannot.

MARY. Ah! [*She leaves his arms*] You humiliate me—you cheapen my love! Oh! To have thrown myself at you like that! If you go now, that is the end—and I hope to God our side wins, even though your life be the price.

ALAN. Maryland!

MARY. I'm a Southern woman to the last drop of my blood! I mean it. [*Pause*]

ALAN. Good-bye! [*Pause before going. Maryland stands like a statue, making no answer and Alan goes off, L.U.R. Lloyd appears on threshold of door, pallid and unstrung, glances cautiously towards L.I.E.*]

LLOYD. [*Starting back into shadow*] That picket never takes his eyes off me. [*Despairingly*] I'm powerless to warn them!

BLOUNT. [*Reenters briskly, R.2.E., and up, C. Calls off, L.U.E.*] Fall in! Forward! March! [*Corporal and advance Guards enter, L.U.E., followed by Prisoners. They go towards the road, R.2.E. From the time the march of the Prisoners begins till the curtain falls, there must be no halt. The march must be carefully timed to the dialogue and action. Maryland stands immovable, well down, L. Blount hands the Corporal a paper*] Orders changed, corp'ral! Pris'ners don't stay here a'ter all. [*Corporal puts paper in his belt. Alan holding Little True Blue in his arms is the first in file. The Soldiers march slowly. When Alan enters with Little True Blue, he turns to large stone by gate of house, L., places True Blue on same and fixes bandage on his foot*] Take a flag o' truce and deliver 'em to the commandin' officer at Charlesville tonight.

LLOYD. [*Overhearing*] Charlesville! How can I warn them?

ALAN. [*Up C. Gladly, looking up*] To our own regiment again.

LLOYD. [*Hearing him, starts*] Alan Kendrick! [*His eyes resting on Maryland*] She loves him! [*From behind column of house he speaks to her, in a low but distinct voice*] Maryland! If those prisoners go to Charlesville, they go to death!

MARY. [*Low*] To death! [*Lloyd glances L.I.E., and dropping on his knees brings his mouth close to her ear, speaking rapidly in a whisper. Enter Thorpe, R.2.E. Lloyd must not see or be seen by Thorpe*]

THORPE. [*To Blount, apart*] When should the prisoners reach their destination, sergeant?

BLOUNT. [*Saluting*] 'Bout five hours, colonel.

THORPE. That won't do. They must be there in four. Rush 'em through. D'ye understand—rush 'em through. [*Exit, R.2.E.*]

MARY. [*Who has listened intently to Lloyd's whispered words*] Ah! [*Breathlessly*] You heard General Kendrick give those orders?

LOYD. Yes! [*Rapidly, pointing R.*] That whole force—[*Alan takes up True Blue in his arms and starts to fall in line and exit with other Prisoners. O'Hara close behind him ready to relieve him of True Blue, when Sergeant gives him permission to fall in the rear. Maryland instinctively turns her eyes towards R.*] now resting on its arms—only waiting for the order to start—will fall upon the garrison in the dead of night—a thousand to one—not a soul will escape! [*With his eyes fixed, L.I.E., withdraws into house*]

MARY. My God! [*Seeing Alan who is within a step or two of passing out of sight*] Alan!

ALAN. [*Hearing her, to Blount*] May I fall in at the rear, sergeant?

BLOUNT. [*Drawling*] Ya-as. [*Alan passes True Blue to O'Hara, who is next in file. Alan steps out of line and stands well down, R., facing her. The Prisoners have continued marching, Blount stands facing them, L.3. The following dialogue is carried on swiftly in undertones*]

MARY. Does General Kendrick know you're here?

ALAN. No!

MARY. Alan, let me tell your father you're here.

ALAN. No, no!

MARY. [*Entreatingly*] Alan! Do—do!

ALAN. You know I cannot.

MARY. Oh, don't refuse me everything! [*Alan, impressed by her agony of manner, implies consent by a gesture. With a glad cry, forward*] Ah! [*To Blount*] Sergeant, where can I find General Kendrick?

BLOUNT. He rode to the river crossing, half an hour ago.

MARY. [*Eagerly*] But he won't be long, will he? The prisoners could be overtaken?

BLOUNT. Orders are to rush 'em through.

MARY. [*In despair, aside*] Ah! [*Running L.I.E.*] Lloyd! [*Calling*] Lloyd! Lloyd! Lloyd!

BLOUNT. [*To Alan, as the last prisoner is in sight*] Fall in.

MARY. Wait!

BLOUNT. Can't do it! [*To Alan authoritatively*] Fall in! [*He turns to the rear Prisoners, hurrying them along; one or two being wounded, lag behind. Alan, backing to the rear, touches her by her waist, her back to him. At his touch, her struggle ends and with a cry she turns and clings to him, speaking in a low, hurried voice*]

MARY. You are going to certain death!

ALAN. I am going to Charlesville—to my own regiment.

MARY. [*Following him closely, in a whisper*] It's a death trap!

ALAN. What?

MARY. General Kendrick's words were, "I shall surprise Charlesville tonight, and cut that garrison to pieces!" O Alan, save yourself! [*The last of the Prisoners are about to go off. Blount turns impatiently to Alan again. Maryland quickly, with intention to divert suspicion, extends her hand*] Good-bye! [*Alan grasps Maryland's hand and presses it to his lips. The curtain descends as he falls in at the rear. Picture*]

## ACT II.

PROPERTY PLOT: Old Colonial furniture, 2 armchairs, 2 side chairs, round table, C. (3 ft. in diameter) On table: large square piece of pink blotting paper; quill pens, inkstand, stationery, brass candlestick and candle; pair of field glasses; 2 maps on very thin paper; small map on paper, 7 x 7 in.; decanter of water and tumbler, parallel rule, compass and drawing pen, saucer of India ink, small saucer with wax matches, small tinkle bell, documents, etc., also letter for Maryland. Wet knapsack at side of table, L. Old snare drum, L. of table (above knapsack), with the word "Mail" roughly painted on it, large slit in top for dropping in mail. Fireplace, L.C., furnished with clock, vases, fender, fire-irons, firedogs, logs, brass blower; large map of Virginia hung in front of mantel. Medallion, ground cloth, 7 rugs (not skin). Small square table, 12 x 18 in., with old books, maps, and papers on top; the drawers in same are bulging out with papers and documents. 2 small round tables about 12 in. in diameter, 1 low Turkish stand. Large vase, broken into several pieces. Loose flowers for same. 2 army blankets covered with old paper books, knapsacks, coats and hats. Musket and Confederate battle flag against flat, R.3. Bass drum, 4 camp stools and old coat, up C. Army overcoat on armchair, L. of C. opening. 4 large family pictures hung on walls. 4 sets of curtains on opening, C. Canopy and curtains, L.1. Flag hung on large pole behind balustrade, C. opening. 2 small cannons backstage. Letter fast-

*ened with a rose stuck through C., for Phoebe. Duplicate rose for Lloyd. C.S.H. mail bag for Corporal Day. About 100 letters in bag (from soldiers). Dispatch for Telfair. Bandana handkerchief for blind-fold, off R.1.E. Open report for Captain Blair to hand Telfair. Map made out of tracing paper with clot of blood for Blount. Hall seat under window, up L. Camp stool, coat and hat, L.1. Armchair, L. (by passage) is turned upside down; thrown loosely on same, a military overcoat and sword with belt. Revolver in holster on mantel. Soldier's coat thrown over wheel of cannon is up R.C. The floor is strewn with pieces of paper. Dispatch box with key for Telfair. Map on rollers, made out of tracing paper, for General Kendrick.*

**CALCIUM PLOT:** *Open White lights, R. and L. of backdrop.*

**ELECTRIC LIGHT PLOT:** *Everything up at rise (on stage). House lights down. White strip, R.1.E. White strip on doors, R. and L.2.E. One strip on window, R. and L.3.E. Amber strip on back of last wing, R. White bunches, R. and L. of back drop. Amber ground behind balustrade, up C. 1st border, White and Red, footlights, White and Red; both these lights are on together. No change in light after rise of curtain.*

#### SOUTHERN HEADQUARTERS AT "THE LILACS"

**SCENE:** *The great hall in the Calvert Mansion. Windows at back, opening on a veranda. Large door, opening from the ground, well down R. Door, leading to a room, L.3.E. Large fireplace and hearth with dogs, fire-irons and mantel, L., well upstage, L. On front of mantel is emblazoned the crest of the Calvert family. A passage separates the hall from a room built out, with a solid door in the rounded corner, over which is a fanlight. Note: The construction of this room is important, as one of the principal situations depends upon it. At end of passage is a small window; nearly between 1. and 2. is the door of Maryland's chamber, with a portière and canopy. Several family pictures are suspended from cornice. Rugs and medallions are on the floor. The hall is in confusion, being used as General Kendrick's military headquarters. A table, L.C. Writing materials, a large map and field glasses, etc., are on the table. A knapsack used for waste paper under it and pieces of paper scattered around it. A chair is behind table. An old snare drum with a slit in it, and the word "Mail" roughly painted on its front, stands L. corner of table. A flagstaff is lashed C. of veranda, with the Confederate flag hoisted and partly seen; the halyards are hitched to a column. Large guns are mounted on each side, pointing to the Federal camp, off R., a full view of which is seen through the open windows, with guns, earth works, and the Stars and Stripes floating to*

*the breeze, about half a mile distant, across a stream. Beyond are seen the "Green Hills of Maryland."*

TIME: *Early morning, the day after. The act begins in bright sunlight. After a few bars of music, the curtain rises.*

DISCOVERED: *Lloyd Calvert, dressed as in Act I, is seated back of the table, L.C., busily drafting a paper from a copy. After curtain rises, a short pause, then sentry crosses below veranda from L. to R. Lloyd looks suspiciously around; noticing he is unobserved, hurriedly places a copy of military operations inside the waistband of his trousers and quickly continues with his drawing up of the plans. Telfair enters from room (General's) opening on passage with dispatch box, with the key in the lock, which he places on table, L.C.*

TEL. [*L. of table*] Finished? [*Stop music*]

LLOYD. [*Not looking up*] Almost. [*Telfair takes field glasses from table and looks off, R. Crosses, R., from veranda. Mrs. Gordon, attired in morning dress, comes down passage, L. Lloyd absorbed in his work, pays no attention to the others*]

MRS. G. [*From passage, crossing to C.*] Good morning, Lieutenant Telfair.

TEL. [*Bows*] Good morning, madam.

MRS. G. [*Crossing, R.*] What a dreadful night we've passed. How far off are the Northern outposts?

TEL. [*Giving her glasses*] About half a mile. [*She goes up to Telfair, takes field glasses from him, and looks in direction of Union camp, off R.*]

MRS. G. Dea'h me! Why, they all seem to be resting undeh the apple trees. [*Comes down, R.C., giving glasses back*] I hope the fruit is nice and green. [*Telfair takes glasses from Mrs. Gordon and places them on table, C.*]

TEL. [*C.*] I'll let the general know you're here. [*Crossing, R., to General's room*]

MRS. G. [*R.C.*] One moment, pray. [*Telfair turns to her. She crosses to him*] Has General Kendrick heard of the engagement that once existed between his son and my niece?

TEL. I think not.

MRS. G. Then, may I beg that, while the general honahs us by his presence, nothing be said about it? [*Telfair bows in assent, then knocks*]

KEN. [*From inside room. Mrs. Gordon turns to Lloyd*] Come! [*Telfair enters room*]

MRS. G. Ah! Lloyd! [*Patting him on head. Crosses behind him to L.*] My boy! Chosen as confidential secretary to General Kendrick! Well, I am proud!

[Enter General Kendrick, L., from room opening on passage. He is without his sword, has an anxious and much disturbed manner but assumes a calmness while speaking to Mrs. Gordon. Telfair follows him and places dispatch box on chair; looks over Lloyd's shoulder]

KEN. [Crosses Lloyd, below table, to Mrs. Gordon, R., bows, takes Mrs. Gordon's proffered hand] I am glad, madam, to express my thanks for permission to establish my headquarters at "The Lilacs."

MRS. G. We are honah'd, general. Breakfast will be served in half an houah. [Crosses, L.] Military fa'ah, you know. [At passage, with good humor, yet with a kind of pride] We are all soldiers at "The Lilacs" now. [Bows and exit up passage. Sentry crosses, R. to L. Lloyd ends writing and hands paper to Telfair, who gives it to General Kendrick]

TEL. The new plan of operations, sir.

KEN. [R., by window, glancing over paper] Very cleverly done. You've had good military training, young man. [To Telfair, back of Lloyd] Where's the rough draft of this? [Lloyd hands it to Telfair, who hands it to General, who tears it in half and is about to throw it in knapsack under table. Pauses] Such things are better burned. [Telfair gets a match from table and coming R., strikes it on his boot, holds the flame to the General, who burns the paper]

TEL. [As the paper burns] If the enemy could get a copy of this, general, the stars would jump out of their flag with joy.

KEN. [Crossing slowly to table with the burning paper] Everything depends upon it now. [Throwing the ashes into knapsack under table and stamping out the dying flame] Master Calvert! [Front of table. Lloyd comes forward, L., salutes] Remember, it is a young soldier's duty to hear—see—and forget. [Lloyd salutes, crosses up to window between Kendrick and table, and, taking his hat from camp stool, R.C., goes out on veranda, C. He gives a quick searching glance, off R. and L., and then goes off, L., as if still looking for someone. With grim humor, Kendrick to Telfair] That was a rolled-up porcupine we attacked last night—all quills. [Feeling it keenly] If I were a swearing man—[Ugly] I'd say, "Damn those 9th Cavalry bulldogs for keeping us at bay till Hooker came up with reinforcements. Our defeat is serious. We must hold Boonsboro now, or go to Heaven. Joe Hooker and I are face to face at last. Any news of Thorpe?"

TEL. None, since he left you.

KEN. [L., impatiently] What detains him? I don't want to make a move until I hear from him. [Enter Blount from L.C.]

BLOUNT. [Comes down, R.C., saluting] Gen'ral, a number of men have deserted. One feller had an old pass which car'd him through the pickets.

KEN. Send out an order that all passes are rescinded. [*Blount salutes and exit, R.2.*]

BLUD. [*Offstage, R.U., excitedly*] General! General! [*Enter, R.C., saluting*] General Hooker is massing all his strength to the right.

KEN. Tell Blair to look out for our left. [*Bludsoe salutes and exit, R.2.*] Foxy Joe! Well, I'm ready for him this time. Lieutenant!

TEL. [*R.C.*] Yes, general.

KEN. [*L.*] Let Hayne and Leighton make sure of that half-dried swamp at the foot of the hill. That's the spot, if it will bear our artillery. [*Kendrick finishes this speech at the door of his room, L.2.E., and exit to room, L. Telfair exit, R.2. Sentry crosses, L. to R., at Telfair's exit. Lloyd reenters, L.C., seeming anxious*]

LLOYD. [*Anxiously, on veranda, C., upstage*] Where can Thorpe be? [*Coming into room*] I should be on my way now. [*Very impatiently*] Why doesn't he come? [*Puts hat on table. With bitterness, leaning on chair, R.*] No picket watching me today—no suspicion—I'm even entrusted with the drafting of their plans—all because of my people—[*Down, starting back, R.C., as Phoebe speaks. Phoebe appears at end of passage and calls in a big whisper*]

PHOEBE. Lloyd! [*Lloyd starts, as he is turning up*] St!—Lloy—d!

LLOYD. [*With assumed cheerfulness*] Oh—Phoebe—come in.

PHOEBE. [*In passage*] 'Fraid to. Aunt Elinor says the general's headquarters are sacred, and I must wait till you come out. Can't—got something on my mind. Been there all night.

LLOYD. [*By table*] What is it?

PHOEBE. Put it in this letter—read it and please answer. [*Throws a note, with a red rose stuck through it, into room at his feet*] Good-bye! [*Darts off, L.U.E. Lloyd takes it up, taking rose out, presses it to his lips and fastens it on his breast. Phoebe, who has almost instantly reappeared, is eagerly watching him at end of passageway*]

LLOYD. [*L.C., by R. side of passage, reads*] "Lloyd, dear, what is the matter with you? I've given up trying to think it out—it hurts so. Since you came back, you act as though you were sorry for me—as though you regretted that I loved you—and—the kissing's all been on my side. Is there another girl?"

PHOEBE. Is there? [*Lloyd, looking up, finds her standing before him. Taking her in his arms*]

LLOYD. No—no! [*Kissing her*] No!

PHOEBE. [*Much relieved*] That's what I wanted. If you love me like this, how could you treat me so coldly?



LOYD. [*Earnestly, by L. chair*] I wish you didn't love me—for your sake.

PHOEBE. [*Starting back, frightened*] There's that look again! Lloyd, why for my sake?

LOYD. [*Slight embrace, turning to her*] I am going on a dangerous mission, and if anything should happen to me—it would leave only sorrow for you. [*Breaks embrace*]

PHOEBE. [*Making a pathetic little effort to laugh*] Is that all? Don't you know I'm a soldier's sweetheart? [*Throwing her arms about him*] You'll never see a tear in my eye, Lloyd! [*Furtively wiping away tear*] Not one. Did you think I was going to make it hard for you to do your duty? O Lloyd—I could give you up to your country—but I couldn't give you up to another girl. [*Embrace. Lloyd holds her close to him and kisses her with grave tenderness*] You don't blame me, do you?

LOYD. No!

PHOEBE. [*R., concealing tears, suddenly running to window*] Aunt Elinor!

LOYD. [*Follows*] No, it isn't.

PHOEBE. [*She turns*] I must go.

LOYD. [*Going to her, taking her hands*] Phoebe!

PHOEBE. Quite sure there's no other girl?

LOYD. Quite sure! [*Phoebe kisses him and exit, C.R., running off to hide her feelings. Up R.*] I can't wait any longer for Thorpe. I must get this paper—[*Puts his hand on waistband of trousers*] into the hands of General Hooker. [*Alan Kendrick, wearing a Confederate overcoat and hat is seen to come down passage, L. As he comes into hall, Lloyd turns suddenly and sees him, but does not recognize him. Sharply*] What do you want? [*Alan, placing hat at side of his face for an instant, not recognizing Lloyd's voice, stands on guard. Aside*] Can he be following me? [*Aloud*] What do you want?

ALAN. [*Crosses to C. Seeing Lloyd's face*] Lloyd!

LOYD. Alan Kendrick here?

ALAN. Yes, and deuced hard work I had to get here, too. I came through the grape arbor—by the little door leading from the orchard. [*Up to table, L.*]

LOYD. [*R.*] What brought you—[*Alluding to his appearance in a Confederate overcoat*] like that?

ALAN. [*Places hat on table, crosses to C.*] The hope of seeing Maryland!

LOYD. But you're in danger of your life!

ALAN. [*Sits on chair below table*] I took the risk—where is she? [*Sentry crosses, R. to L., looks into room for a second*]

LOYD. Sh! [*Warningly*] You're in Southern headquarters. [*Crosses to L., behind Alan, listens at General's door*]

ALAN. [*Astounded, rising, crosses, R.C.*] Southern headquarters! "The Lilacs!" [*Noticing military accoutrements, calmly, yet impressively*]

LLOYD. [*L.*] Escape while you can.

ALAN. [*R.*] First—where's Maryland?

LLOYD. [*L.*] Yes—but the danger—

ALAN. [*Silencing Lloyd by a gesture*] I'm determined to see her. Oh—what's prison—what's death a thousand times over, to all I've gone through since I left her yesterday. In the battle last night, for the first time, fear took hold of me—a fear that I should never live to ask forgiveness for the bitter insult with which I flung back her sweet love—[*Crosses, L.*] and she—she laid down more than her life for me. Lloyd—Lloyd, where is Maryland? [*Turns*]

LLOYD. [*Crosses upstage. R.C. up, in fear*] I tell you, you must go!

ALAN. Well—I know a safe place. [*Crosses to table and sits as if about to write, L.*] I'll send for her to come to me at the old mill. You'll help me—[*In front of table, prepares to write*] for the sake of old times. [*Lloyd gives a furtive yet a searching look at Alan coming down*]

LLOYD. [*Over table*] I tell you straight, Alan—she'll never see you! My word for it. [*Crosses above table to door, L.2.*]

ALAN. [*With fierce desperation, throwing down pen, wheels, facing front*] I must see her! O Lloyd, can't you do this for me—use any strategy. All's fair in love, you know. Only get her to come to me. [*Crosses, R.C.*]

LLOYD. [*Crosses to Alan*] Well then, quick, how can we do it?

ALAN. [*Rises, crosses to R.C.*] I'll tell you. You say there's a poor devil who came here to see his sweetheart. A Northerner!

LLOYD. That'll ruin the whole plan. By Jove, I see! It'll explain why I can't bring you here. All right! That might work. [*Crosses to Alan. Note: This message sent to Maryland by Alan must be given in a distinct and earnest voice*]

ALAN. [*C., L. arm on Lloyd's shoulder*] Tell her he's hiding in the old mill, in the hope of seeing his sweetheart, before the battle. Perhaps it's his last chance—by sundown he may be dead—and God knows that's true enough, old fellow! You have promised to aid him—but are suddenly called away, and dare trust his life with no one but her—[*Cross a little, R.*]

LLOYD. [*L.C., on the lookout*] Leave the rest to me.

ALAN. [*Shaking hands with Lloyd*] Make it strong, old man—send her there, anyway—[*Goes up, R.C., a little. The door of room, L.1.E., is opened behind portière and Maryland calls*]

LLOYD. I will.

MARY. Lloyd!

LLOYD. Sh! [*In a whisper*] She's there—in her room. [*Points to door, L.I.E. Alan starts towards room. Lloyd checks him in a low voice*] Are you mad? A Northern soldier found under her roof! [*Up above table. L.*]

MARY. [*A little louder*] Lloyd!

LLOYD. [*Back of table, L.*] Yes, sis. [*Motions Alan to withdraw behind portière by passage, L. Alan quickly obeys*]

MARY. [*Opening portière slightly and speaking through it*] Are you working still?

LLOYD. [*Hesitating*] Yes, but I'm not alone.

MARY. [*Letting go portière*] Oh! Then I'll wait.

ALAN. If I could only hold her in my arms. [*Lloyd, struck by a sudden idea at seeing letter on table, snaps his fingers to attract Alan, who stands gazing in the direction of Maryland*]

LLOYD. O Sis!

MARY. Yes?

LLOYD. A letter for you! [*Picks up a letter from table with R. hand*] It has been lying here since the last mail. [*Alan beckons to Lloyd to give him the letter, which Lloyd does; he goes on his tiptoes to portière, kisses the letter and places it lightly in Maryland's hand, which she has stretched through the portières, partly showing herself "en déshabillé"*]

MARY. Thank you, dear. [*Alan seizes a ribbon which is hanging from her sleeve and kisses it. As she draws in her hand and turns to go, Alan, still kissing the ribbon, keeps her a prisoner*] Oh, something's caught me! [*Alan quickly lets go the ribbon and drops back a step*] Lloyd! [*He impulsively puts his arms about her outside the portière*] Lloyd, when you're alone, I want you to call me, dear. [*Alan gives her a little squeeze. Lloyd moves, R.C.*] O Lloyd! [*Closes door*]

ALAN. [*Before Maryland's door, crosses to table*] I had to send my love message to her under false colors! [*Taking up his hat from table*] Lloyd, if she consents, show yourself on the balcony. I can see you from the old mill. [*Crosses to Lloyd*] Good-bye—and thank you, Lloyd. [*By passage. Pulls his hat over his eyes and exit by passage, L. A pause. Lloyd stands listening. The Sentry, coming from L. to R., is seen passing at back. As Lloyd sees him, he draws a breath of relief and going to door, L.I.E., knocks*]

LLOYD. [*After standing, listening breathlessly, a moment*] Maryland! [*He partly opens door*]

MARY. Yes. [*Lloyd leaves her door and crosses to L.C. Short pause. Enter Maryland from her room. She wears a pretty, simple morning gown, her hair is knotted carelessly behind*]

LLOYD. [*Embrace*] You want to see me? What is it, dear?

MARY. Were—were many lives lost?

LLOYD. [L.] The enemy—lost—

MARY. [*Crosses to C., quickly*] I mean of our own people?

LLOYD. No.

MARY. [*Crossing to R.C., with relief*] Ah! [*In despair again*] But the whole plan of invasion of the North is defeated, and our forces driven back. My fault, too! [*Covering her face with her hands in bitter remorse, crossing to R.C.*]

LLOYD. [L.C.] Maryland, I've a great favor to ask of you. A friend of mine—is hiding in the old mill!

MARY. Hiding!

LLOYD. A Northerner!

MARY. [*Indignant, R.C.*] Lloyd!

LLOYD. [*In front of table*] Sh! He has come here in the hope of seeing—[*Looking up full in her face*] his sweetheart before the battle. Perhaps for the last time—by sundown he may be dead. I have promised to aid him—but I'm suddenly called away. I dare trust his life to no one but—you!

MARY. [*Crosses to L., quickly*] No, Lloyd! No, no, no, no!

LLOYD. [C.] Listen.

MARY. [*Carried away by her feelings, vindictively*] A Northerner!

LLOYD. [*Stopping her, his back to R.C.*] He is the best friend I have in the world.

MARY. [L.] He is our enemy!

LLOYD. Yes, I know, sis, but I've given my sacred word to aid him. [*Putting his arms about her, pleadingly*] Come—you'll go there for me, won't you? There's no harm—in this. Think! Just think! He wants to see the woman he loves! [*Stepping back*] And she doesn't even know he's risking his life for her.

MARY. [*Turning to him*] No! [*Crosses farther toward her room*]

LLOYD. But—

MARY. Oh, no, Lloyd, don't beg me any more!

LLOYD. Maryland! [*Still pleadingly*]

MARY. [*With determination*] I will not go! [*By curtain, L.C., in her room*]

LLOYD. [*With a sudden thought, aloud*] I'm sorry, because I not only wanted you to see my friend but to—to detain him—

MARY. Detain?

LLOYD. [*Answering her look*] Until after the battle. [*Maryland comes down, above Lloyd. R.*] It's like this! I've got myself into a bit of a scrape by advising him to hide in the old mill. Since then—[*Watching Maryland*] I've—I've been thinking he could hardly *help* getting information—[*Mary-*

*land looks at him, startled, very marked]* and some idea of the plans of attack.

MARY. [*Eagerly, crosses to Lloyd. R.C.*] You think that?—and if he goes back with it—O Lloyd, Lloyd, the fate of this impending battle may be resting upon us. [*Arm around Lloyd's shoulders*]

LLOYD. [*Marked*] You might serve the Southern cause.

MARY. [*Eagerly*] Yes, yes! I see! I'll go! [*Turns to L.*] I'll keep him there! What shall I say?

LLOYD. [*Holding her by the hand*] Trust to your woman's wit. See him first! The rest will follow. Only, be cautious! [*She nods her head. Embracing her*] You're a trump, sis! Good-bye!

MARY. Good-bye, dear heart, and God bring you safely back to us. [*Kisses him*]

LLOYD. [*Back turned to audience, aside*] Safely back!

MARY. Oh, I'm another woman! [*Aside, as she exit, L.I.E.*] I have a chance to redeem myself. [*Aloud*] Trust me! I'll keep him here—I'll keep him here—I'll keep him here! [*Crescendo; goes into her room*]

LLOYD. [*R.C.*] I wonder what she'll say when she sees Alan? Now to let him know she's coming. [*Taking hat from table, R.C., goes out on balcony, and looking off, R., puts hat on his head as if giving a signal, then comes into room*] Dangerous business, this secret service, whether for war—or love. [*Takes rose out of his buttonhole and kisses same*] I should reach the Northern camp in half an hour—and be back in time to report. [*Exit, R.I.E. Enter Telfair quickly, R.C., throws hat on table. Sentry crosses, R. to L.*]

TEL. That swamp would hold a fort. [*Enter Corporal Day, R.2.E., with an old mail bag slung over his shoulder. Salutes and hands a package of letters to Telfair*]

DAY. Letters, sir. [*Salutes, exit, R.2.E.*]

TEL. [*Facing the Union camp*] Ah! The enemy is bracing up the men! Good! I'll rouse our fellows' ginger, too!

SENTRY. [*Outside, L.C.*] Halt!

NANNY. [*Outside, L.C.*] Ooh! [*Telfair places letters on table*] Say, don't you be so pert with your bayonets.

TEL. That voice! [*Crosses below table. Hurries to window, calling off, L.C.*] Oh, Miss MacNair—oh, Miss MacNair! [*With an inviting smile*] Sentry, let the lady pass. [*Nanny appears at window, from L. Comes down arranging appearance*]

NANNY. [*Turns and faces L.*] Thank you, sentry. [*Ignoring Telfair and addressing Sentry with cutting emphasis*] Sentry, if there should be anyone

inside, will you kindly tell him that I'm sent to say the officers' breakfast is waiting?

TEL. [*On stage, raising voice*] Sentry, if there should be anyone outside, will you tell her that the invitation, although welcome, is informal. Would the bearer deliver it in person? [*Nanny leans against window, looking at Telfair, her arms folded, humming with the distant music*] No? So good of you to remember me—What? What'd you say?—What's that? This is such a nice little chat, isn't it? What? [*"Dixie" is heard near-by*] I hope our boys' singing doesn't disturb you. We only know that one tune—"Dixie." [*"Yankee Doodle" heard in the distance with drum and fife*] Ah! Your boys in blue are heard from now.

NANNY. We'll teach you that tune yet! [*Sings, coming into room*]

"Yankee Doodle came to town,  
A ridin' on a pony,  
His coat-tails stuck out straight behind,  
His legs were long and bony."

CHORUS

"Yankee Doodle doodle do  
Yankee Doodle dandy—"

[*Goes to General's door and knocks, calling*] Breakfast, general! [*Sings*] "Yankee Doodle," etc. [*Going L., looking saucily at Telfair over her shoulder*]

TEL. Don't go! [*As she gets out of window, L. Running up to window*] O Miss MacNair, don't go! Oh, don't go! Please don't go! [*Calling after her. Coming into room impatiently*] Well, go then! What the devil do I care? A soldier hasn't any time to waste on women. Give him a good pipe, a deep canteen—and a jolly yarn, and who remembers there is such a thing as a woman! Woman! Ah! Some of us have written our last letter! [*Leaning in front of drum. Reading, as he drops letters into it*] Miss Mollie Clay—Miss Sallie Hoyt—Miss Cornelia—Briggs, Miss Jane—Miss Eva—Miss Lulu—Miss Bessie—Miss Mary Ann—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Confound it—[*Ad libitum. Slamming remainder of letters into drum*] It seems as if every fellow in the regiment has his heart wrapped up in a petticoat. [*Distant music stops*]

SENTRY. [*Outside, L.C.*] Halt! Pass! [*Thorpe enters, L.C., in civilian's dress. His trousers tucked in his boots, his clothing in disorder and covered with dust. His boots give evidence of hard usage. Telfair salutes Thorpe*]

THORPE. [*R.C.*] General Kendrick here?

TEL. [*L.*] Yes, colonel. [*Aside*] I wonder what's happened. Thorpe's sober. [*Knocks on General's door, which he opens*] General, here's Colonel

Thorpe. [*Enter General Kendrick anxiously. Kendrick has on sword, hat, and gloves*]

KEN. Well! Well!

THORPE. I got into the enemy's lines, sketched a plan of the works, with important notes. A mile outside of our pickets, two Northern soldiers shot my horse under me. By breaking the wrist of the man that took my paper—

KEN. You lost the paper!

THORPE. Yes.

KEN. Ah!

THORPE. I got clear just as the rest of their party caught up—lay hid in the underbrush for three hours and with difficulty made my way back.

KEN. That paper is in Hooker's hands by this time. [*Walks up and down, crosses R. and turns, troubled*]

THORPE. [*L.C., aside*] In my own writing, worse luck!

KEN. [*Halting before Thorpe*] They'll be on their guard now. [*Enter Bludsoe, R.C., saluting and coming down, R.C.*]

BLUD. All ready, general.

KEN. [*To Telfair*] Let us take a good look at the guns. [*Exeunt Kendrick, Telfair and Bludsoe, R.C.*]

THORPE. Hooker grabbed at my false news—and sent me away with a pat on my back. Then who the devil suspected me and sent them after me? Fighting Joe's paw would make breathing difficult if I were within patting distance now. [*Two shots heard, off R.*] Hullo! What's up? Somebody trying to pass the pickets. [*Looking off, R.C.*] A man running this way! [*Pause, starts*] Ah! [*Retreats to front of table, L.C. A few seconds after, Lloyd without hat, coat, and waistcoat, dashes breathlessly into room through door, R.2E., and staggering, falls into Thorpe's arms. His boots are muddy, his face is ghastly pale. He is bleeding from a wound in the breast and one arm hangs limply by his side. Rose is fastened in his shirt*] Calvert!

LLOYD. [*Panting*] Is that you, colonel! [*Speaks hurriedly and with effort*] Tried to get to Northern camp—reached river—shot struck me in the arm—couldn't—swim across—sentry halted me—showed pass—he said order just out, all passes rescinded. Then the picket who watched me yesterday, you know, came up. I broke away—he fired—[*Clutching at the wound in his breast. With difficulty*] New plan of operations—[*Points to waistband of trousers*] Here! Destroy it!

THORPE. [*Glancing over him, R.*] They're coming.

LLOYD. [*Stands erect, R.C.*] Let them come! [*With boyish pride*] I saved Charlesville for the North, after all!

THORPE. [*L.C.*] How?

LLOYD. I told my sister—Alan Kendrick was going to his death—she loves him—

THORPE. [*Quickly*] And warned him—a woman!

LLOYD. [*Pleadingly*] O colonel, don't let them—[*Pointing, L.*] know what I am. [*Enter two men hurriedly, one is Bryce, the picket, followed by Blount. Thorpe lifts up Lloyd and throws him into Soldiers' arms, who catch him under his arms, supporting him as he sinks to his knees, his head dropping forward*]

THORPE. [*L.C.*] Arrest that man! [*To Blount*] Who is he?

BLOUNT. [*R.*] A deserter.

THORPE. [*L.C. Crosses to Lloyd, throws up his head and looks into his face*] Dead! [*Lets the head drop limp again. Aside. Crossing to L.*] Served him right! He was too infernally zealous!

BLOUNT. [*Beckons to Men, who enter, R.2.E. Picks up blanket and throws same to Man nearest to him who has just entered*] Fetch him along, boys. He'll be a warning to others.

THORPE. [*Points to room, R.3.E.*] Put him in there, for the present. [*The two Men ground arms, and the other two, as they enter, do the same. The other Man, who has just entered, takes the place of Corporal who has hold of Lloyd's R. arm; the Man who has the blanket opens same and places it on stage in front of Lloyd. The Corporal takes the lower end nearest Lloyd. As the two men holding Lloyd lift him up, Corporal and the other men push blanket about one foot and a half under Lloyd's knees. The Men holding him let him fall face downward on to blanket. Corporal turns him roughly on his back into C. of blanket, throwing Lloyd's L. arm against his body. They lift blanket by the four corners and carry Lloyd off feet first. Blount opens door and exit after them. At cue "Fetch him along boys," Sentry crosses, L. to R., halts and watches dead body being taken off, and then resumes his march. Thorpe, L.] Maryland Calvert warned Alan Kendrick. That's why Charlesville wasn't cut to pieces; that's a good bone to lay by in my cupboard. [*Tom Boone, in the uniform of a Confederate private, enters, R.2.E. His manner is stoical. Salutes Thorpe who eyes him sharply as he passes him to go to door leading from passage. Blount and the Men reenter, leaving door open; they then take up their guns. Blount signals them to exeunt, R.C., which they do, two by two. Blount exit, L.C. Thorpe to Boone*] Halt! [*L.C. Boone salutes and faces him*] Aren't you the recruit who spoke to me yesterday?*

BOONE. [*Up L.*] Yes, colonell

THORPE. Why were you insolent to Miss Calvert? [*Boone looks at him*] I heard you! Know her?



BOONE. [*Reluctantly*] Yes.

THORPE. Your words implied a grievance.

BOONE. Pardon me, colonel—that's a private matter.

THORPE. Not when you threaten her in my hearing. Why did you? Answer me! [*Boone maintains a sullen silence*] Answer me! If you *were* sober yesterday, you are either a coward or—

BOONE. Well, then, I love her, and when she—I—I lost my head for a moment.

THORPE. [*Aside*] I thought so. Surly cuss. [*Alan Kendrick, still wearing the Confederate overcoat, is brought on by two Men, R.U.E., blindfolded. The Man on his R. is guiding him by holding his arm. Thorpe to Men*] Who's this?

BOONE. [*L.C.*] A prisoner, just taken, sir.

THORPE. [*To Alan*] Your name?

ALAN. [*R.C. Takes one step forward, giving no sign he has recognized Thorpe's voice*] Alan Kendrick, colonel of the 9th Cavalry, Northern Army.

THORPE. [*Starts, recovers himself; to Boone*] Oh! You captured him? [*Aside, as if understanding*] Hm! [*To Men*] Guard outside! [*They salute him, and exeunt, R.C. To Boone*] Remove the blindfold! [*Boone crosses to Alan and takes off blindfold*] Be within call. [*Boone salutes and exit, R.U.E. Thorpe, without stirring, casts a hasty glance from L.C. at back to door, R.U.E., seated*] Kendrick, strange that apparently sane men will run such risks for the sake of a woman. A soldier found in the opposing lines, in the uniform of the enemy—no matter what his errand, is in a pretty bad fix. [*Alan taking no notice of Thorpe's words, quietly takes off his overcoat and letting it fall on the floor, stands revealed in the full uniform of a colonel of the Federal cavalry, without sword. Calmly. Throws coat, L.C., front*]

ALAN. [*R.C.*] Send me before the commanding officer! [*Sentry crosses to L.*]

THORPE. You did a good thing when you had me turned out of your regiment. I'm Colonel Thorpe now, and hold here a position of honor and trust.

ALAN. [*Facing Thorpe*] So I found out today, when my men seized you with a copy of our works on you.

THORPE. [*Enraged*] So it was you then, who rode up and nearly caught me!

ALAN. I was dismounting outside Hooker's tent, just as you left. I asked what you were doing there, and found out you were a spy in our service. [*Thorpe glances about uneasily*] I told the general that you were in a position yesterday to have warned me of the intended surprise of Charlesville. But

no! You meant to strike that garrison—Hooker has sworn if you ever fall into his hands, he'll waste no lead on you. [*Facing audience*]

THORPE. Hang me! Eh? Huh! Ha! Ha! Did they really think I'd warn them? I don't care which rag I serve under. I fight for my own hand.

ALAN. And stand self-confessed—a man without a country! [*Thorpe rises quickly, places chair about one foot in front of table*]

THORPE. [*Livid*] You drove me from my country.

ALAN. [*In front of table, R.C.*] Your own base actions showed you unfit to serve the States.

THORPE. Damn the States! [*Alan turns quickly and clutches Thorpe by the throat. Thorpe in the struggle is pressed backwards over chair in front of table. Alan still holding him by the throat with both hands. Thorpe makes an attempt to call out*]

ALAN. [*Choking the half-uttered word*] Take back those words! Take them back! Take them back, I tell you!

THORPE. [*After a second's pause, gasps out*] I—take—them—back. [*Alan in disgust throws Thorpe from him over the chair and stands erect*]

ALAN. Now send me before the commanding officer!

THORPE. [*Calling off, R.*] Sentry! [*General Kendrick enters, R.C., followed by Telfair; a second after, by Bludsoe. The General throws hat on the table, takes off his gauntlets, and picks up a document, his back turned to Alan. Lieutenant Hayne enters, L.C., and speaks to Telfair. When Telfair enters he throws his hat on small table by passage. Thorpe, saluting*] A prisoner, general.

KEN. [*Seeing Alan's uniform but not his face*] An officer.

ALAN. [*Aside*] My father! [*Enter Captain Blair quickly, R.2.E., with paper; he hands same to Telfair, saluting him. Telfair reads and countersigns it, then hands it to Blair*]

THORPE. Of that 9th Cavalry that garrisoned Charlesville last night, and is now facing us. [*Hayne, R.C.; as soon as Telfair hands paper to Blair, he whispers to Telfair who delivers him a message*]

KEN. [*Eagerly*] Ah! Who brought him in? [*Thorpe to R.2., and beckons. Boone enters from R.2., and pauses on threshold*]

THORPE. [*Pointing*] This man.

KEN. [*To Boone, who salutes*] Where'd you capture the prisoner?

BOONE. Going into the old mill, sir.

KEN. Where's that?

BOONE. Out there, sir. He wore that. [*Points to overcoat, which still lies on the floor. Thorpe picks it up to emphasize the significance of Boone's*

*words, and puts it in chair, L.C. Crosses, L., to coat*] So our men paid no attention to him, but I know him.

KEN. Why wasn't this man blindfolded?

THORPE. He was. I ordered it to be removed, sir.

KEN. Indiscreet—you shouldn't have done it. This room commands a full view of—*[To Boone]* Draw those curtains! *[Pointing, R.2. Boone closes curtains]*

TEL. *[By table, R., aside to Kendrick. Enter Blount, gives dispatch to Telfair]* Our guns are being masked, general. He saw nothing. *[Telfair hands the General a dispatch brought on hurriedly]*

KEN. *[His eyes half-engaged, reading dispatch]* Prisoner, you have placed yourself in a serious position. What brought you into our lines?

ALAN. *[Facing him]* General Kendrick, if you—

KEN. *[Amazed]* My so—*[The word "son" dies in his throat. Telfair is astonished at sight of Alan. Lieutenant Hayne, who is about to go off, L.C., halts on threshold. From now until the General dismisses everybody, the scene is perfectly quiet. Kendrick and Alan stand gazing at each other in silence. Their positions are so arranged that the gray uniform of the Father and the blue uniform of the Son, make a strong contrast. After a pause, the General recovers and is once more the soldier]* Well?

ALAN. I pledge you my word, sir. I came here on private business and not on a soldier's errand.

KEN. In the face of the enemy—a battle threatening, an officer's unsupported word is hardly sufficient. I must know why you are in our lines.

ALAN. I can explain, sir, but I must beg the indulgence of a little time.

KEN. *[Points to overcoat on chair, L.C.]* You wore that?

ALAN. I did.

KEN. And you can explain? I hope so. Your object? Why do you hesitate?

ALAN. General Kendrick, the indulgence I asked for was in order to gain time; that I might obtain permission to mention a name—the name of a woman, sir.

KEN. *[To Boone]* Has the prisoner been searched?

BOONE. Yes, general.

KEN. Nothing found on him?

BOONE. Nothing.

THORPE. *[Aside to Blount whose attention has been attracted and who has entered the room, pausing on the threshold]* Search that dead man in there. *[Points to room, R.3.E. Blount goes into room, R.3.E.]*

KEN. Colonel Kendrick, give me your parole that, until you can justify your position here, you will not attempt to escape.

ALAN. [*Saluting*] You have my word, general. [*Facing audience, hands behind his back. Reenter Blount from room, R.3.E., with a paper, a clot of blood on it*]

BLOUNT. [*Saluting*] General, one of your men shot, trying to desert to the enemy.

THORPE. The body's in there. [*Points, R.3.E.*]

BLOUNT. Had this paper on him. [*Salutes, retires upstage*]

KEN. [*Takes paper and looks at it, a serious expression comes over his face; aside*] Our new operations. [*Looks closely at paper*] It can't be possible that—[*Aloud*] Lieutenant Telfair! [*Telfair comes down, R. of him, no salute*] Do you know this writing?

TEL. [*Looks at paper, starts, apart to General*] Yes. It is young Calvert's.

KEN. See who the dead man is.

TEL. [*Crosses behind Kendrick, looks through the door, R.3.E. Starts back in horror, comes down R. of General, greatly agitated. As he leaves door, R.U., Corporal Day looks in; he steps aside, saluting, as Lieutenant Hayne passes in front of him. All the characters upstage turn and look towards the room where the dead body is. In a low voice to the General*] Lloyd Calvert! [*Crosses to L., behind table. The others, except Thorpe, while not hearing the latter words, watch with breathless interest*]

KEN. [*Aside*] A spy! [*Aloud to Thorpe who comes forward, L.C.*] Colonel Thorpe, how long has he been in Boonsboro?

THORPE. I never laid eyes on him till he staggered into this room a moment ago, dying.

KEN. [*To Telfair*] Do you know?

TEL. [*L.*] Since yesterday.

KEN. [*Only within hearing of Thorpe*] Yesterday! That accounts for the Charlesville disaster. [*Aloud, sternly*] Aha! There's treachery here! [*Alan faces him, surprised*] In drafting the plans, he kept a copy, and—[*His eyes rest on Alan*] Colonel Kendrick, an important paper has just been found on the body of a spy. Under the circumstances I must retract the parole and hold you till the matter be thoroughly sifted. [*Alan salutes with quiet dignity. To Thorpe*] Colonel Kendrick will remain in there. [*Points to room, L., General's room leading from passage*] Under a strict guard, until further orders.

THORPE. The prisoner is in your charge, Private Boone. [*Boone salutes and advances to Alan's side. Sentry crosses, R. to L.*]

KEN. [*To Alan as he starts to go L., with Boone*] Wait! [*To Boone*] I'll call you. [*All salute and exeunt in dead silence. Blount goes off, L.2., Captain*]

*Blair, R.2.E., Lieutenant Hayne, L.C., Bludsoe, R.2., Boone into room, L., leading from passage. Thorpe exit, R.2., after Captain Blair, taking up his hat and gloves from camp stool, R.2. Telfair goes up to small table, picks up his hat, crosses below table, starting for exit, C. Picking up coat* Robert, stay! [*Telfair pauses, but turns away, back to audience, above table*] Alan, you have reason to think harshly of me—you did right to stand by your mother. [*Alan folding his arms, turns away from the General*] My love made me unreasonably jealous, and, suspecting a rival, I drove her from me—hurt beyond pardon. Ah, Alan! [*Turning away with a passionate cry of pain*] I had hoped that one day my boy—a man—would know the love of a woman—would feel just one such pang as mine—to make him—forgive, and understand.

ALAN. I know—I understand! [*Extending his hand*] Father! [*They clasp hands*]

KEN. [*C. In a choking voice*] My boy! My boy! [*Takes him in his arms. Pause. The two men recover and stand erect and soldierlike again*] Your presence here and the capture of that spy—[*Pointing, R.*] is an unfortunate coincidence. It makes your position difficult. My son, let me come to your aid, if I can. Let me send for the woman.

ALAN. [*R.C.*] No. I am here unknown to her. An enemy secretly received in your lines—you see what might be inferred. Father, you have said it—it was just that one—great pang—that brought me here. I can say no more without her permission. [*Turns away. Kendrick pauses, as if to embrace Alan, then collects himself*]

KEN. [*Calling to Boone, off L. Then goes up, R., behind table*] Private Boone! [*Goes upstage, R.C. Boone appears at door, L.C.*]

ALAN. [*Crosses to L.C. Telfair turns and meets him. To Telfair who is about to question him, unseen by the General*] Don't question me now, Bob—don't worry—I shall come out of it. [*Exit into General's room, L.2., followed by Boone. General comes down, R.C.*]

TEL. [*L. of General*] General! What though that paper were found on the dead boy—[*Marked*] there is no proof that Alan spoke to him—or even saw him. [*A knock is heard at door, L.1.E. The knock is repeated*]

KEN. Who's there? [*Telfair opens door and Maryland appears on threshold. She wears a pretty, out-of-door frock, and her hat hangs on her arm by its ribbons*]

TEL. [*Starting back in nervous apprehension; to General in a low whisper*] Miss Calvert!

MARY. Lieutenant Telfair! I am called away from the house, and I want to see General Kendrick before I go. [*Looking behind him and seeing the General, advances with her hand outstretched. Telfair closes curtains to Mary-*

land's L.] General Kendrick! I feared you might go to the front before my return. [*The General has been looking earnestly at Maryland*]

KEN. [*In grave surprise and taking her hand*] Miss Maryland Calvert!

MARY. Yes. [*Drops hat on chair*]

KEN. I am glad to see you.

MARY. [*In answer to his fixed look at her. Telfair up close, R.3.C.*] We've never met before, general, but I know you from your son's strong resemblance to you. [*Telfair retires upstage, and, with his eyes fixed on Maryland, closes door, R.3.E., behind which is the body of Lloyd, then comes down to R. of General*]

KEN. [*Surprised*] You know my son?

MARY. [*Hesitating, drops her eyes for an instant*] Yes. I—I was to have been his wife. Colonel Kendrick was quartered here a year before the war.

KEN. [*Thunderstruck at her first words, with much relief. Aside*] Thank God! Alan's story is straight.

TEL. [*R., aside to General, dryly*] And he said his was not a soldier's errand, general.

KEN. [*Slapping Telfair heartily on shoulders, who goes up on balcony. Telfair upstage, R.C. Aside*] My boy! My boy! [*Aloud*] Pardon me, Miss Calvert! Only this instant, an anxious thought for Alan was filling my heart, and you—well, it's one of those strange fatalities—that you should come to me at this particular moment. [*With tender reverence*] And so you clung to our cause, eh? [*Up to Maryland, taking her hand*]

MARY. I tried to, General.

KEN. [*Patting her on the shoulder*] Brave little woman, to give him up. [*Sentry crosses, R. to L. Boone appears from General's room, L., leading from passage. He closes door, faces Kendrick, salutes*]

BOONE. Prisoner asks to hold communication with Lieutenant Telfair.

TEL. [*Coming down, has come in from balcony, R.C., aside*] Alan has heard her voice.

KEN. Presently. [*Boone salutes and exit into the room, closing door*]

MARY. [*L. of Kendrick*] So you've turned my little morning room into a jail! Who's the prisoner?

KEN. [*C. Hesitates*] A young man, held on suspicion of complicity with a Northern spy—just shot.

MARY. [*Looking at door of Prisoner's room*] And he's involved?

KEN. [*Taking her hand, which she unconsciously holds out*] No, I am sure he can prove his innocence—now.

MARY. Oh! Then there's no danger? [*Turns to table*]

KEN. Yes, but the spy probably had accomplices. [*Maryland, unnoticed by others, starts*]

MARY. [*Aside*] Accomplices! [*A suspicion coming to her. Telfair comes slowly down, R.*]

KEN. If so much as a breath—as a breath—connect the prisoner with that dead man—nothing can save him. [*Markedly looking at her*] There would be no extenuating circumstances—nothing but death. [*A thought has suddenly come to the General. He stands aghast. Under his breath to Telfair*] Her brother—if by any chance they met—

MARY. Ah, general, I won't detain you any longer. [*Taking his hands and looking up into his face, earnestly*] God speed you, and give us this battle. [*Gets her hat from chair, L., and starts to go up, R.C.*]

KEN. Amen!

TEL. [*Aside to General, quickly, R.*] Let me tell her it's Alan—in there. [*Pointing, remains R.*]

KEN. [*Aside to him, glancing towards room where body of Lloyd is*] After she knows about—him. [*Calls*] Miss Calvert. [*Maryland turns to him*] Just one moment, please. [*She comes down*] You have shown such loyalty to our cause, that—[*Maryland, conscience-stricken, lets her hat slip out of her hand. The General, picking it up, misses the expression on her face. Telfair also starts to pick up hat*] Allow me—that—[*She quickly controls herself and takes the hat with a nod of thanks*]

MARY. O General, I'm a woman—and I have all a woman's weakness, too.

KEN. Yes—but grief may come to any of us—to me—to you. [*Maryland looks at him with vague apprehension, remains standing by chair, L., her hand resting on the back for a moment. Points to chair*] Call up all your courage to hear bad news.

MARY. Is Alan—? [*Calmly*] Have no fear for me, General Kendrick. Tell me—[*Sits, tremulously*] Tell me—do please tell me.

KEN. [*Close to Maryland*] Your brother—

MARY. [*Starts, looking at him intently*] Lloyd? What is it, general? What is it? What is it?

KEN. Why—shall I tell you the worst? [*Maryland nods*] He is dead.

MARY. Dead!

KEN. He was shot.

MARY. [*Rises, General supporting her*] Lloyd—dead! [*Starts to her feet, calling out. Almost beside herself in General's arms; General gets back a step*] Where is he? Take me to him, general—oh, take me to him! [*Crosses, R.*]

KEN. One moment—he was entrusted with the drawing of an important military paper. He made a second copy and was killed trying to carry it to the enemy.

MARY. My brother a traitor! Oh, it's a lie! I don't care if you are the general—it's a lie! Why, only yesterday he came back to us—a Southern soldier, ready to give his life for our cause. [*Crossing, L., her eyes filling with tears, and passing her hand across her forehead, hardly able to realize the truth*] Just now I saw him here—only a little half hour ago—he held me in his arms—kissed me good-bye—he was going away for you—for you—and now—dead! Murdered! O Lloyd! Lloyd! Lloyd! [*Falls into chair, head on table. She yields to a passion of tears and passing General Kendrick falls prone on table, L.C., in hysterical sobbing*]

KEN. My child!

MARY. [*Dashing away her tears*] No, no, no, no! I won't believe it! I won't believe it! Ah, general, if you had only known Lloyd—he was so loyal! Don't accuse him—don't! Don't disgrace his memory until you are sure! [*Throws herself into his arms*]

KEN. I am sure. The man we are detaining on suspicion in there—[*Pointing to room, L.*]

MARY. [*Has thrown herself on him, in her passion of pleading; at his last word and gesture, struck with a lightning flash of intuition, grasps at his extended hand and holds it, pointing to the door of the Prisoner's room*] That man! That man! [*She fastens his eye and compels him to follow her gaze. Hoarsely*] Ah, yes, the spy is—there! [*Still pointing, she crosses and in a voice almost hushed in a fearful whisper*] There! There! There!

TEL. [*Crossing to C., in agitation*] Miss Calvert! [*Telfair is stopped by a gesture from General Kendrick, draws back*]

MARY. His friend! Lloyd's friend! Lloyd's friend! He knew his miserable life was in danger, and has fastened his own guilt on that poor, murdered boy! [*Facing door of Alan's room, fiercely*] Coward! Coward! Coward! Why, he is the man Lloyd asked me to meet—

KEN. [*Breaking in*] To meet?

MARY. [*Continuing, without noticing interruption*] In the old mill—

KEN. [*With a strong effort to control his agitation*] The old mill—

TEL. My God!

KEN. [*Repressing Telfair's effort to stop Maryland, apart to him*] It was there he was arrested. [*Aloud*] A man in the old mill?

MARY. Yes, yes, yes! A Northern soldier! [*A look of despair comes into the General's face. Telfair makes another attempt to silence her. The General,*



*who has recovered, quiets him by a gesture*] He had come here in the hope of seeing his sweetheart, before the battle—

TEL. That proves nothing, general.

MARY. Proves nothing!

TEL. It's his own story to you.

MARY. [*Crosses to General. To Kendrick*] Why, don't you see—it was all a trick—a subterfuge! Why, he made the boy lie to me—work upon my sympathy, to gain access here—your headquarters. Don't you see—don't you see! Ah! You hesitate to fix his guilt, but you don't wait to stamp his crime on the dead body of a hapless boy, who cannot defend himself! Brother, my brother! Oh, what can I do to clear your name? That man—[*Recollecting*] Oh, I haven't told you all. Lloyd broke down—confessed to me! Oh, what were his words—his words—oh! [*With bewildering agony, trying to remember*]

TEL. [*Up L.*] Stop her! You are his father.

KEN. [*Stolidly and sternly, R.*] I am the general.

MARY. [*Remembering with a cry, C.*] General Kendrick! You told me—if only a breath connected them—hear—hear—Lloyd's last words to me—"If someone does not detain that man, he will get back into the Northern lines—with information and our plans of attack." [*General in pained amazement drops backward a step. Telfair, falling back in despair, his eyes fixed on the open fanlight. Maryland with a gathering vindictiveness*] My brother is dead, but you shall clear his name, and punish that spy in there. [*Telfair, in desperation, throws open the door of room, L., in which Alan is confined. Alan, pale as death, steps out. Boone back of him. At sight of Alan, Maryland stands aghast, staring wildly at him. Realizing what she has done, she gives an hysterical shriek. Her eyes are still riveted on Alan's face*] Alan, I didn't know! I didn't know—[*Falls prostrate at Alan's feet. Picture*]

### ACT III.

PROPERTY PLOT, SCENE 1: *Breastwork of logs, débris, etc., R. (as if thrown up in a great hurry). Flag of truce stuck in breastwork behind gatepost, up L.C. (Pole 10 ft. long with old piece of muslin, 3 ft. x 4 ft.). Two large cannon facing breastworks, R. (The one upstage disabled). 3 small pieces of wood at foot of cannon, downstage. Old pickaxe and spade for Sexton, off L.2.E. Old straps for lowering coffins, for Sexton, off L.3.E. Small flag of truce for Telfair, off R.1.E. 1 large bolt and heavy chain inside door of chapel, L.2.E. 1 large bolt outside gateway, L.1.E. Large brass bar and striker for heavy bell*

*effect in flies, L.2. Bass drum and snare drum under stage, L., for "Dead March" effect. 4 revolvers and plenty of cartridges. Letter for Maryland.*

SCENE 2: *Camp table, R.C. Chair, R. of table. Camp stool, L. of table. On table, trick bayonet with candle, inkstand, quill pens, writing paper, blotting paper, documents, sack with torn papers fastened to downstage legs of table (used for waste paper). Sure-fire revolver and cartridge for property man, to be used in case of accident to Boone's gun. Army cot, 2 blankets and 2 pillows, R. 3 old lanterns with candles lighted (1 for Blount, 1 for Maryland, and 1 on upper landing leading to belfry). Red army sash for Alan. 2 rosin boards with rosin (1, R. of stage and 1 in belfry). Large lock and key in door, L.2.E. ELECTRIC LIGHT PLOT, SCENE 1: House lights down. Red foots full up, White foots one quarter up. Red bunch and Red ground row in the ruins, R.E. Red and Amber ground row, 3rd R. 2 ground rows in front of backdrop, C., with Amber lamps and double rows of Blue lamps; turn down Amber at cue, "Ring like H—," and turn up extra row of Blue. Red reflector, 100 C.P., lamp on church window, L.1.E., turn on when the soldiers march offstage. Red borders full on, White one quarter on, turn down White at cue, "When I gather them in." Work footlights down at cues. When the curtain comes down, turn on Blue foots.*

SCENE 2: *Blue foots dark, turn up a little when Thorpe comes in with lighted match. Turn up full when Thorpe lights the candle. Turn down one half when Maryland puts out candle. Turn all lights out dark at cue.*

SCENE 3: *2 double rows of Blue strips at back of church tower, full up with rise of curtain.*

#### THE OLD CHURCH

SCENE: *Outside the church. A very old church occupies nearly one third of stage, L., the front facing R. Over entrance door, a pointed arch resting on corbels. A wicket is in the door. It slides open from the inside. The stained glass windows are shattered and have temporary iron bars outside. Glass in tower window facing audience is broken to pieces and also barred. Small door in L. side of church facing audience. The church tower reaches above the borders so as to give apparent height. A country road leads to the gate, R.U.E.; the gates are unhinged and lie R. and L. of gateposts. The gateposts are very high and broken. A breastwork of logs, débris, etc., as if thrown up in a great hurry, is R.; encircles church. Portion of the sides are blown out. Stuck conspicuously in the débris is a pole on which a flag of truce is flying. A cannon is planted, R., pointed off, R., through an opening in breastwork. A gate leading to churchyard. Another cannon, R.2.E., is disabled. An old ambulance marked C.S.A. is standing at back, L., outside fence. Scene shows*

*effect of a recent battle near-by, the haze of which still hangs in the air. A far off, R.U.E., is seen the faint glow of a conflagration. In the distance at back, the ruins of a partly burned village.*

*TIME: Towards evening of the next day. It is late in the afternoon and the last rays of the sun fall on the corner of the church. Before the curtain goes up, a descriptive battle piece is played, with far-away sound of booming cannon. The curtain rises to "The Bugles sans truce, for the night clouds had lowered," heard faintly in orchestra. When curtain is up, fife and drum heard, off R.H., sounding "Lights Out."*

*DISCOVERED: A Sentry, crossing L. to R., his clothes very dusty, is seen pacing slowly outside the fence at back. Thorpe, his face more colorless than usual, wearing an army overcoat, his back against the church door, shading his eyes with his hand and looking off, R.U.E. He has been drinking heavily and his manner is morose but anxious. As last notes of bugle die away, Sentry disappears and the sound of hurried footsteps is heard. Bludsoe, his uniform torn and battle-stained, his eyes almost blinded with smoke, enters gropingly, by upper road, from R., panting. Thorpe shows eagerness at sight of Bludsoe.*

BLUD. [*Calling offstage*] Colonel! Colonel! Colonel! [*Enters, R.U.E.*]

THORPE. Well, Bludsoe, what is it?

BLUD. [*Saluting and speaking brokenly*] Couldn't get here before—village afire—missed my way in the smoke—It's been an awful day! [*Comes down, C.*]

THORPE. What news? What news?

BLUD. Our reinforcements driven back!

THORPE. Ah!

BLUD. Both sides worn out—withdrawn till morning.

THORPE. Has word been sent to General Headquarters?

BLUD. All communication cut off.

THORPE. And Hooker?

BLUD. Between us and reinforcements. Most of our guns captured.

THORPE. No retreat?

BLUD. The river road blocked.

THORPE. That will do. [*Motioning him off. Bludsoe starts up and off, L.U.E.*] That will do! [*Thorpe crosses, R.*] We're in a pocket. [*Bludsoe salutes and exit, L.3.E. Officer comes in hurriedly from church*] Yes, we're hemmed in! Hemmed in! [*Crosses to R.3.E. Pointing*] Well, darkness'll give us a breathing spell. We're well entrenched; there's no danger before daylight. [*Pointing, R.U.E.*] I want that bridge destroyed. [*Exit Officer, R.U.E.*] I'm safe till morning—but after—[*Corporal entering, L.3.E.*]

BLOUNT. [*Saluting*] They're waiting for you in the chapel, colonel.

THORPE. [*Still looking off*] In a minute. [*Aside*] But after—

BLOUNT. Beg pardon, colonel, they're waiting.

THORPE. [*Angrily*] In a minute! [*Corporal salutes and starts to go. Collecting himself*] Here, say I'll be there directly. [*Corporal salutes and exit, L.3.E.*] What the devil's the matter with me? I mustn't lose my nerve. No! No! [*The old Sexton singing outside, L.1.E.*] Damn that old croaker and his graveyard ditty—Hooker's hand's reaching nearer and nearer to me. I tried to kill him today, once—twice—a dozen times—but not a bullet touched him, and now he's there—[*Pointing off, R.1.E.*] waiting—waiting for me, for me! [*Starts back*] What's that? [*Looking before him on ground*] A grave! A dead body! With a rope around its neck—Good God! My own face! Ah! [*Stamping face out*] What the devil's the matter with me? [*Against gun carriage*] I'm getting maudlin—childish! Curse that boy Calvert for telling me of that dangling wretch he saw hanged! This is commissary whiskey—I'm drinking too much—I'll knock off after this one—after this one—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit door, L.2.E. Bracing up. Sentry reappears, L., and passes slowly off, R. The old Sexton is heard close by. He is a withered, deaf, white-haired man, wearing a faded jean waistcoat, no coat and a pair of worn corduroy pantaloons tucked into muddy, patched boots, an old felt hat that has lost its shape, and a red comforter around his neck; he enters through gate, L.1.E., carrying a pickaxe and spade over his shoulder. He shuts gate and puts pickaxe and spade inside door of church, downstage L., and closes door after he has done this*]

#### SEXTON

"From my plantin' and my hocin'  
Where the grass grows green,  
Comes no reapin' nor no mowin',  
Where the grass grows green!  
But by the pa'son's word accordin',  
On the t'other side of Jordan,  
It will ripen in God's garden, [*With a long drone*]  
Where the grass grows green." [*Coughing*]

The smoke of that durn'd battle keeps gittin' in a feller's windlass. [*Coughs*] I wish't they'd do their fitten som'er's else. [*Looks at church window, L., shakes his head*] Jes' see them winders! All those pattern saints busted right in! Northerners is packed like herrin's in a bar'l, in that. Well, 'taint no fun'ral o' mine. I reckon I'll see if everythin's in apple-pie order in the chapel. [*Sentry crosses, R. to L.*] Then I'll drap in on Miss S'lindy! [*Chuckles.*]

*Crosses to tongue of gun carriage, R.C., and picks up a twig*] Mebbe she'll say, "Ha' suthin', Uncle Jeff, now du," en' then—[*Chuckles*] I'll smile—[*Puts foot on tongue of gun carriage and scrapes mud off boots. Chuckles, perkily*] an' say—thank ye kindly, S'lindy—I'll take you. He, he, hel [*Crosses to C.*] People will go on a dyin' and a dyin' jes' to keep me busy. Life is a game o' nine pins, and when they're knocked over, I'm the old boy that gathers 'em in. [*Goes upstage singing, not loud*]

"And from pa'son's word accordin',

On the t'other . . ." [*Exit above chapel, L. Pause. The bolts of the church are withdrawn and Thorpe reenters, followed by Blount. Thorpe evidently has been drinking again. Door closes and bolts are heard to be shot*]

THORPE. [C.] You know the fellow that brought Kendrick in?

BLOUNT. [L.C.] Oh, yes! Boone—the new recruit. They say he's in love with that Calvert gal and arrested him out of pure cussedness.

THORPE. [C.] Put him on duty here.

BLOUNT. [*Saluting and crossing to R.C.*] He's a dead shot, colonel, but dead shots cain't cover ev-rythin' in this old rattrap of a jail. The bluebirds us'ter fly outer this cage pretty freq'nt 'fore I took charge. What I ben apro-jectin' to say to yer—is this! When I was jailer down to Pigwog, Mizzoura, we had a trick to clip the wings o' fly-by-nights that was a dead sure thing, an' I'd like to try it yer, if you'll gimme leave.

THORPE. [*Leans against house, L.*] Well, what is it?

BLOUNT. Well, you see, colonel, the pickets don't always hear the alarm guns. There's so much random firin' done by skirmishers. O'ny las' night two bluecoats got off that way. 'Taint safe to trust to no such oncertin signals. Now, colonel—I was a thinkin'—if we was to set that yer clangin' old bell up there—[*Pointing up at the tower*] a swingin' when a jailbird got loose—why—'twould give the alarm for miles 'round. I allow no one 'ud git by the pickets then, without a halt bein' called.

THORPE. Not a bad idea.

BLOUNT. [R.] Well, that's how I worked it when I was jailer down to Pigwog, Mizzoura. [*Takes chew of tobacco. The old Sexton reenters from above chapel. He has slung over his shoulders two long and very old straps used to lower coffins, comes slowly down and is met by Thorpe*]

THORPE. [C.] Here, sexton! Here!

SEXTON. [C. *With his hand to his ear*] Eh?

THORPE. [L.C.] Oh! Here, pay attention, you deaf old bag o' bones!

SEXTON. [*Bridling up*] I ain't no bag o' bones!

THORPE. Don't answer back! I saw you talking to the condemned prisoner in the tower. Don't do it again! You're not to know where that fellow is—you understand?—or anything about him—mind that—or I'll trim your tongue for you! Do you hear? [*Sexton bows slightly. To Blount*] Tell him what you want. [*Thorpe off, L.I.E. At exit of Colonel Thorpe, Sentry crosses, L. to R. Sexton looks at Blount and then looks off after Thorpe*]

BLOUNT. [*R.C.*] Hm! Colonel's in a beauty of a temper! Been a "Comin' through the rye" more'n usual. I wish I had his load. The old parson down at Pigwog, Mizzoura, used to say—"Make not thy nose blush for the sins of thine mouth." [*The old Sexton has crossed, L., mumbling*] Here!

SEXTON. [*C., turns and sees Blount*] Eh? [*Goes towards him, hand to ear*]

BLOUNT. [*C.*] I've got orders for you.

SEXTON. [*L.C., looking him over*] Don't keep no boarders—[*Going, L.*] Evenin'.

BLOUNT. [*C., louder*] Here!

SEXTON. [*Returning, L.C.*] Say, I ain't de'f.

BLOUNT. [*C.*] No?

SEXTON. [*L.C.*] No. Only just a little mite hard o' hearin'—that's all. Otherwise enj'yin' rugged health. Evenin'! [*Starts to exit again*]

BLOUNT. [*Roars in his ear*] Look here!

SEXTON. [*Returning*] Say, don't you holler so loud—it bothers my ears. I kin hear you fus' rate ef ye on'y talk soft like. I can always hear Miss S'lindy, speshally her—[*Imitating a woman*] "Hev suthin', Uncle Jeff, now do."

BLOUNT. [*C.*] Yes! [*The old Sexton puts hand to ear. Softly and sweetly*] Ye're to stay by the bell rope an', when ye're ordered, ring like fu-r-ry! See? [*Imitates pulling bell vigorously*]

SEXTON. [*L.C.*] Ring fer a fun'ral. [*Blount gives him a look that speaks volumes and turns away*] All right, sir! I'll ring for a fun'ral. Two dollars is my fee. Is't yer wife? [*Hand to ear*]

BLOUNT. [*Disgusted, C.*] No!

SEXTON. [*L.C.*] Oh!

BLOUNT. [*Speaking slowly and distinctly*] When you're ordered—[*He mouths words so that his meaning is clear from almost noiseless articulation*] Ring like—Hell! See?

SEXTON. Ring the bell! [*Blount, out of breath, is relieved; effective climax*] All right, sir! I'll ring the bell. Kin' o' signalizin', ain't it? Same as a fire, eh?

BLOUNT. Yes, jes' so. I'll notify the pickets. [*Going up*] I'll bet there won't be no more Yanks givin' us the slip. [*Blount exit, L.U.E.*]

SEXTON. My pris'ners don't never escape. I sods 'em down hard! They keeps quiet. But I don't like to kill folks, if I does bury 'em. [*Looking up at the belfry*] This is a new business, for you an' me, ole bell. Fer more'n sixty year, we've been a ringin' t'gether, ringin' fer weddings, ringin' fer christ'nins, an' fer fun'rals; but we didn't think we'd ever ring to catch a poor devil strikin' out fer freedom, did we? [*Coming down*] But duty's duty. [*Crossing, L.*] And I must take my place up there in the old belfry. [*Exit by side door of church facing audience. Sentry crosses platform, comes down steps, is relieved, and marches off with Relief Guard. The tramp of feet is heard, L.U.E. The Relief Guard, one of which is Tom Boone, come on from L.U.E., and enter through gate, R.U.E. The Men wear army overcoats. Boone relieves the Sentry on duty, who falls in with the Relief. They exeunt, R.I.E. After Men are on stage, they are halted by Corporal*]

CORP. Relief! Halt! Number one, take your post. [*Tom Boone and the Sentry being relieved go through the military tactics of "Sentry Relief"*] Forward! March! [*Corporal exit, R.I.E., at head of Men. Boone looks up at the tower. Not till now does the audience know that the Sentry is Boone. He paces at back from R. to L. Every time he passes out of sight there is a fixed interval until he reappears; directly after he goes off, L.U.E., Maryland, wearing a long cloak, dusty and battle-stained, her face pale and anxious, enters breathlessly from R.U.E.*]

MARY. The old church. Alan's prison—at last. Thank God! [*Goes towards church door*] Ah! [*Totters, but instantly recovers. Enter Telfair, R.2.E. His uniform shows the marks of battle. Signal "Dead March" under stage, L., ready*]

TEL. [*R.C., seeing Maryland*] Miss Calvert!

MARY. [*L.C., turning*] You! Oh, I'm so glad! You can take me to General Kendrick. Alan—Alan—how is he?

TEL. I haven't seen him. I've just come in. [*Places flag of truce on cannon and returns to Maryland*] A truce has been granted for two hours—time to pick up the wounded, and bury our dead.

MARY. I've just come from the Northern camp.

TEL. [*Surprised*] The Northern camp? Across that open field of death! For what—

MARY. For Alan! To beg the Northern general to intercede.

TEL. [*Touched*] You—saw Hooker? [*Anxiously*] Well?

MARY. This is his letter to General Kendrick, asking him to stay the—execution. He begs for a delay. Because Alan is not the man Lloyd came to meet, but one of our own officers whose treachery can be proved. Look, General Hooker's own writing—so you see there is hope. [*Watches Telfair's face,*

*which has grown sad*] Faint you think—but still hope. His father cannot refuse the request. Alan will be saved! He shall be! Ah, you shall see! [*Muffled drums and fifes are heard, off L.U.E. under stage, playing softly the "Dead March"*] Quick! Quick! Take me to General Kendrick! [*Marked pause. Telfair looks up and meets Maryland's gaze, who, hearing the funeral march, stands still. Noticing his distress she looks at him apprehensively*] Who—is—dead?

TEL. General Kendrick!

MARY. [*With a stifled cry, stands paralyzed*] Ah!

TEL. We kept his death a secret—we didn't want Hooker to know we had lost him. [*The funeral procession is supposed to start on the march to the grave. The muffled drums and fifes growing fainter. Pause*]

MARY. General Kendrick—dead!

TEL. And now Colonel Thorpe is in absolute command here. [*Maryland in helpless despair; the hand that holds the letter falls hopelessly by her side. She totters weakly and grasps Telfair's arm, which he extends to her. The sun sinks behind the horizon, burning red and low, casting a weird light on the scene. Alan Kendrick, attracted by the sound of the "Dead March," appears behind the bars of the tower window, facing audience. He wears his uniform. Maryland has stood, stifling her sobs, and gazing in the direction of the churchyard. Telfair whispers a few words to her, which she does not seem to hear*]

MARY. What shall I do now? What shall I do now? [*Crosses, down R., to cannon*]

TEL. Courage! Courage! You can but try. Wait here. I'll ask Colonel Thorpe to see you. [*Exit, L.I.E. The sound of the muffled drums and fifes gradually ceases*]

MARY. "O Lord—Lord, hear my voice." [*She stands with uplifted face by cannon, R., back to audience. Several Prisoners appear, peering through grating of crypt, L.U.*]

ALAN. What was that? [*Alan slowly leaves the window, Maryland sees Boone, who has entered by the gate, R.U.; his attention has been attracted to Prisoners watching through grating of crypt and charges on them*]

BOONE. Get back! Get back there! [*Calling from behind, R.U.E., comes in. He is about to resume his march, off L., when Maryland calls to him*]

MARY. Sentry! [*Approaching and almost touching him*] Sentry, tell me—[*Boone halts and faces her*] Tom Boone! Tom—when—when is Alan—to—be—

BOONE. [*Stolidly*] The prisoner will be executed in half an hour.

MARY. Half an hour! O Tom, is there no hope? No hope?



BOONE. None! [*Resumes his march. Exit, L.3.E.*]

MARY. [*Fiercely*] I won't give up! I won't! [*Her eyes turn towards the churchyard*] When Colonel Thorpe comes from the grave of Alan's father—oh, he will show mercy! Yes, yes! Of course he will! [*Looking up at the barred window. The pale face of a Federal Prisoner appears at the grating of crypt. She sees him and calls Alan's name interrogatively, as though seeking some news of him. Another Face appears at the same grating, then another and another. Only half of their bodies are seen, she runs up, then glances over her shoulder towards R.3.E. Turns quickly and peers into each face, calling softly*] Alan! Alan!

BOONE. [*Passes again; he notices Maryland talking to Prisoners. To Maryland*] It's against rules to make any signs to the prisoners. [*Brutally*] Don't do it again! Don't do it again, I tell you! [*A long roll of drums is heard*]

MARY. [*By door, C.*] What's that?

VOICE. [*Outside, L.*] Prisoners escaped! [*Church bell rings an alarm. Boone exit hurriedly, L.3.E.*]

BLOUNT. [*Throwing open door facing front, pistol in hand and calling back*] Look to the others inside. [*Looks up at bell*] You bet that bell 'ull do it. [*Calling off, L.3.E.*] Here! You fellers! Come back! Come back! Them runaways can't pass the pickets while that bell's a ringin'. [*Enter Thorpe hurriedly, L.1.E.*]

THORPE. How many got away? [*Far-away shots are heard. The bell ceases ringing and a dead silence ensues*]

BLOUNT. [*Significantly*] Not one. [*Exit, L. It is now night. A faint moonlight falls on background of scene. The foreground and off R. is illuminated by the after-effects and glare from the battlefield and dying sunset effect. A low, impressive air suggesting intense suspense, is played by stringed instruments only. Boone has come from L. again and by this time nearly reached R.C.*]

THORPE. Sentry! [*Boone halts and faces him, saluting*] They tell me you're a dead shot!

BOONE. Yes, colonel!

THORPE. All right. [*Boone salutes and turns to go, but hearing Maryland's voice, pauses, then remains on guard at head of steps, up C. She stands before church door, facing R. As Thorpe turns he sees her. To Maryland*] You asked to see me?

MARY. [*Approaching him with letter in her hand*] I have a letter from General Hooker, to General Kendrick. He is not here to read it—[*Imploringly, offering letter*] Will you?

THORPE. [*Surprised, aside*] From Hooker! [*Looking at her fixedly, brusquely with a show of politeness, knocks at door, L., the bolts are withdrawn and door thrown open*] Please step inside. [*Maryland with apparent calmness approaches door. Boone has resumed his march and reached well over R.H. and glances up at the tower*]

SCENE 2: *After a moment the curtain rises, showing Colonel Thorpe's headquarters in the vestibule. The pale moon shines through the large window, R., partly lighting the vestibule, the rest of which is in shadow. Outside is a view of the corner of a high stone wall, with a pathway running down to window, R. At back, a door, reached by several steps, opens on a staircase supposed to lead to upper room in tower, L., at back. A conspicuous opening, L.2.E., through which is seen steps leading high up to belfry. The walls inside this opening are old and grim, and made effective by the arrangement of lights as though from above. A door, L.1.E., opens from a dark passage. A table is near R.C. An old knapsack is lying below it, used for papers, etc. A common ink bottle and pen on table. A high-backed chair is in front of R. corner of table. A camp stool behind L. corner of table. A bayonet with end of candle in socket is stuck into L.C. of table. Against the wall, R., is a cot. The cot has been recently occupied, the gray army blanket lying partly on the floor. The door is opened, showing Thorpe holding out a half-burned match. Maryland appears on threshold. She passes Thorpe to L.C., the light from the window falling on her white face. Thorpe closes door after her; crosses to table]*

THORPE. [*Slowly when at table*] Where the devil's that bayonet? [*Searches for candle in bayonet, finds same and lights with same match. Stop incidental music when lights are turned up. He then faces Maryland, his eyes fixed on the letter in her outstretched hand. Thorpe opens the letter, starts to read it close to the candlelight, his face is half-committal. She watches him intently, he turns slowly, sees her anxiously looking at letter; looks sullenly at her as much as to say, "What are you looking at." Maryland steps slowly back. Thorpe turns and reads the letter with intense anxiety. Aside*] Hooker knows young Calvert came to meet me. Had this paper reached Kendrick it would have saved his son—and—hanged me! Humph! General Kendrick is dead. [*Looks at his watch*] Ten minutes more. [*Crosses to R. front corner of table. Aloud, pointing to seat, L. corner of table*] Be seated, Miss Calvert. [*Throws his overcoat and hat on cot*]

MARY. [*She does not sit*] Don't! Oh, please don't keep me waiting! [*Thorpe, his back to her, pours liquor from bottle into tin cup; both bottle and cup are on table, R.*] Tell me—if you'd only tell me now—

THORPE. One moment.

MARY. [*With increasing anxiety*] But you see there's no time to be lost! If you—

THORPE. [*Not looking at her*] One moment! [*Drinks*]

MARY. [*Trying to curb her impatience and clutching her hands nervously*] Oh! [*Goes up, L. Thorpe seats himself in chair at R. of table and writes hurriedly. With a faint ray of hope on her face she sits noiselessly in seat, L. corner of table, her eyes fixed on his moving pen*]

THORPE. [*Signs*] "Fulton Thorpe, Colonel Commanding." [*He blots paper and crosses to door, L.I.E., reading it. Aside*] "At seven o'clock detail a party; take the prisoner Kendrick and execute the order of the Court." [*Opens door and calls*] Orderly! [*Bludsoe appears, saluting*] Give this to Provost Sergeant Blount. [*Bludsoe takes paper, salutes, and exit, closing door after him. Maryland has come forward and watches with signs of increased nervousness*]

MARY. [*As the door closes after Bludsoe*] You've granted the delay! [*She runs to Thorpe; as he is turning he crosses in front of her, takes his L. hand, falling on her knees, repeating in a low tone of joyful relief*] You've granted the delay! Ah, Colonel Thorpe, I thank you! I thank you!

THORPE. [*Quietly removing his hand; draws back*] I'm very sorry— [*Maryland draws back in alarm*] but this letter, coming from the commander of the enemy's forces, will not justify me in setting aside the sentence of the court-martial.

MARY. But General Hooker hasn't asked for a useless reprieve. He said there must be a delay. There was a reason for it. A reason! You saw—you read it—perhaps the meaning wasn't clear. Read the letter again. [*She gets letter from table and holds it out to him, eagerly yet appealingly*] We'll read it together.

THORPE. [*Snatching letter from her, very marked*] I quite understood— [*Crossing, R., to front of table, tears up letter and throws it in knapsack under table*] who passed the sentence.

MARY. [*R.C., growing more excited*] I know, I know; but how glad he would have been to show mercy—Think how brave he was to condemn his own son—he loved him so—what it must have cost him! O Colonel Thorpe, can you refuse? You can't—you can't! As you hope in God for mercy, you can't! Alan's life rests with you—Oh—and mine, mine, too! If you kill him, you kill me! [*Sobbing*] I don't ask for pardon—but for time—time—a night—an hour—I beg of you. [*Hysterically she puts her hands on Thorpe's arms, which are folded, and as he drops them to his sides, she slips down to her*

*knees, never letting go*] Time! Time! Time! [*Clings to his L. arm as he crosses, L.*]

THORPE. He was condemned as a spy—

MARY. He is innocent!

THORPE. [*L. of her by this time*] He shall hang as a spy! [*Thorpe crosses, L.*]

MARY. No, no, no, no!

THORPE. I cannot interfere.

MARY. [*Rises, her cloak falls from her shoulders*] You will not! You hate him, because he is a Northern soldier. This is war! This is the way men fight! I'm glad I'm a woman! You want his life—I know it—I feel it—[*Putting her hand on her heart*] here! How dare you take life? You can't give it back! [*She is reaching the climax of her despair and anger*] This is not punishment! It is murder! [*She crosses*] And you—you are—no—no—I didn't mean that! I don't know what I'm saying! I don't know what I am saying! Forgive me! Listen! Oh, when I think of him—dying such a cruel, shameful, ignominious death—and not guilty! [*She breaks down and sobs wearily. Throwing herself on seat, L., rests her head on table*]

THORPE. [*Still L., struck with an idea*] If I could get her to confess her part in that Charlesville affair—[*He glances at Maryland, then turns away, pleased with his plan. A solemn rolling of drums heard outside, R.U., also tramping of Men, off L.U., who stop when Blount shouts "Squad, halt"*]

MARY. [*Starts to her feet, choking back a cry*] They're coming for Alan! [*Runs and throws open window, R., and sees the rope. Shrieking*] Ah! The rope! [*Shrinking back in horror, hides her face and sways back and forward. Rope on window outside*]

THORPE. [*Back of her, crossing to R. of table, quietly but suggestively*] I'd come away from that window, Miss Calvert.

BLOUNT. [*Outside, L.I.E.*] Squad, halt! [*Maryland is terrified at the sound. Gunstocks are heard to rattle on floor. Blount enters hurriedly with Thorpe's paper in his belt and goes towards steps, R., at back leading to room in tower. Maryland divining he has come for Alan, backing to steps, bars his way*]

MARY. No, no, not yet—not yet—only a little while longer—only a little while longer—[*To Thorpe*] Please wait—please wait—[*To Blount*] Not yet! Not yet! [*Clutching each side of the baluster*] No! No! No! No! [*In front of door*] You shall not! [*Blount pauses*]

THORPE. [*R. of table, to Blount*] Well! What are you waiting for?

MARY. No! [*Blount tries to take her hand from baluster*] No! No! No!—[*Ending in her resisting cry as he succeeds in forcing it off*] No—no—no!

[*Blount thrusts her R. She goes to Thorpe. Blount goes up steps and exit, closing door behind him. Telfair, downcast, appears in doorway, L.I.E. Maryland rushing down to Thorpe*] Oh! Can I say nothing—do nothing—to make you human! [*Thorpe waves his hand to her, as much as to say, "I cannot interfere."* He crosses to window, R., looks up at tree, watching Men making preparations for hanging Alan. Maryland to Telfair, who comes to her side, her last hope gone] He won't listen!

THORPE. [*Back of table, to Telfair who has crossed to R. of table*] I regret I can do nothing for Miss Calvert!

MARY. [*Tearfully to Telfair*] You see?

THORPE. I have reason to believe the prisoner, Kendrick, had a meeting with the spy, Calvert, previous to the one proved at the court-martial. [*Telfair looks at him surprised. To Maryland, deliberately*] When he passed through Boonsboro an exchanged prisoner, your brother warned him of the intended attack on Charlesville.

MARY. [*With woman-like eagerness*] No! No! That isn't true! I told him! [*Telfair stands aghast. Before he can speak, Thorpe addresses him*]

THORPE. [*At back of table*] Lieutenant Telfair, I shall have to ask you to take a note of Miss Calvert's confession.

TEL. Surely, Colonel Thorpe—you can't believe—

THORPE. Use her own words!

MARY. Yes! Yes! It's true—I told him! [*Telfair, almost doubting his ears, reluctantly sits at R. corner of table and writes. To Thorpe*] So you see there was no other meeting between them. You will grant the delay now—won't you? Won't you? [*The door at back is opened by Blount and Alan enters. His face is pale and calm. He wears a white shirt, his arms are pinioned by his own red sash*] Alan! [*She starts to go to him, but Blount roughly pushes her to L. He gives a last tug at the sash that binds Alan, and crosses and places lantern, L., at foot of stairs leading to belfry. Maryland stands, L., with her back partly to audience. Alan stands C. They do not take their eyes from each other's face. Telfair has finished writing, drops the pen and rises. A moment of silence. Then Thorpe turns to Telfair, holds out his hand, Telfair gives him the paper*]

THORPE. Draw up guns outside the church. His 9th Cavalry bluecoats will try to get at us. Keep them back, sergeant! [*Blount crosses to him. Thorpe looks at paper, Telfair salutes and turns to go. As he passes Alan he lays his hand on his shoulder in silent sympathy. This is unseen by Thorpe, who is speaking to Blount at back. Telfair passes Maryland, and goes out at L.I.E., taking off his hat*]

MARY. [*Grief-stricken but tearless*] Alan, forgive me!

ALAN. [C.] Hush! Don't blame yourself! You couldn't help it.

MARY. [L.C.] I brought you—to this.

ALAN. [C.] You didn't know.

MARY. My heart should have told me—that message came from you.

ALAN. Maryland, send me away with courage in my breast—do, dear—don't—don't let your poor heart upbraid you.

MARY. It will! It will! While I live!

ALAN. If I could only comfort you.

THORPE. [To Blount] You understand! Send Bludsoe to me! You can have the prisoner in five minutes. [*Blount salutes and exit, L.I.E., closing door after him. A distant boom of cannon is heard*] Ha! [*At window, R.*] The truce is over! Come, Kendrick, steady your nerves! [*Pours liquor from canteen into cup*]

ALAN. [*Paying no heed to him. To Maryland, to whom he has been talking in a low voice*] And now my own sweet girl—good-bye!

MARY. No! No! Alan!

ALAN. There is no hope!

MARY. Yes, there is! [*To Thorpe*] Isn't there, Colonel Thorpe?

THORPE. Here, sign this. [*Taking paper from his breast with R. hand, placing tin cup on table with his L. hand, dipping pen in ink, holds it for her to sign paper*]

ALAN. [*Stepping between her and Thorpe, crowds her up L.*] No! Sign nothing! [*Faces Thorpe*] I don't know what you're trying to do, but don't torture this poor girl any longer. I beg of you—let an orderly take her home—and then—[*Maryland darts by Alan, seizes pen and signs the paper*]

MARY. There!

ALAN. What have you done? [*Bludsoe enters quickly, L.I.E., salutes, crosses to L. of table*]

THORPE. [*Folding paper*] When you can make your way through, get this to General Headquarters. [*Gives him paper*]

MARY. [*Following Bludsoe to door*] Yes, hurry—hurry—ride for your life! [*Exit Bludsoe. Calling after him*] Ride for your life!

ALAN. [C.] What have you done?

THORPE. [*R. of table*] Miss Calvert has made a confession that makes it necessary for me to detain her here, under arrest.

ALAN. Under arrest!

THORPE. For betraying the attack on Charlesville to you. [*Maryland faces the Men, the door closing; listening intently, she soon realizes she has been fooled but listens on*]

ALAN. You coward! You've taken advantage of the frantic words of a desperate girl! Weren't you satisfied without that? My poor girl, can't you see he has lied—cheated you! That man is my bitterest enemy—I drove him out of my regiment—a scoundrel! Why, it was he sent me to Charlesville!

THORPE. [*About to take a drink*] Eh!

ALAN. [*To Thorpe*] Oh! I know that! Thorpe, let us fight it out to the last—but, for God's sake, leave the woman out of the question! [*Thorpe is yielding to the influence of drink. His speech is thick. As Alan ends he gulps down the liquor in the cup and turns on him savagely, throwing the cup on floor, R.*]

THORPE. [*Crosses upstage, C.*] Ah, now I've touched you—close—close! Haven't I? Haven't I? This—is luck! Luck! Ha, ha! You're pale now, are you pale! I know by daybreak Hooker will be master here—but it'll be too late—for you. I'll never fall into his hands. No, by God! I'll blow my brains out first. No matter what happens to me—you and I—are quits. Tomorrow is Hooker's—but tonight is mine! You leave this woman you love in my hands—[*With awful meaning*] and you know I can take care of women.

ALAN. [*Horried*] Horrible! Oh, my poor girl! [*Frantically struggling to release his bonds. Maryland gives a long, shuddering cry, realizing the horrible meaning of Thorpe's words, then meeting Alan's eyes and answering their look of agony*]

MARY. No, no, Alan—rather than stay here, under his control—I'd—

THORPE. My dear Miss Calvert—be calm. Let me comfort you. [*Puts his arms about her*]

MARY. Let me go! Alan! Alan!

ALAN. [*Struggling to untie his hands*] Oh! Oh—Ah! God! [*Looking at Thorpe in helpless fury*] Oh!

MARY. Alan!

THORPE. [*Releasing Maryland*] Go!

MARY. Ah! [*Running away from him*]

THORPE. [*As quick as a flash he has caught her wrist and drawn her to him*] My dear Miss Calvert, I hold you in my arms! Ha! Ha!

MARY. [*Struggling*] You drunken wretch! Let me go!

THORPE. Ha! Ha!

ALAN. [*With a maddening cry, rushes at Thorpe*] You dog! I'll—[*He forces himself between them, and is about to butt Thorpe with his head; Thorpe strikes Alan full in the face several times, causing him to stagger backwards, stunned for a moment*]

THORPE. I kiss you—kiss you—kiss you—[*Maryland averts her face as Thorpe tries to kiss her. As he overcomes her resistance she gives a cry of*

*disgust, horror and rage, and seizing the bayonet from the table, stabs him in the shoulder. In seizing the bayonet, the candle has been extinguished and the room is lit only by the rays of the moon. Thorpe falls over back of table, his face upwards]*

MARY. [Frenzied] Devil! [Stabs again] Devil! [Stabs] Devil! [Thorpe slips from table to floor. Maryland, carried away by the force of her feelings, has followed him down and plunges bayonet into his breast] Devil!

ALAN. [Recovering from effects of blow, comes down, L., starts back dumb-founded] Maryland! [Almost simultaneous with Boone's voice]

BOONE. [Outside, L., close by] Post number one, and all's well! [Maryland is held by the Voice; recovering herself, draws bayonet from Thorpe's breast and throws same on stage, clinging to Alan]

SECOND GUARD. [Further away] Post number two and all's well!

THIRD GUARD. [Almost inaudible] Post number three and all's well! [Maryland and Alan stand still, listening, until the sound dies away, then Maryland strives to untie the sash that pinions Alan]

MARY. Quick! Quick! You must go! Get to your own lines!

ALAN. I won't leave you like this.

MARY. You may pass Tom Boone—the pickets—unnoticed. I cannot! [Alan is now free, a quick embrace, rushes and gets Thorpe's coat and hat from cot, leaves hat on table and holds coat ready for Alan to put on]

ALAN. No, I won't leave you! [Crosses to door, L.I.E., as if to secure same, then returns to Maryland, C.]

MARY. You must!

ALAN. I will not!

MARY. You can't help me if you stay—you may save me—if you go. It's our only chance. Quick! Quick! Before they come! For my sake! Save yourself—rescue me!

ALAN. Rescue you—yes—I will. [Maryland helps him on with Thorpe's overcoat. Alan's uniform is completely hidden. He takes up Thorpe's hat, which Maryland has placed on lower end of table. Maryland quickly goes to window and peers out]

MARY. [Drawing back] Sh! Get back—ah! [She looks out again. They draw back. Tom Boone passes on sentry duty, R. to L. Pause] Now!

ALAN. And now, good-bye, my own dear girl! I will soon be back, with my own 9th Cavalry boys! My darling! [Takes her in his arms, kisses her, pulls hat over his eyes and exit nonchalantly through the window. As he disappears, Boone is seen coming down the path, L.C.]

MARY. Tom Boone! [She draws back into shadow of window, keeping her eyes fastened as if on the retreating figure of Alan. Thorpe has been



*reviving, rises to his feet, supporting himself by the table. He looks about him and cries out faintly]*

THORPE. Prisoner—escaped! [*By this time Boone has reached the window, and hearing Thorpe's voice, looks in. Thorpe, thrusting table aside, staggers to window and sinking on his knees by the sill points*] Fire! Kill him!

BOONE. [*With ferocious exultation*] Hah! [*Turns, R., raises his rifle. Maryland from the shadow, the light falling on her face only, puts her hand appealingly on his shoulder. Their eyes meet for a moment*]

MARY. You are aiming at my heart! Tom, it's my heart you're aiming at! [*He hesitates a moment, then fires in the air, bringing his rifle to attention*]

THORPE. [*With fury*] Ah, missed! Missed! [*Blount rushes in, L.I.E., followed by Corporal*]

BLOUNT. What's happened? Where's the prisoner?

THORPE. [*Husily*] Escaped! Give the alarm! [*Falls into Blount's arms, who lets him drop softly to floor. Thorpe is partially unconscious*]

BLOUNT. [*With swaggering assurance*] We'll ring the bell!

MARY. The bell! [*Leaps to the belfry, L., taking lantern which Blount had deposited at foot of stairs. Thorpe is grovelling on the floor*]

BLOUNT. Look to the colonel! Look to the colonel! [*Corporal drops his rifle and tries to assist Thorpe. Lets Thorpe, who is now unconscious, sink into the arms of the Guard*] The prisoner will never pass the pickets, they'll shoot him down.

THORPE. [*Reviving slightly*] Don't let him get away—why don't they ring the bell—ring the bell!

BLOUNT. [*Shouting*] Ring the bell! [*By this time the scene is darkness; instantly changes*]

SCENE 3: *The belfry. The bell is C. A ladder comes up from below. The light of the moon falls on the bell. The music is pp. The voice of Blount and several others heard, R. and L. of stage, also several Voices under stage, shouting "Ring the bell." "Prisoner escaped," etc. Roll of drums heard, off R.*

BLOUNT. Ring—the bell! [*Maryland is seen as she climbs the ladder. She has a lighted lantern in her hand which she throws away when she reaches the second story of the belfry (from stage). With excited exclamation she rushes to the top story. As she is appearing through top opening, Blount is heard shouting from below, angrily but faintly*] Ring the bell! [*The ponderous tongue begins to move and strikes faintly the lip of the bell just as Maryland stands facing it*]

MARY. The bell shall not ring! [*Maryland leaps and clings with both hands to the tongue of the bell. The bell moves higher and higher; she is*

*dragged backwards and forwards by the swing. Shouting, etc., kept up until the curtain falls]*

## ACT IV.

**PROPERTY PLOT:** *Same furniture as Act II, without the military accessories; room is tidied up. Small table, chair, and hassock, R.C. Large round table, L.C. On table: pens, ink, private stationery; army medicine box with lint and bottles, several of the latter partly filled; parole on official paper in writing, portfolio for Telfair to sign on; bowl containing floating island, also silver tablespoon, pack of cards, glass for water, small inkstand and pen for Uncle Dan'l. Army litter, down L.C., covered with army blanket; army blanket rolled up for pillow, regular pillow in white pillowcase on top of same. Telfair's overcoat, sword and belt on floor in front of litter. High-backed chair behind litter, with basin and two folded towels, pitcher at lower end of litter. Old-fashioned stone jug for Phoebe. Brass blower in front of fireplace. Federal flag, battle-stained and torn, on pole 7 ft. long, for Color Sergeant. Large Japanese vases, R. and L. Small stand with vase, and chair, R.3. Small chair, R. and L.C. opening. Thunder drum and striker off R. Single horse galloping effect, off R.U. Bugler on stage, off R.U.E. Glass crash and heavy lumber, for breaking furniture and glass effect, off L.*

### AT "THE LILACS"

**SCENE:** *Same as in Act II, without the military accessories. The place in the background where the Northern camp was pitched, is now vacant. The windows at back are shattered and one of the columns on veranda is partially destroyed. The room shows the wear and tear of war. Several of the pictures have fallen to the floor and others hang crooked on the wall. Table at back, R., holds pen, ink and paper, several liniment bottles and lint bandages.*

**TIME:** *A little after daylight. The cold, gray dawn of daybreak. Impressive music, indicative of a lull after severe fighting.*

**DISCOVERED:** *Phoebe, in a simple morning gown, at window behind curtains, looking anxiously off, R. Mrs. Gordon, her face hard and set, gazing steadily in front of her, is seated in chair, L. of a small table which is nearly R.C. Telfair is lying wounded on a litter, L.C. He is dozing. His gray coat, sword and belt, lie on the floor, also a loose piece of lint, C. A basin and two towels are on chair behind litter, L.C., a water pitcher beside it. Nanny, quietly watching at back of litter. She is in a simple frock. Uncle Dan'l stands listening at Maryland's door. Two Southern sentinels on guard outside, beyond*

balcony. *A Sentinel (Tom Boone) in the hall, resting on his gun, his eyes fixed on Maryland's room. Music continues pp.*

MRS. G. [*In a cold, hard voice*] What time is it, Phoebe?

PHOEBE. [*Coming down, looking at clock on mantel*] A little after five. I thought day would never break.

MRS. G. [*Covering her face*] What an awful night of suspense!

PHOEBE. [*Going to window*] This lull in the fight, I wonder what it means! [*Cannon ready*]

MRS. G. It's the first time they've stopped firing since the attack began. [*Uncle Dan'l has come from passage carrying a pitcher of water which he places on floor near table at back. A single boom of distant cannon heard*]

UNCLE. Dar she rumbles agin. [*Goes to R. window*]

PHOEBE. [*Covering her ears as though to shut out the sound*] Ah! [*Goes to window, C.*] There'll be many a black dress in Boonsboro. [*By Mrs. Gordon*]

TEL. [*In his sleep*] The 9th—Alan Kendrick's 9th Cavalry. By God! Dear old fellow, it's your sweetheart you're coming down on us for, I know—I know—I hate to train my guns on you, but—I must! Fire—[*Half sitting up with an agonized expression, his eyes closed, he suddenly opens them and looks straight before him. A dazed look comes over his face as he sees nothing. Nanny, with a tender impulse, half kneels on litter and softly placing her hand over his eyes, draws his head gently down on her shoulder. Phoebe picks up the overcoat which has slipped on the floor, and lays it on chair up near mantel*]

NANNY. [*Leaning over litter, softly mouthing words*] Uncle Dan'l, some water.

UNCLE. [*From table, up L.C.*] I jes fetched some nice cold spring water. [*Phoebe taking glass of water from Uncle Dan'l. Nanny takes it, puts it to Telfair's lips*]

NANNY. So queer—I never thought I'd love to nurse. [*Telfair opens his eyes and looks into hers*]

TEL. [*Awakened by this*] What am I doing here? [*Nanny steps aside a little. Makes a movement to rise, puts his hand to his shoulder*] Ah! [*Sinks back*]

NANNY. Does it hurt so? Surgeon says it's a right bad slash.

TEL. [*Anxiously, sitting up on side of litter facing front*] Miss Calvert?

MRS. G. [*Sitting, R.C.*] A prisoner! [*Phoebe goes to her*]

TEL. [*Anxiously*] Where? The old church?

MRS. G. [*R.C.*] No. Colonel Thorpe had her brought over here about two hours ago, after the second attack on the church. [*Sentries ready*]

TEL. [*With much relief*] Thank God, she is out of that hole anyway.

PHOEBE. [*Pointing, L.*] She's in there. [*Uncle Dan'l goes listening at Maryland's door*]

MRS. G. One of our women under arrest—[*Seeing Sentinel pass at back. Super*] the house guarded.

TEL. [*To Phoebe*] Colonel Thorpe has held the church all night?

PHOEBE. Yes.

TEL. I didn't think he could do it. [*To Mrs. Gordon. Although he speaks glibly, he shows that his wound troubles him*] I tried to speak to Miss Maryland last night when they brought her down the belfry stairs, but Thorpe set a guard at the door with strict orders that no one could pass.

NANNY. The rhinoceros! [*Catches sight of Mrs. Gordon; holds her mouth. Phoebe crosses slowly to lower end of litter*]

TEL. [*Sitting up, passing his hand over his forehead*] By Jove—how that 9th Cavalry fought to rescue that girl—charged over its own dead—straight for the old church—Alan leading the way. That's the last I remember before I got this cut—

PHOEBE. Nanny saw them carrying you to the hospital; it was pouring rain and she asked Mrs. Gordon to beg permission to have you brought here. [*Nanny, who has been motioning Phoebe to silence, suddenly sees Telfair watching her and tries to look indifferent*]

TEL. [*Looking straight at Nanny*] Awfully good of you, Mrs. Gordon. [*Cannon ready*]

MRS. G. [*Absently*] Thank Nanny. The child pleaded so piteously to have you here, the surgeon couldn't refuse.

NANNY. [*In consternation, goes upstage, shakes fist at Mrs. Gordon goes into passage. Aside*] I wish she'd held her hush!

TEL. [*Wincing*] Oh! [*Both girls rush to help him*] Don't trouble yourselves. [*Nanny draws back*] Yes, do trouble yourselves. [*Girls turn to make him comfortable. Two booms of cannon heard. Nanny and Phoebe run to window. Another boom*] Ah! About a mile away—Alan has been joined by artillery. Thorpe can't stand a day attack, unless our reinforcements push through. [*Another boom in the distance. Helplessly lifting his sword with his L. hand*] And I cannot join my men. [*Loud boom. Throwing down his sword. Aside*] Damn it! [*Nanny runs back to him*]

MRS. G. I never expected to see the day when I should shelter the enemy. Dan'l, tell the guard at the gate, not to send another Northern soldier into this house.

UNCLE. I don' tel' that guard at the gate not to let any more wounded soldiers in here, for the rooms am all filled up now by both sexes of the blue

and the grey. [*By this time a tall, gaunt-looking Southern soldier with a bandage over his eyes appears at window, R.C., with a crippled Northern soldier on his back. One of his legs is hanging helpless*]

BLIND SOLDIER (Southern). Can ye give us any place to lie down? The guard said we could try.

MRS. G. [*Looking at them; to Speaker*] You can come in, not the man with you. I have enough Northern soldiers under my roof, already. You are welcome. Come in.

BLIND SOLD. Can't do it, mum—I made an agreement with this cuss here—You see, mum, it's like this: I'm blind and he can't walk. We fell about a mile off. I told him if he could do the seein', I could do the walkin' 'till we could sail into a place and get patched up—

TEL. [*Who has not fully recognized man owing to bandage*] Is that you, Johnson?

BLIND SOLD. [*Saluting*] Is that you, Lieutenant Telfair?

TEL. Yes, Johnson.

BLIND SOLD. Can you tell us a house where we can both get in?

MRS. G. Uncle Dan'l, take them into the library. The surgeon's there. [*Red, White and Blue, change to Northern*]

BOTH SOLDIERS. [*Saluting*] Thank ye, mum. [*Both together, sharp, soldierly and gratefully. Loud cannon ready, distant*]

UNCLE. [*To Northern Soldier*] Dis way. [*Pointing up passage*]

NORTH. SOLD. Forward! [*Ad lib. When they get to C. of room*] Right about! [*Etc. Phoebe crosses to L.C., near Telfair. They face hall. As they go towards passage, Northern Soldier reaches out his hands and holds aside curtains Southern Soldier is brushing against, guiding the way. Order given at end of hall to turn. Nanny speaks to Uncle Dan'l at foot of passage*]

UNCLE. Yes, Miss Nanny! [*Faint bugle call. He follows soldier off. A loud boom of cannon near-by*]

TEL. Our cannon! That's Thorpe from the old church. [*Several loud booms in rapid succession, answered by several distant ones, with occasional faint bugle calls*] They're saying "How d'ye do!" [*Provost Sergeant Blount appears on balcony, from R.1.E., with four Men with overcoats. At order from him, two Men exeunt, R. and L., and at intervals cross and recross on balcony. 4 supers. Exit with port arm. Stop music*]

BLOUNT. [*Coming into room with two Soldiers*] Halt! [*Men halt, C.*]

MRS. G. [*Rising from chair, R.*] What is this?

BLOUNT. Orders from Colonel Thorpe to double the guard. [*To two Men, pointing, R.*] Don't let anyone pass that gate. [*Exeunt two men, R.2.E.*] Say, lady, I'm drove to askin' ye for some grub. Anything but mule.

MRS. G. Nanny!

NANNY. I'll see what I can do for this—gentleman. [*Nanny goes up passage*]

BLOUNT. An' be durned quick about it, miss. Thank ye. [*Going towards Maryland's room, crossing, L.*]

NANNY. [*To Phoebe*] Better wait till he gets it, before he thanks me.

MRS. G. That is my niece's room, sir. [*Blount's hand on doorknob*] Don't go in there.

BLOUNT. Orders not to let the prisoner out o' my sight. [*Exit into room*]

MRS. G. [*Sinking back into chair*] God help us.

PHOEBE. [*Anxiously to Telfair*] If Colonel Thorpe could hold Boonsboro what would become of Maryland?

NANNY. I heard them say, she'd be sent on to headquarters at Richmond for helping Alan Kendrick to escape.

PHOEBE. O Maryland!

TEL. Oh—any woman's liable to help her sweetheart. Don't bother your little heads. That won't count seriously against her.

MRS. G. [*With intense bitterness*] Oh, I can see our name trailing in the dust—the wiping out of our proud record of loyalty! [*Burying her face in her hands*] I'm ashamed to look the neighbors in the face. Lloyd Calvert, lying in a dishonored grave, and—

PHOEBE. [*C.*] Brave men have done what Lloyd did—and their names are honored.

MRS. G. [*Rises*] Stop—before—curse him—[*Facing Maryland's room, fiercely*] and her, too. [*To the Girls*] I want to speak to Lieutenant Telfair, alone. [*The morning light has gradually come by this time. Phoebe takes bottles, and packages of lint, and goes into up hall room, L., closing portières. Nanny goes off, R.2.E.*] Helping a Northern prisoner under sentence of death to escape—is a serious thing, I know, Lieutenant Telfair, but that's not the worst—tell me the truth. My niece's position, if our side win today? Don't hesitate, tell me.

TEL. She has confessed to warning the Northern post at Charlesville—night before last! I need not tell you what that defeat cost us. The feeling at Richmond headquarters will be very strong against her.

MRS. G. I know you took down the confession—she signed it. But the penalty—the penalty—

TEL. Imprisonment—until the war is over.

MRS. G. No, no, they wouldn't do that! The vile prison pens! What would become of her—a woman? [*Crosses, L.*]

TEL. If she were not a woman—it would mean death.

MRS. G. [*Almost in a whisper*] Yes, I know—[*Breaking down*] Ah, my poor child! All night long I've watched and waited—not daring to think of the worst. They will drag her away from me. [*Crosses, L.*] God forgive me, Lieutenant Telfair, for my disloyalty—may our side lose today. [*Exit passage-way, L. The sun begins to come out. There is a "Halt!" outside*]

NANNY. [*Entering from R.2.E.*] Every place I go, they tell me to halt. I might as well have a wooden leg. I've been halting every other step. Uncle Dan'l went down to the hospital to get some fresh liniment, and they wouldn't give him any without an order.

TEL. Strange our surgeon let him go without one.

NANNY. I didn't ask the surgeon. I sent him myself.

TEL. Oh, that's different. What do you want it for?

NANNY. What does anyone want liniment for? I didn't want to drink it. I meant to give it to the Northern prisoners. There's too much partiality going on in this house.

TEL. Oh—I'll give you an order. Hand me a sheet of paper—pen. [*Nanny spreads paper on blotter, dips pen in ink and hands it to Telfair*] "Please give bearer—" [*Looking up*] Uncle Dan'l?

NANNY. [*Politely*] Yes, please.

TEL. [*Mumbling words, writes a line or two, pauses*] How much do you want?

NANNY. All we can get.

TEL. Modest! [*Finishes writing*] There! [*Hands paper to Nanny*]

NANNY. [*Looking at it*] You forgot to sign it.

TEL. Oh, my head! [*About to sign, pauses*] If those fellows get better, they'll try to wallop us again.

NANNY. Of course.

TEL. I don't think I shall sign it.

NANNY. If you don't sign it, I shan't feed you—and it's your breakfast time.

TEL. That alters the case. [*Drawing her to him with his well hand*] To have you feed me—

NANNY. [*Pushing his hand away*] Sir! Keep your place! Sign—[*Pointing*] on that spot! Or you shan't eat. [*Telfair putting his lips to her finger, kisses it. Putting her hand behind her*] I hate to see a man take a mean advantage. [*With her eye fixed on the place, indicating with her head*] On—that—spot.

TEL. [*Taking up pen and dropping it*] Ah! This hand has given out at last. I thought it would. [*Pointing to his wounded arm*—in sympathy with this. I can't write, unless somebody guides my hand.

NANNY. I'll help you. [*Nanny, R. of Telfair, in front of litter, innocently kneels beside him and guides his R. hand*]

TEL. Not so fast! [*As she finishes and starts to take her hand away*] Cross my "T." [*She does so and starts to rise*] Dot my "I." [*She does so*] Oh, what a blot! [*Nanny blows on it. Telfair quietly removes his hand and puts his arm around her, she starts to rise again, but finds herself in his embrace*]

NANNY. [*Struggling to free herself*] Oh, shucks! You only pretended to be hurt in that hand! [*Freeing herself, making a face at him*] Umph! I hate you—you tricky Southerner! [*Standing at head of litter*]

TEL. [*Looking straight at her*] Did I wake up just now and find myself in tender Northern arms? Or was it the sweetest dream I ever had in my life? Miss Nanny—

NANNY. [*Takes pad from Telfair, quickly*] Doctor left strict orders you're not to talk! [*Goes to door and calls*] Uncle Dan'!! O Uncle Dan'!! Here's your order. [*Hands it to Uncle Dan'l, who appears bringing food and goes off passage. Brings down a small bowl and spoon*] Now, here's your breakfast. You were to have something nourishing. This is apple snow. People that can't swallow a morsel, often have apple snow set right well. [*Places bowl on stool in front of litter. Offers him a spoonful*] Taste!

TEL. This is really very charming of you. [*Takes it and instantly makes a wry face. Nanny stirs apple snow in basin and places it on stool in front of litter, not noticing expression on Telfair's face. Aside*] Merciful heavens! They have taken the sugar out of the salt box! [*Coughs*]

NANNY. [*Not noticing*] I'm glad you think it's so nice—[*Offering him another spoonful, he is about to protest*] I made it myself.

TEL. It's lovely. [*Opens his mouth quickly and swallows it at a gulp. Nanny punching pillow. Aside*] I'd eat it if it killed me—and by Jove—I think it will! [*Watches Nanny as she punches pillow*] Do you know you're a regular little Florence Nightingale!

NANNY. Who's she?

TEL. A sweet young lady who nursed wounded soldiers—like you.

NANNY. O, shucks! [*Throws pillow back*] Did they give you chloroform?

TEL. No, they didn't dare. My heart's affected.

NANNY. [*Administering another spoonful*] Eat! [*As he is about to speak*] Eat! [*Puts another spoonful in his mouth and turns to leave the room*]

TEL. Oh, don't go—please.

NANNY. [*Over his shoulder, kneeling*] Reckon you could keep from talking? [*Telfair nods*] Sure? [*Telfair nods*] Sure? [*Telfair nods*] Then



I'll stay for a while. [*Dives into pocket and produces a pack of cards, kneels by the litter, behind stool, facing audience*] I'll play solitaire while you rest.

TEL. But that's such a lonely game.

NANNY. Say, do you want me to tell you how the war is going to end?

TEL. Oh, you can tell fortunes.

NANNY. You bet I can. I'm a perfect witch.

TEL. [*Admiringly*] You are indeed!

NANNY. No personal remarks, sir, if you please—I can tell the future.

TEL. You don't tell the past?

NANNY. Nope!

TEL. Let her go.

NANNY. [*Shuffles cards dexterously, and kneeling, lays them out on the floor in front of litter. Pointing oracularly to them*] Behold the cards! [*On stool*]

TEL. The gallant fifty-two.

NANNY. Now pick out your card.

TEL. [*Taking one and looking at her*] Here she is—the Queen of Hearts.

NANNY. Eat! [*Telfair makes an unhappy gulp of one more spoonful. Nanny gathers up cards and holds them out to Telfair*]

TEL. What am I to do with her?

NANNY. Oh, tuck her in anywhere.

TEL. [*Putting card in pack*] Goodnight!

NANNY. [*Shuffling cards energetically and laying them out in four packs. Touching each pack as she counts*] One—two—three—four! [*She examines packs until the King of Clubs turns up*] Ah! The King of Clubs! [*Holds up pack with King of Clubs face up on top*] The hero of the future.

TEL. Who's he?

NANNY. The man we're counting on up North, General Ulysses S. Grant. See how set he looks. He doesn't say much—but ump—hum! He'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer! [*Puts some of the cards on floor, examines pack*] Look how the cards follow him—royal flushes right along.

TEL. [*Looking*] Where's the King of Hearts?

NANNY. [*Looking up*] Who's he?

TEL. The man we're counting on down South, General Robert E. Lee. We'd all die for him!

NANNY. Well, yes, I'll allow he's a popular favorite, but hearts ain't trumps this deal. [*Picking up cards, elated*] See! My man's on top!

TEL. Oh, you've stacked the cards.

NANNY. The oracle never lies! [*Telfair gets close to her as if looking at the cards; moves away from him, on her knees, still examining*] Oh! There's

that Knave of Hearts. So he thinks—he won't take a snub. [*Looking roguishly under her lashes at him*] 'Seems I can't get rid of him nohow!

TEL. [*Putting his arm quietly around Nanny*] A bee will buzz about a honeysuckle, you know!

NANNY. No! Is that so?

TEL. Yes—[*Bringing his mouth very close to hers*] that's so.

NANNY. [*Drawing her head back, pretty picture*] What are you doing? [*Pushing him away*]

TEL. Nothing. [*Buzzing. Just going to buzz*]

NANNY. Then s'pose you don't do it again! Eat!

TEL. [*Gulping down another spoonful and putting his hand on his chest, disgusted expression*] Oh, I'm a very ill man! [*Aside*] Thank heaven, there's not much left!

NANNY. [*With a cry of delight*] Ah!

TEL. What is it?

NANNY. A clear sky! Good for us. [*Shuffles cards rapidly and lays them out in six piles. Touching each pile, throwing one card accidentally away from the others*] To yourself—to your house—to what you don't expect—to what you do expect—[*Shuffles cards which are all loose on floor*]

TEL. [*Interrupting her*] What do I expect?

NANNY. Nothing! [*Spreading pack*] Sure to come true—your lover's thoughts!

TEL. Can't you guess?

NANNY. [*Business*] Eat! [*Telfair picks up basin and looks into it. Cannon business, 3 times*] Look—there's the battle!

TEL. [*Kneeling beside her*] Good! I'm in this one!

NANNY. Nine of Spades—disappointment! Ten of Spades—misfortune! [*With a wry face*]

TEL. [*Triumphantly*] We are getting the best of it.

NANNY. Ace of Spades! [*Ready to cry with vexation*] Oh, we're in an awful fix!

TEL. [*Forgets his wound and sinks on his knees beside her*] Victory for us!

NANNY. [*Examining the three lower packs in rapid succession*] Oh! Oh! Oh! Nothing but Spades! That's bad—bad!

TEL. [*With badinage*] Come—come, give it up!

NANNY. [*Looking over her shoulder, hopelessly*] Oh!

TEL. We're winning! [*Cannon booms 3 times. Distant*]

NANNY. [*Fiercely*] No, you're not! I'd rather die than have you win!

TEL. [*Dead earnest climax*] God forbid—I love you!

NANNY. [*Not hearing, joyously*] Ah! [*Suddenly spying card lying at a little distance, which previously she had accidentally flitted away*] There it is! What were you doing way off there? [*Reaching out for card on all fours*] Nine of Hearts and the wish card, too! Just in the nick of time! [*Waves it above her head*] With reinforcements! [*Imitates bugle*] What you didn't expect. We've won! [*Starts to gather cards*]

TEL. [*Sitting on floor*] Well, you've prophesied like a true woman—all your own way. I see there's only one thing for me to do.

NANNY. [*In a military voice*] Surrender unconditionally!

TEL. Let us have peace! [*Holds out his hand. Both on knees, shake hands*] No ill feeling, I hope?

NANNY. Nope. Quite the other way.

TEL. [*Offering spoonful of apple snow*] With me?

NANNY. Yes. [*Takes it, makes a wry face, catching his eye watching her, both laugh heartily*]

TEL. You don't hate me as much as you did? [*On litter*]

NANNY. No—n—no! [*Gathers up some cards and places them on stool; they rise*] Not so much. You're an object of pity, you see. [*Telfair sits on litter, Nanny goes to the back of it*]

TEL. Oh, well—but pity's akin to—

NANNY. [*Snapping him up*] No, it ain't.

TEL. Yes, it is. [*Battle effect ready. Drums. Uncle Dan'l enters, C.D. As Uncle Dan'l enters with large bottle of liniment; Nanny turns quickly, sees him, picks up towel from chair and with her back to him, folds it up, very much embarrassed. Telfair at the same moment buries his face in the pillow at the head of litter*] Uncle Dan'l. [*Nanny has drawn away from Telfair—he sits on litter. Laugh. The cannonading begins in earnest, with musketry sound*]

UNCLE. I don't tol' them fellows at the hospital that this here liniment was for some of them Northern prisoners, and they tol' me to take it, and go to H-ll, but I ain't goin' to do it just the same. [*Gun*]

TEL. [*Runs to window*] Jovel That's close by! [*Mrs. Gordon comes down passage followed by Phoebe. Mrs. Gordon immovable, stands, Phoebe starts to window. A pane of glass breaks in pieces as though hit by a bullet. Telfair assumes control, calling to women*] Keep away from the windows! [*To Uncle Dan'l pointing to doors, R.2.E.*] Close those doors. [*Uncle Dan'l does so. Enter Tom Boone with paper in his hand; seeing Telfair, salutes him*]

BOONE. Provost Sergeant Blount?

TEL. [*Calling in Maryland's room*] Blount! [*4 Men ready for Boone*]

BOONE. [*C., opening door*] Provost Sergeant Blount! [*Giving paper to Blount who appears at door and stands reading. To Telfair*] The old church is almost destroyed. [*To Mrs. Gordon*] Colonel Thorpe is going to make "The Lilacs" his last stand.

MRS. G. [*L.C., up*] My home! What good is this place? It would be shattered to pieces in a minute.

TEL. [*C.*] I see his idea! He wants to gain time and thinks Alan Kendrick will hesitate to fire upon "The Lilacs."

BLOUNT. [*L.I. Putting paper in his belt*] Where's your squad?

BOONE. [*L.I.*] Outside.

BLOUNT. Bring 'em in. [*Exit Boone, C.D., goes on balcony, gives orders*]

PHOEBE. [*Going to Mrs. Gordon; Nanny follows*] O auntie! I'm frightened! [*Tom Boone brings on squad of 4 Men*]

BOONE. Halt! [*Men halt at C.D.*]

BLOUNT. [*Goes to door, L., and calls*] Miss Calvert! [*Maryland comes from room with both hands bandaged, but not in a sling*]

NANNY and PHOEBE. [*Trying to go to her*] Maryland!

BLOUNT. Keep back! [*They draw back, up L.C. Orders Squad, L.*] Guard that door! [*To Maryland*] Colonel Thorpe will see you in a moment! [*Goes to balcony*]

TEL. Miss Calvert, I regret this with all my heart. [*Girls by Telfair's chair. Goes R.C., by table*]

MRS. G. Oh, this humiliation! This disgrace! You—you—to whom our cause was our religion—

MARY. [*Crosses, C.*] What's the use of arguing? War is not for women—we may feel—reason—and sacrifice like soldiers in our patriotism—but a glimpse of a loved one in peril—and we are women again—straight our hand goes out to save, no matter what the consequences.

MRS. G. But think of yourself.

MARY. [*Turns, L.*] If they want to punish me, I am here. [*Seeing Tom, who stands with bowed head*] Tom! [*He comes down, L.C.*]

BOONE. Miss Maryland, I acted like a brute to you—I'm sorry. Thorpe—knew I loved you—and—made use of me. [*Clinching his fists*] The traitor! I hated Alan so.

MARY. But you missed your aim last night.

BOONE. A man isn't always sure of his eye.

MARY. Yours never failed before.

BOONE. A tear blinded me!—I missed—that's all.

MARY. Dear old Tom! [*Kisses him on the forehead. Goes up by big chair, L.*]

BLOUNT. [*Comes from balcony*] Boone, you may go. [*Start cannonading*]

TEL. [*To Blount*] We must get the women to safety. [*Enter Thorpe, looking off, R.*]

THORPE. The artillery—close—closer—[*Bring on cannon, R.C. and R.2E.*]

TEL. Colonel, the house is full of wounded and women.

BLUD. [*Entering from R.C.*] They're calling for ammunition for the artillery—we cannot hold out.

THORPE. [*Comes down, C.*] That's my affair.

TEL. [*Crosses, R., to women*] The women had better go upstairs, Mrs. Gordon.

MRS. G. We will stay where we are. [*Cease firing and all noise*]

BLOUNT. [*Comes down, R.C.*] A flag of truce, colonel, coming from the enemy.

THORPE. Aha!

BLOUNT. [*At R.W., calling off*] Hello! Hello there!

VOICE. [*Off R.*] Colonel Alan Kendrick's compliments to Colonel Thorpe. Will he surrender?

THORPE. [*To Blount*] Tell him to say to Colonel Alan Kendrick, with my compliments, I will make terms with him in person. [*Exit Blount, C., off R.*]

TEL. [*Coming R. of Thorpe*] Any sign of reinforcements, colonel?

THORPE. No.

TEL. Then it is best we surrender. It would be madness to resist.

THORPE. That's my affair!

TEL. You heard that we were out of ammunition. We must surrender.

THORPE. That's my affair. [*Telfair remains R.C.*] Miss Calvert, I was waiting for instructions concerning you from Richmond. Under the existing conditions, I am forced to take matters in my own hands.

TEL. [*R. of Thorpe*] What do you mean?

THORPE. In the face of an attack, I shall use my judgment in dealing summarily with any prisoner dangerous to the cause I serve. [*Upstage*]

MRS. G. [*Stands paralyzed with fear*] Ah!

PHOEBE. Maryland! [*Nanny goes to her*]

MRS. G. Colonel Thorpe—I beg you—I beg you.

TEL. [*R. of Thorpe. Advancing, half aside to Thorpe*] This is cowardly.

THORPE. Fall back! [*Before Telfair can speak again*] Fall back!

BLOUNT. [*On balcony*] Colonel Alan Kendrick! [*Maryland makes no movement, stands motionless*]

THORPE. [*Throwing aside R. curtain, stepping out on balcony*] Colonel Kendrick. [*Saluting*] My terms are these—I—

ALAN. [*Outside*] Colonel Thorpe, you are not in a position to dictate terms. Will you surrender?

THORPE. Impossible—as you know.

ALAN. [*Outside, R.*] If I give the order for attack—in your present condition—it will be a massacre.

THORPE. You hesitate, because you do not wish to fire on this house.

ALAN. Again—for the last time—I ask you to surrender.

THORPE. No! My terms—

ALAN. I will make no further concession—I shall give the order to attack! The women of the house will be permitted to pass through my lines.

THORPE. All but one—a prisoner! [*Sensation*]

ALAN. If any harm come to her, I shall not wait to give you into General Hooker's hands, but hang you myself.

THORPE. [*Livid*] Bring her here! [*Guards step forward, hesitate, she waves them back, down C. The red haze of battle rests on her. They stand facing R. "Oh—oh" from women*] At the first order you give to resume hostilities I shall have the prisoner fired upon—at the first order! [*Steps back. In room to Squad*] Ready! [*Not a man obeys. Mrs. Gordon covers her eyes with her hands*] Ready! [*Not a man stirs*] What's the matter with you fellows? Ready there, I tell you! [*Not a man stirs*]

TEL. Colonel, our men won't raise their guns at a woman.

THORPE. Obey me! [*Men let their guns fall to their feet in rage*] Ah! [*Whipping out his revolver*] I'll do it!

MARY. Well, Colonel Thorpe? [*Telfair, starting for Thorpe, wrenches gun from his hand; Maryland goes up*]

THORPE. [*To Men*] Hold him! [*At this moment there is no officer on the stage save Telfair*]

ALAN. [*Outside to Blount, who is still on balcony*] Ask Colonel Thorpe what his terms are?

THORPE. [*In room*] Time to vacate Boonsboro.

BLOUNT. [*On balcony. Repeating outside to Alan*] "Time to vacate Boonsboro—"

THORPE. Safe retreat to Flag Staff Rock!

BLOUNT. [*As before*] "Safe retreat to Flag Staff Rock—"

THORPE. [*Going nearer window, delivering the following to Alan Kendrick in person*] The prisoner to accompany me to Richmond, where she must stand trial. [*Silence outside, a very short pause*] Well! Well!

BLOUNT. An orderly has come up to Colonel Kendrick.

THORPE. What's his answer?

BLOUNT. What's your answer?

ALAN. I accept. [*Thorpe relieved, lowering pistol and coming into room*] Before you give the order to retreat, I must have a word with you in private.

THORPE. [*In room*] No! [*Changing his mind*] Pass in Colonel Kendrick!

BLOUNT. Pass in Colonel Kendrick! [*Blount stands between Maryland and the window. Enter Alan Kendrick, R.2.E. His appearance shows signs of hard fighting. Maryland turns and looks at him. Alan does not look at her. Saluting*] Colonel Kendrick! [*Blount orders Guards up to R.C. Alan does not return the salute but faces Thorpe sternly*]

THORPE. I understand why you wanted to come in here—to speak to Miss Calvert; there must be no private communication between you and the prisoner. Whatever you have to say, you can say before us.

ALAN. I did not come for that purpose.

THORPE. Well, what have you to say to me? I thought I had made myself clear.

ALAN. Perfectly clear. [*Ignoring him, turning to Telfair*] Lieutenant Telfair—

THORPE. I am in command here.

ALAN. [*Still ignoring him*] My men have just taken one of your couriers, Lieutenant Telfair. [*Calling, R.2.E. Crosses to C.*] Bring that man in. [*Bludsoe is brought in by two Northern Soldiers*]

THORPE. Bludsoe!—You've captured him—taken his dispatches addressed to me from Richmond—still I see no reason why I should change my plans. I shall have the retreat sounded.

ALAN. Wait! There was nothing on him addressed to you. Lieutenant Telfair. [*Alan takes paper from his belt*] A paper—brought by this man—

BLUD. [*Saluting Telfair*] I was to deliver it to you, lieutenant. [*Alan starts to hand Telfair paper*]

THORP. I am in command here.

ALAN. From General Lee. [*Gives Telfair paper*]

THORPE. [*Under his breath*] General Lee!

ALAN. [*To Thorpe*] Colonel Thorpe, this retreat you forced from me—unsoldierly—cowardly—

THORPE. You're here under a flag of truce—

ALAN. —will not save you.

THORPE. I'll take my chances.

ALAN. You've been a traitor to both sides. They know it now at Richmond.

THORPE. General Lee sent no such orders.

TEL. [*Who has finished reading paper*] Arrest him! [*At order from Telfair, Men have come to attention. Reading*] "You will take command of

Thorpe's division. Give him a drumhead court-martial. The courier brings necessary evidence. (Signed) Gen'l Lee." [To Men] Boys—[Thorpe leaps at Alan, who throws him off]

ALAN. Take your prisoner. [Men force Thorpe off, followed by Blount. Mrs. Gordon comes to L.U. Girls hug Maryland]

TEL. Alan! [Shake]

ALAN. Bob! I will see you before your departure. [Telfair exit, R.2.E. Uncle Dan'l, who has closed curtain, shouts and exit, off balcony. Mrs. Gordon going to Maryland, business and exit into room, L.1.E. The air, "Maryland, My Maryland" is played softly. Alan pauses, looking eagerly towards Maryland, who, feeling his presence, turns, and for a moment, they gaze silently into each other's eyes. The next instant Alan has gathered her in his arms. Softly] Maryland!

MARY. Alan! [Picture and curtain]



NAUGHTY ANTHONY

*A Farce in Three Acts*

(1899)



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**N**AUGHTY ANTHONY was first produced at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, D.C., December 25, 1899, and opened at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, on January 8, 1900, where it ran until March 21. It was staged by Belasco, and the cast was as follows:

ANTHONY DEPEW

ADAM BUDD

ZACHARY CHILLINGTON

JACK CHEVIOT

MR. HEUSTED

MR. BRIGHAM

MISS RINKETT

COWLEY

KNOX

ED

MRS. ZACHARY CHILLINGTON

ROSY

WINNIE

CORA

FRANK WORTHING

WILLIAM J. LE MOYNE

WILLIAM ELTON

CHARLES WYNGATE

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

E. P. WILKES

FANNY YOUNG

ALBERT BRUNING

SAMUEL EDWARDS

BRANDON TYNAN

MAUD HARRISON

MARY BARKER

OLIVE REDPATH

BLANCHE BATES

Shortly after the opening of the play in New York, Belasco realized that it was too short and too light a piece to achieve success. Rather than withdraw it, however, he decided to compose a strong one-act play to be performed with it. Searching for a theme, he discovered a story by John Luther Long entitled *Madame Butterfly*, and immediately dramatized it. *Madame Butterfly* opened on March 5 on the same bill with *Naughty Anthony*. The latter piece is all but forgotten; the former is a classic not only in its original dramatic form but also as an opera, with music by Puccini.

Belasco had a curious belief that *Naughty Anthony* suffered from the use of his name as author. William Winter quotes him as saying, "At the time I wrote *Naughty Anthony* the country was farce mad—but the public will not accept me as a farce writer, and it was a failure. I believed, at the time, that had somebody else produced my play it might have succeeded, and this actually proved to be the case; for when I sold the piece and it was taken on the road, with my name omitted from the programme, it made money, although it had cost me a pretty penny."

The play may have lost money for Belasco, but it seems to have given considerable pleasure to New York audiences. The New York *Daily Tribune*, in reviewing it, referred to "the laughter and applause by an eager multitude," and concluded that "those who wish to laugh will find abundant risible impulse in *Naughty Anthony*, even though they perceive in it but little of interesting human nature and less of constructive art."

The same reviewer notes that the play makes use of many tried and true theatrical expedients, and that certain scenes are too ludicrous, but he credits the author with a successful satire of "moral humbug." Superior to the play itself, he thought, was the performance of the principal actors, particularly Miss Blanche Bates, who was "a compound of demure simplicity and arch and piquant glee," as well as "a most delightful incarnation of honest, healthful, triumphant woman nature."

## CHARACTERS

ANTHONY DEPEW

ADAM BUDD

ZACHARY CHILLINGTON

JACK CHEVIOT

MR. HEUSTED

MR. BRIGHAM

MISS RINKETT

COWLEY

KNOX

ED

MRS. ZACHARY CHILLINGTON

MRS. ROSY BUDD

WINNIE

CORA

MARY

MARGARET

MARTHA



## ACT I.

SCENE: Reception room at Professor Depew's. Severely chaste, no decorations. Room is painted in white, white woodwork. Opening with curtains (white) leads to private study, R.; double sliding doors, R. and C. at back, with shelves above on which stand busts of Minerva and Joan of Arc, with large bust of George Washington in C. Above this, is a panel with broken cherry tree, small boy and stern parent. Large door, L.C., over which is a black panel with bunch of calla lilies tied with large prim white bow, painted on it. Small narrow door with bolt, well down L. A rostrum, C., with one step, set back against wall, made of dark green wood. Over rostrum, in half circle, this inscription is painted on wall: "Be virtuous and you will be happy." In C. of rostrum is a square of green velvet carpet. At L.C. is a small table with pitcher and plain silver goblet. In forward R. corner is a single skinny cactus in a white pail, fastened to a green slat. At each side of rostrum is a wooden stool. A desk, R.C., very slanting top, about a foot higher than usual, holds large book with clasps. It is something the shape of a prayer desk, lower part is open woodwork, showing a rail on which the Professor's feet rest whenever he sits at desk. Shelf attached to side of desk, contains pamphlets and tickets. Shelf in front, showing books. Behind desk is revolving stool to match. Arm-chair, very straight back, L. of desk. Set on rostrum, with face to wall, is a picture of Lucretia, no frame. On wall at back, two candle holders, each with a large candle one-third burnt out. On L., forming a straight line, are seven tall ebony pedestals, with busts of the seven sages of Greece. Dark green background for busts. Green baize down. Everything suggests the chaste and classical.

DISCOVERED: At rise, "Maiden's Prayer" is played pp., continues until Mrs. Chillington's entrance. The stage is empty for a moment, so that the audience may grasp the significance of the scene. Enter Winnie, R.C., carrying white china tray with white mug and water pitcher, the ice jingling. She is a pretty girl of 16. Her hair is parted in the middle, falling in two braids with ribbons. Very simply dressed in sky-blue dotted muslin, trimmed around the bottom with many skimpy ruffles. Has short waist of an undeveloped girl. Wears white sash, tied in back, small brim bows, very long ends. Dress is cut just below collar line, finished with a tatting collar, and above this, a string of blue glass beads. Has on white stockings and spring-heeled slippers with one strap

*over instep. Wears a large leather medal on blue ribbon fastened over her heart. She knocks at door of Professor's study, pulls cord, which opens curtain, and passes in; pulls another cord, closing curtain. Electric bell rings, rings again, then again, gives three little taps, then rings impatiently and continues until Winnie reenters from study and opens door, L.C. Enter Mrs. Zachary Chillington, L.C., in a long cloak, displaying handsome gown underneath, wearing very chic hat.*

MRS. C. [*Without raising her veil*] Professor Depew?

WIN. The professor can't be disturbed. He's busy with another lady. Her moral culture lessons take up two hours every Tuesday and Friday.

MRS. C. Oh, must you make appointments first? Don't you think he'd come out a minute for me? It's very important.

WIN. [*Going to opening, R.2.E.*] Well—I'll take your name.

MRS. C. [*L. of desk, nervously*] No, no name! I'll come back. When do you think he'll be disengaged?

WIN. [*R. of desk*] I don't know, ma'am. I'll look on the slate. [*Looking at slate attached to desk*] Time all filled. There's such a rush of ladies.

MRS. C. I must see him. [*Aside*] He's the only thing alive that can save me!

WIN. [*Mumbling over slate*] A, B, C, D—oh! E isn't coming today. You could have her time, I think.

MRS. C. When is it?

WIN. In half an hour. [*Down R.*]

MRS. C. [*Back of desk, writes on slate*] "Oh, see me! Help me! You love to do good." Here, my child—[*Offering money*]

WIN. Professor doesn't allow me to accept compensation. I'm different from most maids. I was engaged 'specially for my principles. I took the "good girl" prize at Chautauqua Seminary. [*Shows medal*] See! Did you ever get one?

MRS. C. They don't give them in New York. Do please call his attention to the slate. [*Aside, going upstage, L.*] He must save me! [*To Winnie*] In half an hour. [*Exit, L.C. Bell heard from study, R.2.E.*]

WIN. Oh, he's ringing for the picture of Lucretia. [*Takes picture of Lucretia from platform, C.*] Funny, he always shows it to the pupils! [*Exit into study, R.2., same business with curtains. A knock is heard, R.C., at back, folding doors pushed open, showing Mrs. Budd, a stout woman of 50, her hair done in a Grecian knot about the size of a walnut, her dress quaint but neat. A narrow black belt with buckle outlines a very large waist, which still gives the idea of being tightly laced. Carries a plate with small bird on it, highly garnished with cress. Pauses irresolutely on threshold*]



MRS. B. [*R.C., calling softly*] Winnie! Winnie! [*Walks into room on tip-toe*] When I enter this room I always imagine that Peter is opening the gates for me into Heaven. [*Reenter Winnie, R.2.E., repeating curtain business*]

WIN. O Mrs. Budd, the professor just asked again if anything had happened to Mr. Budd.

MRS. B. No, papa is fine! What notion has come over the dear professor? [*Holding out dish*] I took the privilege of bringing a mouthful of bird for his luncheon—he works so hard. Do you think he will accept it?

WIN. He says a person who'll eat an innocent bird is a cannibal. He is opposed to bird slaughter, even on a hat!

MRS. B. [*Awed, putting it behind her*] Oh! I'm so glad you told me! I'll send my new turban back. I'd rather have the dear professor's respect than a whole flock of ostriches on my head! [*Exit, R.C. Mrs. Budd is hardly off, when Knox puts his head in doorway, R.C. He is a big burly fellow, with slick black hair licked down on the forehead. His uniform is grass green. He has a green helmet with visor and enormous green cotton gloves. His belt is fastened by buckle of 3 large brass letters, plainly visible, "L. V. P." Club at his side. Music, "Policeman's Chorus" from "Pirates" pp.]*

KNOX. Pst! Pst! That's me.

WIN. [*R. Turning, astonished*] Mr. Knox! Why, are you our new park policeman?

KNOX. [*L. Entering*] That's me! Excuse my not ringing—got in the habit of taking people by surprise.

WIN. I thought you were a policeman in New York.

KNOX. Was, till day before yesterday. The board wanted a strict man for the new park—so they sent for me.

WIN. Who gave you my address?

KNOX. Your mommer.

WIN. [*Artlessly*] Then you haven't forgotten me?

KNOX. I think of you all the time—day and night.

WIN. [*Lowering her eyes*] You forget whom you're speaking to, Mr. Knox.

KNOX. Oh, no, I don't! You took the "good girl" prize. That's the reason I think so much of you.

WIN. [*Simply*] I'm as good yet.

KNOX. But I don't like to see you in this house.

WIN. What? When I'm working for Professor Depew? You don't know him.

KNOX. No, I haven't met him yet.

WIN. He has only been in chautauqua *six months*, and oh!—we're all so much better for it!

KNOX. Oh, everybody knows what *he* is! I'm talking of a party living downstairs, by the name of Budd!

WIN. Why, that's our landlord!

KNOX. The old daisy chaser!

WIN. What's that?

KNOX. [L.] Oh, a man who—er—but you took the "good girl" prize. Anyway, he's no gentleman.

WIN. [R.] Mr. Budd? What has he done?

KNOX. Oh—er—oh—

WIN. Something horrible?

KNOX. I'm accustomed to seeing a good deal in New York parks—but—well—I've got my instructions and if I want to keep my job, I got to be strict. He broke Park Rule 13.

WIN. [Repeating] "Any persons of opposite sexes, found using the summerhouse of Lofty View Park for osculatory purposes, will be punished to the full extent of the law, and their names and addresses posted!" Tell me—no one ever tells me anything—is kissing such a crime?

KNOX. Well—it is and it isn't—it depends! You can judge for yourself.

WIN. But I can't! I don't know a thing! Oh, please tell me about Mr. Budd?

KNOX. I'll tell you some of it! You see, I was making me beat last night slowly—notice me uniform? When I go slowly you can't tell me from a tree; I was passing the summerhouse and I heard a funny sound—like this. [*Puckers up his mouth, getting near Winnie; she does not move away. Gives imitation of three long noisy kisses*]

WIN. It might have been a mother kissing her babe.

KNOX. Oh, no, it was someone kissing her papa! That's what it was.

WIN. Then it was Mrs. Budd kissing Mr. Budd. She always calls him "papa."

KNOX. Never heard of a man kissing his own wife in a summerhouse! He'll have to prove it in court!

WIN. In court! Professor thinks he's so respectable.

KNOX. I've sent my complaint to the park board; when the professor acts upon it as chairman—well—Budd's as good as locked up!

WIN. [*Afraid*] Oh!

KNOX. Say, Winnie, you've had a narrow escape.

WIN. Oh!

KNOX. That's what I told your mother. [*Smiling broadly*] She's willing, the only hitch is—she wants my character vouched for by the professor.

WIN. Then will you ask me for my hand?

KNOX. Both of 'em! And your little feet, too!

WIN. Oh—they go with the rest of me. Sh! Professor's coming. [*Crosses to R., to curtain*]

KNOX. I have to meet the park board here; let me wait in the kitchen with you. Ah, do! [*Snatches a kiss, then goes up to R.C. and exit*]

WIN. I've been kissed! [*R.2.E., Professor Depew appears from his study, holding portière aside, grasping in other hand the picture of Lucretia. Puts picture on platform when he enters. His hair, of a soft brown shade, glossy, straight, is combed off his forehead; wears a white rose in buttonhole. For costume and make-up of Professor, the actor will confer with Mr. Belasco*]

PROF. [*As he conducts a veiled, elegantly dressed lady to private door, L.1.E.*] Remember, madam, the motto I have just given you—"The best way to keep in the straight path, is not to stray out of it." [*Unbolts door*] And, above all, don't be hasty. "The interval that elapses between the inception of an impulse and the execution of it often enables us to avoid embarrassing complications." [*Bows her out, L.2.E. Calling after her*] Good morning!

LADY. Good morning! [*Exit, L.1.D., closing door, bolting it; puts picture down without showing its face*]

PROF. [*L.*] Did you ask how Mr. Budd was feeling?

WIN. [*R.*] O professor! Isn't it awful!

PROF. What?

WIN. His breaking Park Rule 13.

PROF. [*Sits, L. of desk, aside*] It's out! [*Aloud*] Will you please get me a cup of cold water?

WIN. [*Hastening*] Yes, sir. [*Exit, R.C.*]

PROF. [*With long groaning sigh of agony*] Oh-h-h—[*Business of mechanical clock at back, alarmed*] Oh! I thought it was Knox! [*Looks at clock*] Half past ten. The board is almost due to take action against the park offender. [*Unlocks clasp of large volume lying on desk with key attached to chain*] Oh! [*Resting his head on his hand*] My head feels cloudy—like ammonia. I dreamt all night the park board was peeping into my diary at that last entry. Dreams have come true—I'll tear out the page. [*Does so, reads*] "Midnight, Tuesday—Among my pupils is a young hosiery model, Miss Co-ra! Placed under my instruction by Mr. Zachary Chillington, for a course of moral culture. Unfortunately, I began to notice Co-ra's charms growing on me. She was alluring." How foolish a man is to write such things down.

[*Reads*] "To save trouble, I purchased a pair of green goggles—'If I see Co-ra green' I said, 'I shan't like her any more.' And sure enough! Each time I gave her a lesson she was green—green as grass! But last night—" [*Turns page*] Oh! [*Continues to read*]—"at her instigation, I met her secretly in the park summerhouse—to give her a moral lesson." [*Speaks*] Beastly lie. [*Positively*] "We hadn't been there a minute, before Co-ra began devil-ing and insisted upon kissing me! But before I could find my goggles—I was kissing her. I must have been rather noisy, for I attracted the attention of the new park policeman. Co-ra fled—the policeman seized me and demanded my name and number. I knew if I were found out, it would be moral culture's deathblow and break up my beautiful business, so I gave the name and address of Budd, my landlord. [*Holding leaf sideways, tears up leaf. Enter Winnie with mug of water on salver, R.C.*] Thank you! [*Drinks, returns mug, catches Winnie's eyes fastened on him. Apprehensively*] Why do you look at me like that?

WIN. I can't help it, sir—you're good! So good!

PROF. Don't let that make you neglect your simple duties. [*Seeing that she still stares at him*] Young girls should never stare at men. [*Puts piece of paper in mug and stirs with pen*] It's not nice! Why did I engage you?

WIN. For my principles. Because I'm so different from other girls. A lady left a message. [*Points to slate on desk*]

PROF. Yes, yes—[*Bell rings, R.C.*] The park board. [*Rising, to Winnie*] I'll go to the door. [*Music, "Here we are, just three of us," played pp. until Committee is seated. As the Professor goes up, Knox appears R.C.*]

WIN. [*Who is pushing bench, down L., waves him back*] Don't come in that way, go 'round to the front door. [*Professor has opened door, L.C., and stands bowing. Winnie pushes Knox off, R.C., closing doors. They are no sooner out of the room than Professor turns*]

PROF. Your hat, Mr. Heusted. [*Takes a country silk hat from Mr. Heusted, a tall lantern-jawed man with a long beard, wearing a loose broadcloth suit, shoulders well padded, his waistcoat in heavy folds over which is a large watch chain. Carries walking stick with gold head. He goes down, L.*] And yours, Miss Rinkett.

MISS R. [*As she passes him*] I think it more prudent, professor, not to remove my hat in a gentleman's apartment. Not that you will misunderstand—you know me! [*She is a gaunt, angular woman, wearing glasses; her hair is brown and is parted in the middle, plastered down over her temples, twisted and drawn back over top of ears. Her hat is like an old-fashioned square silk riding hat, very masculine, with a white quill stuck in it; wears*

*a moreen dress and pelerine cape trimmed with bugles. Has on one button glove, carries reticule on her arm. Goes down, L.]*

PROF. Yours, Mr. Brigham?

BRIG. [*Folding up soft felt hat*] No, thank you, professor. I've been so unfortunate with my hats lately; not that you—but—er—at the assemblies I've lost—[*Holding up fingers*] three! So—[*Putting hat in back pocket*] I've acquired the habit of keeping it by me. [*Goes down, L. He is a short man with burnsidcs, intellectual head and forehead, semi-circled clothes. The shoes of Committee are very dusty*]

PROF. [*Back of his desk, R.*] Be seated, please. [*All sit together. Winnie enters, R.C., with 4 large cups on tray which she passes, and exit, R.C.*] A little gooseberry beverage. [*All approve, sip together and at intervals*]

MISS R. [*Rising*] Professor—Mr. Chairman! We think it advisable to confine ourselves solely at this meeting to that perfectly horrid—

HEUST. [*Astonishingly deep voice*] Park scandal! [*Sits*]

MISS R. [*After shuddering*] As this is the first offender against that rule—

HEUST. [*Rising*] Thirteen! [*Sits*]

BRIG. [*In a thin weak voice*] "Any persons of opposite sexes found—" [*Miss Rinkett turns on him glaring; with an exclamation, sits*]

HEUST. Go on, Miss Rinkett.

MISS R. He interrupted me again.

HEUST. [*Reproving*] Brigham! [*Brigham smiles apologetically to Miss Rinkett, then taps his foot angrily*]

MISS R. [*With an indrawn breath, glares at Brigham's feet tapping the floor*] My nerves!—that foot!

HEUST. Brigham! Brigham! [*Brigham stops*]

MISS R. [*Shuddering at sound of his name*] One moment, please. [*Going to Professor. Aside*] Before this comes up in court, either Mr. Brigham—[*Wincing*] must be made to change that polygamous name, or go off our committee.

HEUST. You were saying, Miss Rinkett—

MISS R. [*Who has changed her seat to avoid coming in contact with book*] I move that we proceed against him at once.

BRIG. [*Jumping to his feet*] What, me?

MISS R. [*Sharply*] N—no! [*Appealing to Professor*] There he is again.

PROF. [*Bringing his gavel down*] Mr. Brigham! [*Brigham sits with face towards ceiling*]

MISS R. I mean that man Budd.

HEUST. I second the motion! His public disgrace will frighten the next one who thinks of turning our respectable summerhouse into a shindig.

MISS R. [*Horried*] Oh, mercy!

HEUST. [*Rises*] The scoundrell! [*Bringing down his stick*] To carry on his didoes in our nice new park—his didoes! [*Each time Heusted brings his stick down, the Professor winces*]

MISS R. [*Indignant, seated*] I wish you wouldn't be so plain with your words. You could simply have said—he was a bad man.

HEUST. [*To Miss Rinkett, seated*] If we are to punish crime, Miss Rinkett, it must have a name! I should have called a spade a spade, had you not been present.

BRIG. [*Seated*] That's why I always opposed women on a committee.

MISS R. [*Hoarsely*] Bah!

BRIG. Will be on a committee to root out crime—then holler.

HEUST. Beside the fine, we'll post his name and address publicly.

MISS R. [*High-voiced*] And we can do it.

HEUST. Aye!

BRIG. We can. [*All sit*]

HEUST. Judge Cheviot will uphold me!

MISS R. He has got to! I canvassed Chautauqua for his election.

HEUST. The city pledged itself when it accepted our park. Chautauqua is a moral town. [*Brigham nods approval*]

MISS R. [*Snappishly*] Only moral town in the United States, which is our pride and boast.

HEUST. [*Warmed up*] This man's—er—er offense—

MISS R. [*Looking at Brigham*] Be as plain as you want, say didoing—and be done with it. In spite of Mr. Brigham, I can stand it. I have seen twenty-one summers!

BRIG. [*Aside to Heusted*] How many times has she seen them, Heusted?

HEUST. [*Under his breath*] Sh! Sh! [*Aloud*] Professor, let us scarify this man Budd. [*Jumps up, business with stick*]

BRIG. Aye!

MISS R. That's it!

ALL. [*Together*] Scarify him!

MISS R. Wish I had the woman!

BRIG. So do I!

HEUST. One thing at a time.

MISS R. and BRIG. But I—

MISS R. Now stop!

BRIG. [*Appealing*] Mr. Chairman—

PROF. [*Who has risen with gavel, tapping, with difficulty bringing them to order*] The interval that elapses between the inception of an impulse and

the execution of it, often enables us to avoid embarrassing complications. Mr. Brigham agrees with us, don't you? [*Rising and going up to desk, C.*] I—er—don't you think we are inflicting a rather severe punishment for just a kiss.

MISS R. Oh, no, you composed the rule and the penalty yourself.

PROF. [*Up C.*] I'm sorry now.

COMMITTEE. You're sorry?

PROF. [*Cutting him off*] Now—there are many phases to consider in a case like this. If Budd did it, which I am not sure of, who led him to? One moment, Miss Rinkett. [*She is about to speak, her mouth is open*] Perhaps it was an hereditary impulse—in that case his father was to blame and should be punished if we could catch him. You see the point I make, Mr. Brigham?

BRIG. I—er—

PROF. Of course you do. One moment, Miss Rinkett. [*Same business, Brigham sits*] If we are here to stamp out crime, we must go down to the very root, so let us go down—that will take—say—er—six months or so. Then, if any park offenders develop, we can arrest them all together, thus saving expense.

HEUST. Expense! That point was raised by Brigham.

PROF. Good. We'll put it to vote; and remember in case of a tie according to our rules, the side supported by your chairman shall win.

BRIG. [*Rising*] I certainly—

MISS R. [*Who has been opening her mouth, trying to get a word in ever since the Professor spoke, pointing*] There, he's against us.

HEUST. [*Angrily*] Brigham, why can't you ever agree? You've contracted a spirit of contradiction.

BRIG. [*Furiously*] Look here. How does she know what I'm going to vote? My vote's my own. *Petticoats* don't influence it—

MISS R. What?

BRIG. If they do yours. [*To Heusted*]

HEUST. How dare you connect us with Miss Rinkett's petticoat?

PROF. I resign! [*Aside*] No board, no charge!

MISS R. [*Who has gone out banging door after her, R.L., returning*] I shan't, the papers will say women are hysterical on committees. [*Sits*]

HEUST. [*Returning*] It shan't be said I deserted my post, until I press this charge against Budd to the button. [*Sits*]

PROF. Brigham won't!

BRIG. [*Returning*] Yes, I will. [*Sits*] To the bottom! [*They make up*]

PROF. Oh— [*Brings down his gavel angrily, recovers*] but remember, we've only the word of the policeman—they're always making mistakes.

HEUST. Not ours! [*Rising*] We interrogate him searchingly, and if we deduce sufficient evidence, you as chairman sign the complaint.

MISS R. Knox is not allowed to arrest people. He only takes their names and addresses.

HEUST. Then escorts them to their homes; no boggy names for us. [*Rising, R.C. Electric bell rings, Winnie enters*] Ah, that must be our park policeman.

PROF. [*Rising*] Have you brought him with you? [*Winnie has opened door, Knox appears, R.L.*]

HEUST. Come in! [*Professor drops out of sight, his face entirely hidden by the sloping desk. He sits in this attitude while Knox is in the room. Others not noticing, have drained their cups, which Winnie takes and exit*] Professor, this is Knox, our park guardian.

PROF. [*Half raising his head, his green goggles on, his hand over lower part of face. In a deep voice*] How do you do? [*Sinks back again*]

MISS R. Now, Mr. Knox, tell the chairman what drew your attention to the summerhouse—what you heard?

KNOX. [*L.C.*] Kisses.

MISS R. How many?

KNOX. I lost count.

HEUST. Describe what you saw.

BRIG. [*Expectantly*] Yes.

HEUST. Go on! [*Thundering, bringing down his stick*] Tell the chairman what you saw, and be explicit.

KNOX. If the lady will excuse—[*Miss Rinkett nods assent*] it was a little dark—I saw a man—[*Looking at Professor, who sinks further under desk*] sitting beside a girl—he kissed her, and put his arm around her and hugged her, and well, that tells it all—he hugged her—I can't be more explicit than that.

MISS R. [*Mercilessly*] What did *she* do? [*Knox hesitates*]

HEUST. Go on! [*Bringing down his stick*]

KNOX. Well—then she was responsive.

HEUST. Explain.

MISS R. [*To Knox*] We'll excuse that.

BRIG. [*Aside to Heusted*] That's why I always oppose women on a committee.

HEUST. And you are sure of your man?

KNOX. I could put my club on him in a thousand, if I saw him—

PROF. [*Sliding further under desk*] Oh!

HEUST. Professor, do you wish to ask him a few questions?



PROF. [*Disguised voice*] No, I've heard enough.

HEUST. Good. We knew Knox would convince you. [*Music*] Wait outside, officer. We'll go with you to see the judge. [*Putting on his hat. Exit Knox, L.C., leaving door open. All rise*]

MISS R. Will you come with us? [*All going up, L.C.*]

PROF. [*Removing goggles*] Perhaps I shall be there later.

ALL. [*Together*] Good day! [*Excunt, L.C., single file. Repeat "Here we are, just three of us" until door is closed after them*]

PROF. [*Rising*] There's lots of trouble in store for poor old Budd!

BUDD. [*Budd appears, R.C., with a valentine. He is a good-natured man of about 55, the soul of simplicity. Has a fiery red head nicely brushed, wears light trousers, open velvet waistcoat showing enormous shirt front, very short house coat and slippers brightly embroidered, home-made ribbon tie; stands respectfully, hat in hand*] May I come in, professor?

PROF. Ah, my poor dear Mr. Budd—[*Almost embracing him, bringing him down*] I am so glad to see you still at large—I mean—[*Goes up, R.C., shuts door*]

BUDD. [*L.*] I know professor, I am large—but look! Fifty-five and not a gray hair! Never felt better in my life! Crisp as a new valentine.

PROF. [*Aside*] Wait till he knows! Poor soul! I wish he looked more like me!

WIN. [*Who has entered and rearranged bench, her eyes fixed on Budd with horror*] Teacher at the seminary was right. "Beware of men with red heads!" [*Closes door, R.C.*]

BUDD. [*Who has placed his hat on bust of one of the sages, up L.*] Professor, I have taken the liberty of naming a valentine after you, not to sell, just to give mama's friends. I call it the Depew. [*Holding up a large valentine made of vivid blue perforated paper with the Professor's face on it, raised on spiral paper support; above likeness two cherubs peep. Reads*]

"He is so good, when he goes by,

The angels peep from out the sky!"

—That verse just fits you.

PROF. You flatter me.

BUDD. Oh, no!

PROF. Well, you know best.

BUDD. [*Laying down valentine*] My wife tells me you inquire for me every few minutes. You don't know how honored I am!

PROF. Do be seated, I beg of you. [*Gives him large chair*]

BUDD. [*Sitting*] You're too kind.

PROF. Have the footstool.

BUDD. Thank you, I never use one.

PROF. [*Goes back of desk, R.*] Then try some cold water with a little gooseberry syrup.

BUDD. No, no, thank you—when I drink—I drink—

PROF. Then I'll send to the apothecary. What is it?

BUDD. No, it's against your principles!

PROF. [*Hand on Budd's shoulder*] I would do anything for you, Mr. Budd. Ah! Anything in the world! [*Seizes large palm-leaf fan, fans Budd*]

BUDD. Why, professor?

PROF. I have the deepest, most profound regard for you.

BUDD. You overwhelm me—a man of your high morals—[*Bowing*] so looked up to—[*Bowing*] venerated—[*Bowing, wiping a tear*] it touches me—it—[*Gulping, takes fan*] now what can I do to make you more comfortable? [*Fans Professor*]

PROF. Nothing. As long as I know that you are happy and respected—I am satisfied.

BUDD. [*Rising*] You must let me do something! Some—[*Looking about*] Some repairs! [*Struck*] Ah! How everything breathes virtue! There are the stainless lilies! [*In front of the busts*] Here are the six sages of Greece!

PROF. Seven—there are seven. You have your hat on the other.

BUDD. [*Takes it off, to bust*] I beg your pardon. Ah, my dear professor, when I am in your company, I feel a better man. Why, your presence here raises the value of my property ninety per cent. I *will* make you more comfortable. [*Examines wall, L., critically*]

PROF. [*Aside*] Don't, please don't!

BUDD. I shall redo the wall—it's time.

PROF. Very well—but charge it to me.

BUDD. No, no.

PROF. I insist!

BUDD. Oh, well, then I'll put a new mantelpiece in your bedroom. What do you say to Carrara marble?

PROF. Very nice. I'll supply the car-ra-ra!

BUDD. You? Well, I'll let you pay on one condition.

PROF. What?

BUDD. Your rent is a thousand a year—we'll call it eight-fifty—

PROF. No, I shall pay you twelve hundred. You must accept my—er—reduction. [*Laughs forcedly, trying to be jovial*] Ha—ha!—and oblige me. [*Crosses to L.*]

BUDD. The first duty of a landlord is to be obliging. I'll go and take out your new lease. Let me see. We decided on fifteen hundred.

PROF. No, no—only twelve.

BUDD. Well, we'll split the difference and say twelve-fifty. [*Going to door, R.C.*] If I can do any more repairing, just let me know! [*Exit, R.C. Electric bell rings. Professor takes up slate. Winnie has entered and admits Mrs. Zachary Chillington, still veiled. Exit Winnie*]

PROF. [*Reading*] "See me! Help me! You love to do good!"

MRS. C. Professor Depew?

PROF. Yes, madam.

MRS. C. You have been giving lessons to my friend, Mrs. Granville of New York?

PROF. [*Evasively*] Oh—

MRS. C. She told me.

PROF. I am so pleased to say that I have trained her to the point where she can now tolerate her own husband.

MRS. C. That's what she said. Such a change has come over Maud. I thought I'd take a course.

PROF. Be seated, madam. [*Professor motions her to be seated, L. of desk. Both sit*]

MRS. C. It seems odd to train your morals, doesn't it?

PROF. [*Professionally, plausibly*] Not at all! You train your mind, your muscles, why not your morals? [*He has taken out notebook, preparing to write*] Your name—er—one moment. [*Touches electric button in desk, calla lily transparency at back lights up, he looks to see if it is illuminated. She unconsciously follows his gaze. Slight pause, enquiringly*] Name?

MRS. C. Brown.

PROF. Miss or Mrs.?

MRS. C. Mrs.—

PROF. First name?

MRS. C. Cissie.

PROF. [*Writing*] Mrs. Cissie B—

MRS. C. No—Maud says the best results come from being candid. I am Mrs. Zachary Chillington. [*Turning from him, raising her veil*]

PROF. [*Taken back*] Ah—Mrs.—Chillington!

MRS. C. Do you know my husband?

PROF. Slightly. [*Aside*] Co-ra's benefactor!

MRS. C. He is very plain and 53. Still he's not any worse than Maud's and she says now she likes hers better than the others. So what can you do for me?

PROF. Is your case as serious as Mrs. Granville's?

MRS. C. [*Shocked*] Oh, no, you mustn't think that of me!

PROF. Kindly be frank—Do you care at all for your husband?

MRS. C. Well—I do—and I don't—I don't know.

PROF. Singular. [*With an air of knowing all about it*] And your husband doesn't care for you?

MRS. C. How do you know?

PROF. A guess, a quick guess. When I look at you, madam, I blame any man for neglecting you.

MRS. C. Still—you know men.

PROF. But in your case, there's no excuse. [*Aside*] What am I saying? Where are my gog-gils? [*Puts on goggles*] Now she's green. [*Aloud*] Go on, madam. What is your chief domestic trouble?

MRS. C. Well—just loneliness.

PROF. How is that?

MRS. C. You see, my husband is a man who is so absorbed in his business—importer of silk hose—he has little time for home, and well, in the first place, you asked me to be frank—I don't get any attention.

PROF. Fortunate you came to me in time. Who is the particular one?

MRS. C. Oh—I don't know what you might think?

PROF. Oh—I'm like your doctor or your lawyer—I'm not here to think. A woman who hasn't any impulse, is like a cat without fur—go on.

MRS. C. Well, since we've come to our cottage this summer, I've made the acquaintance of a young Chautauqua lawyer—I ask permission to suppress his name.

PROF. Let me call him Mr. Z. [*Pronounces it with a buzz*]

MRS. C. He has paid me great attention. [*Professor nods, motions her to go on*] But I've found I have remarkable force of character.

PROF. How?

MRS. C. Every time Mr.—

PROF. Z—!

MRS. C. Came—

PROF. When your husband was away?

MRS. C. Yes—I received him coldly—I pretended I didn't care for his attentions—I wouldn't let him call me “Cissy” and when he tried to be friendly, I said—[*Imitating*] “Now stop! Don't!”

PROF. [*Approvingly*] Anyone would think you had had a course of my lessons.

MRS. C. After his last visit—I knew it was best never to receive him again.

PROF. [*Encouragingly as though to help her on with her confession*]  
Yes—

MRS. C. So I sent word I was out. Because when a person's determined to keep a good resolution—er—they call—and you know—you like them.

PROF. Yes—

MRS. C. —and little by little, you like them more—

PROF. Yes—

MRS. C. —and—and—they're nice—and—Oh, well, you know! [*Turning from him*]

PROF. Yes. [*Aside*] She's deviled like me.

MRS. C. And this is how Jack Cheviot—[*Her hand on her mouth*] there! I've said his name!

PROF. It is forgotten—You were saying that Mr.—[*With emphasis*] Z—? Did he ever kiss you? [*Mrs. Chillington shrugs her shoulders uneasily*] How many times?

MRS. C. Once.

PROF. On your lips?

MRS. C. No, on my eye.

PROF. Worse—How did Z—manage to get so friendly. You gave him some encouragement?

MRS. C. [*Angrily*] No! [*Impetuously, turning on chair, crossing her limbs, showing Frenchy red silk petticoat*] I gave him no excuse, I didn't do a thing.

PROF. [*Removing his glasses*] Don't move! [*Mrs. Chillington starts to uncross her limbs*] Sit as before—as before! [*She obeys*] Oh—ah—I see now why Z—made slips.

MRS. C. Well, why?

PROF. The effect of pink silk petticoats on certain temperaments. You must do away with petticoats. [*As though waving the topic aside*] This is all in the abstract. Tell me more. Go on!

MRS. C. [*Uncrossing her limbs*] He has persuaded me to meet him in the courthouse today.

PROF. Bad! He can plead so much better there.

MRS. C. That's it! I've come to you to save me! [*Rises*]

PROF. [*Taking a stack of 12 tickets from desk drawer*] How many tickets do you wish? One ticket, five dollars—three tickets, twelve-fifty—fifty dollars a dozen.

MRS. C. [*Opening purse*] Give me a dozen. [*Taking them*]

PROF. [*Putting money in desk drawer*] If you shouldn't find these sufficient, we'll begin another course.

MRS. C. Now, what shall I do first, professor?

PROF. My system is simple, but stringent. [*Getting printed set of rules*] Rule No. 1, rise early in the morning; resolve to make your case easy for the professor. Keep murmuring, "Mind over matter, mind over matter"—m—m—m—m—m—m. Rule No. 2, after breakfast read three chapters of "Moral Upheaval; or, How to Keep Better" by Professor Depew, price ten dollars and a quarter. [*Hands her a purple and white volume and abstractedly takes her money as he continues*] Rule No. 3, to keep from thinking, read three chapters of E. P. Roe's "Chestnut Burr" or "Barriers Burned Away." Rule No. 4—oh, that doesn't fit your case—yet. And remember, always, always be discreet. The difference between respectability and a bad name is what people know about you and what they don't. One dollar please and a ticket. [*She gives him money and ticket*]

MRS. C. He is expecting me now. What shall I do?

PROF. Meet him at the courthouse and say to him simply these three words—"Don't dev-il me."

MRS. C. [*Struggling*] Poor Jack! Shall I have the strength to say it?

PROF. If you put on green gog-gils.

MRS. C. What for?

PROF. He'll look so horrible, you'll have the strength to say anything.

MRS. C. I'll break his heart! I can't, he loves me so! Oh, I can't!

PROF. [*Sternly*] Madam, do you want to be cured? [*She nods "Yes"*] Then make an effort!

MRS. C. I don't know how.

PROF. Then take a worthy example. [*Rises, goes up C. and down L., and takes picture*] Here we have the picture of Lucretia. [*Holds up large black and white statuary picture of woman with a crow-like profile, enormous Psyche knot, her head crowned with spiky lilies, her hands extended in opposite direction from that in which she is looking as though disdainfully warding off a man*] That noble Roman woman who preferred to die by her own hand rather than be deviled into folly. She sells at six dollars a gross. Keep her with you. [*Giving it to her*—and when you feel like hesitating, look at Lucretia and kill yourself! [*Taking picture back and putting it on platform, C.*] Then you're safe! [*Turns out illumination on lilies on desk*] Our first lesson—[*Door opens, L.C., Mr. Zachary Chillington appears. A man of about 53 with florid face of a high liver; wears fashionable summer clothes, light tan shoes, gaiters to match trousers*]

MR. C. Hope I'm not intruding, professor.

MRS. C. [*Pulling her veil down quickly*] My husband!

PROF. [*Turns, holding up picture of Lucretia, preventing Chillington from seeing his wife*] Not at all! [*To Mrs. Chillington*] Our interview is over,

[*With emphasis*] Mrs. Brown. [*Conducting her to door, L.I.E., the picture always between Mrs. Chillington and her husband. When Chillington goes down to spot his wife has just vacated, his eyes following the figure of the woman admiringly, Professor turns to again obstruct the view*] And remember this motto: "The best way to keep in the straight path, is not to stray out of it." [*Unbolts door*] Friday, ten a.m. Be punctual. Remember you can never get a wasted moment back. Good morning. Kind regards to Mr. Brown. [*Bolts door*]

MR. C. What Brown is that? I know some Browns up here—

PROF. But not this one. [*Placing picture at back on platform*]

MR. C. I came here to thank you for Cora's progress.

PROF. [*Wincing*] Don't mention it.

MR. C. [*Sitting*] I made that dear girl's acquaintance—

PROF. [*Aside, wearily sitting*] Oh, why did he do it?

MR. C. At a little supper party. I shall never forget my first sight of her—such a child! She had one foot in the air, it's true, but her face was sweet and good.

PROF. [*Aside*] You never can tell—

MR. C. Her escort went to sleep under the table, so I took her home, resolving at once to help a pretty girl in a really nice way.

PROF. [*Approvingly*] Good! Good!

MR. C. But not as good as you are, professor.

PROF. Oh, yes, you are.

MR. C. No, no, I'm not. Damned if I want to be—excuse me—But then, you see, my business is against me. Importer of hose—silk hose—French silk hose. There's money in it, but between you and me it's a peculiar business. You see so much! You get to think of nothing but stockings, and—er—what were we talking about?

PROF. Miss Co-ra.

MR. C. Oh, yes! The first time I met that girl I made her tell me her little troubles.

PROF. [*Aside*] Oh!

MR. C. How she was struggling with poverty—what courage! Her only meal a late supper at night. Her trade was stockings, that is, I knew 'twould be as soon as I saw her. I engaged her as a model. When the ladies wanted to see the effect, they'd get Cora to step into them. She can fill up a stocking like Santa Claus.

PROF. Sh! Sh! Stockings should be seen and not heard.

MR. C. Why, Santa Claus is all right. I thought he was the only respectable man besides you—er—what was I talking about?

PROF. Co-ra!

MR. C. Oh, Cora. Your lessons have changed her so; she won't even receive me with a chaperon. She's absolutely prudish.

PROF. What is more beautiful than an absolutely prudish girl—who wasn't always.

MR. C. Nothing, but—

PROF. [*One finger upraised to Heaven*] There will be a greater reward awaiting the arrival of one absolutely prudish girl than two of another kind.

MR. C. 'Specially if I'm there to meet 'em. [*Door opens suddenly and Cora comes in, L.C. Her clothes are a mass of lace and billowy effects in the latest style. Every movement is accompanied by the rustle of silks. Her hat is a dream of the milliner's art, with rose to match under petticoat. She carries a parasol*]

CORA. [*Familiarly*] Hello! My old boy! [*Sees Mr. Chillington, averts her face, puckers her lips to a whistle*]

MR. C. My old boy!

PROF. She means to say my old boy-sterous days are over. She always greets me that way. [*Music dies away*]

CORA. [*Demurely shaking hands with Professor*] Good morning, my good, kind teacher.

PROF. [*Respectfully*] Good morning, miss.

CORA. Mr. Chillington, have the French hose come yet? I have dozens of orders.

MR. C. Not yet! When they come I'll bring them to your room.

CORA. Please don't. I have no time.

MR. C. But I like to see you once in a while, Cora.

CORA. When my stockings are laid away for the night, I study my moral culture.

MR. C. [*Impressively to Professor*] You're a wonder. [*Crosses, R.C.*]

CORA. About that window trial tomorrow, do I get in?

MR. C. I doubt it. You know it's not public. I'm going to the courthouse to ask my friend, Jack Cheviot.

PROF. Cheviot? The lawyer!

MR. C. Do you know him?

PROF. I know of him—Mr. Z—

CORA. Better hurry.

MR. C. Yes, my child.

PROF. What is this window case?

MR. C. A man who was interested in a young woman dropped in unexpectedly and found her kissing another man.



PROF. What happened?

MR. C. The infuriated fool threw her out of the fifth-story window.

CORA. [*Aside*] I guess I'll move downstairs.

MR. C. [*Savagely*] He was wrong. But I should have thrown the man out the window and rattled every bone in his body.

PROF. Oh!

CORA. Now please hurry! You're using up my lesson hour! [*Putting Mr. Chillington's hat on his head*]

MR. C. I'll go for the tickets.

CORA. You'll forget what you went for. I'd better go to the courthouse with you. Just drive 'round till I'm ready.

MR. C. But it's so lonesome—no one to talk to.

CORA. Oh, talk to the horsey.

MR. C. [*Fatuously*] What a child! [*Seizing Professor's hand*] Good day, professor. The first time I—what a change. How anxious she is to get to work. [*Aside to Professor*] Say, make her good, but not too damned wishy-washy. [*Exit, L.C.*]

CORA. [*Shuts door, L.C., her manner changing from demureness to familiarity*] Sweetheart, how did you get off last night?

PROF. [*Sits in chair back of desk*] I was caught. Had to give the name of my landlord—the unfortunate Budd.

CORA. [*Sinking into revolving chair, roaring*] That's a good joke! Poor old Budd! Say, do you know what I left behind?

PROF. What?

CORA. My bracelet.

PROF. Your bracelet?

CORA. Yes.

PROF. In the summerhouse?

CORA. Yes.

PROF. Best not to claim it.

CORA. It has Chilli's picture in the medallion.

PROF. I'll give you a prettier one.

CORA. [*Rising, putting her arms around him*] It will be prettier if it's yours, dear teacher.

PROF. Where are my gog-gils? [*Puts them on*]

CORA. [*Pouting, coaxingly*] Take those off!

PROF. [*Emphatically*] No, Cora!

CORA. Ah, do.

PROF. Now she's green. No—no! I only regret that I didn't have them on last night.

CORA. [*Piqued*] That's all the thanks a girl gets for being silly with you.

PROF. Well, then—I don't regret it.

CORA. Tony, do you know why I like you?

PROF. [*Warningly*] Now—

CORA. No, but do you?

PROF. Sh!

CORA. Well, it's your surroundings. They're so pure and beautiful and then you're such a beautiful fraud.

PROF. How dare you?

CORA. Oh, you are—you know you are.

PROF. Oh!

CORA. And then that curl—that curl kills me. Was it your own idea? And then you tantalize a girl so. Tony, you are my first love!

PROF. [*Aside, his head showing from his embrace*] She has lost her memory.

CORA. [*Gently trying to take off his glasses*] Take those off! Now do. Oh, let me! [*At last she gets them off*] There! We'll put 'em on Lucretia so she can't see us! [*Pokes wires of glasses through picture, making it look as though they were on Lucretia*]

PROF. Siren! [*Playfully shaking his finger at her*]

CORA. You wouldn't throw me out of a fifth-story window, would you?

PROF. [*Pushing her away, rapping the table*] Come, come, now be nice! Let us begin our lesson. [*Turns on illumination for lilies*]

CORA. [*Sitting in chair, crossing her knee, swinging her foot*] Oh, pooh! [*Insinuatingly*] Let's not have a lesson today.

PROF. [*Raps again, shaking his index finger à la teacher*] Remember your motto, "The best way to keep in the straight path—"

CORA. [*Looking at him, half in admiration*] You're a peach!

PROF. [*Looks at her sternly endeavoring to find words to reprimand her, she keeps laughing*] Are we to begin or not?

CORA. Not! [*Turns out illumination, puckers her lips and makes a smack at him*]

PROF. Don't! [*Cora smacks again, louder*] Don't! [*She puckers up her lips, makes no sound. He turns his back. After a short pause he looks furtively around to see what she is doing*]

CORA. Oh, you're so cunning! You've got such mousey eyes. Um! [*Smacks again*]

PROF. I will not! Have you no delicacy? Look at your surroundings! Such actions in the presence of Solon, Bias, Cleobulus and—[*Points to busts*]

CORA. Oh, pshaw! Cleobulus was all right when he had a chance. I bet he wasn't marble when he was alive.

PROF. [*Angrily*] Stand up! Take your place. Repeat the first rule.

CORA. [*Rising*] Kiss me first, then teach me how not to.

PROF. Don't you dare! Begin the lesson. [*Turns on illumination*]

CORA. I can't when you're so harsh. I need encouragement. The best way to get good work from a girl is to keep petting her like a circus horse.

PROF. I will not pet you like a horse—how foolish! Now begin.

CORA. [*Unwillingly*] Oh, all right. [*Takes book out of pocket*] Can I tell you something first.

PROF. What is it?

CORA. I would love to be your Waterloo.

PROF. What do you mean, miss?

CORA. You would stop at me, then.

PROF. Not another word. [*Opening his book*] Where did we leave off?

CORA. On the page where it says "Look, but touch not."

PROF. Go on.

CORA. No—[*Closing book, turning out illumination*] because I think it's an awfully foolish rule.

PROF. [*Severely*] Go on! You're losing time. Remember your song I gave you. [*Rising, sings alone, hand holding open book resting on hip, his other hand in teaching attitude*] "Then do not let the moments like the sunbeams pass you by."

CORA. [*Joining in, keeping extravagant time to the music, her face serious*] "For you'll never miss the water, 'till the well runs dry."

PROF. Exactly. [*Sits. Shutting book, curtly*] Your lesson is over.

CORA. No, no, I'll be different. Open the book. [*He does so*] Can I make a confession first?

PROF. What is it?

CORA. Well, I'm a girl who has always had a fascination, as you know, for men.

PROF. I do not know.

CORA. I hate to tell, but almost every time I go out walking, they follow me.

PROF. You must do something to attract their attention.

CORA. Not a thing.

PROF. Curious! This happens whenever you're out?

CORA. Well—

PROF. I mean, is it a regular occurrence, or do you attract more attention certain days? Well then, what days?

CORA. Well—rainy days.

PROF. Ah! [*Removing his glasses*] For example, walk about the room and do exactly as you do in the streets. Let me judge for myself. [*Cora's music pp. Cora walks about room in a circle, slightly lifting her skirts*] It is now raining very hard and there are deep, deep pools of water. [*Raising chiffon parasol, she gathers her skirts about her, displaying pretty hose, slippers, and very elaborate petticoat, walks*]

CORA. [*Pausing*] Is that enough?

PROF. Once more—till I make up my mind! [*She walks a few more steps, 9 steps, music stops*] I don't understand why they should follow you.

CORA. Well, you must be blind. [*A short indignant pause*] But there, don't let us quarrel. [*About to sit on his lap*]

PROF. Stop! Stop that! Will you be good?

CORA. I don't know. I kind of—waver—like this. [*Turning illumination on and off rapidly, leaving it lighted*]

PROF. Take your hand off my lilies! I am going to send you back to the first lesson—you must begin all over again.

CORA. Those were happy hours—give me another course. [*Taking out her purse*]

PROF. I can't charge you any more.

CORA. Then you love me—you must love me, because you're only in this business for money you know. Love me! I want to see how you'll go about it. I'm a nice girl, Tony, you couldn't find a nicer. You'd be a fool to throw me over, Tony, say you do love me.

PROF. Oh, you're deviling me again!

CORA. [*By this time, C., in babyish manner*] Who's going to give his little dove a kiss?

PROF. [*Very weakly*] Now—now—

CORA. [*With puckered lips*] Who—oo? Who—oo?

PROF. [*Struggling*] Oh!

CORA. Wh—oo?

PROF. [*Foolishly, slapping himself*] The other old foolish birdie! [*Music pp., the "Ah" part of "Stocking song"*]

CORA. [*Her eyes closed*] Ooo—[*Like the cooing of a dove*]

PROF. [*Without moving, looks R. and L., then fully melted, approaches her*] There's no park—policeman—here! [*They are about to kiss, when the folding doors are pushed open with a bang and Knox stands in doorway. Everybody paralyzed*]

CORA. Oh! [*Flies off, L. & E. Music stops*]

PROF. He!

KNOX. At it again?

PROF. [*Rubbing his eyes*] It's an apparition—such a thing can't happen twice.

KNOX. You loose old bird!

PROF. Yes, it can—it has!

KNOX. You don't seem to feel well, Budd.

PROF. [*Aside*] Budd! [*Aloud*] Oh, yes, I do, very well, thank you. I just—er—dropped in to see the professor.

KNOX. You need him. I want to see him, too.

PROF. He's out.

KNOX. And I want my character vouched for right away.

PROF. I will vouch for it.

KNOX. You better keep quiet. Now about last night. Here's a warrant to identify you in court.

PROF. What? For a little trifle like that? Aren't you ashamed?

KNOX. I have to be strict to hold my job—come on!

PROF. Let me say good-bye to Mrs. Budd, my poor wife. [*Starts to escape*]

KNOX. All right. I'll go with you. [*Goes after him*]

PROF. Oh, let me break it to her alone.

KNOX. Oh, no, you won't. [*Puts his hand on Professor's shoulder*] Come on!

PROF. Mr. Knox! Listen—please—please! Let us talk this over as between two honorable men.

KNOX. You beat the band!

PROF. What is your salary?

KNOX. Six hundred a year!

PROF. [*Lifting Knox's hand which looks enormous in its green glove*] Not enough to keep you in gloves. Now, if you were offered a position at eight hundred to do nothing at all—

KNOX. I'd jump at it!

PROF. I make you that offer to go away and live in—Guatemala.

KNOX. Where's that?

PROF. On a coast. Sponges grow there.

KNOX. Always wanted to travel. As soon as I've locked you up, I'll go at your figure.

PROF. I'm not paying you to lock me up. What I want of you is to tell the judge it wasn't Budd you caught, and—er—the lady whose name is anonymous.

KNOX. [*Aside*] I've got her name now—Mrs. Anonymous. [*Aloud*] How am I to explain the—[*Imitates kisses*]

PROF. Say you stepped on a firefly. Just think how you could live in Guatemala on eight hundred a year.

KNOX. You can't bribe me! Come on!

PROF. Wait. I'll raise it to a thousand.

KNOX. [*Hesitating*] Thousand—

PROF. And nothing to do—for life!

KNOX. A voice inside of me says no. [*Hitting his chest*]

PROF. [*Counting*] Then two hundred more—do you hear it yet? Half now—half the first letter from Guatemala.

KNOX. [*Aside*] I'll take it to the park board—Exhibit A—no, that's the bracelet I found.

PROF. [*Handing it to him*] Now do you hear the voice?

KNOX. No. [*Aside, putting it in his pocket*] Exhibit B.

PROF. When do you start?

KNOX. Right off! I'll fool him! After I give this to the park board I'll come back for him.

PROF. Good-bye.

KNOX. Good-bye. Think of me picking sponges in Guatemala. [*Exit. Professor wipes his forehead with handkerchief, sinking into chair*]

WIN. [*Entering, R.C.*] Did you see my beau, sir?

PROF. [*Sitting up*] Your what? Who?

WIN. Mr. Knox, the policeman? Mother sent him for your approval.

PROF. Ah, that's the reason that animal stumbled in here. [*Aside*] She might lure him back. [*Aloud*] Go out of my house!

WIN. What am I discharged for?

PROF. Improper conduct—receiving a policeman.

WIN. [*Sniveling*] What'll mama say? [*Exit, R.C. Starts after as Cora runs in from door, L.C.*]

CORA. Is he gone?

PROF. [*Seeing Mr. and Mrs. Budd on threshold, R.C., hurries Cora out of door, L., bolting it. Cora drops long white glove. Embarrassed, smiling*] Hy—de do—hy do. [*The Budds are beaming; she wears a voluminous pink calico of a violent shade, too short in front, showing black hose and red-heeled slippers with red rosettes. Has a single spit curl on her forehead and a pink bow in her hair*]

MRS. B. Papa's just told me you've raised your rent. [*Looking dotingly at Budd*] He deserves it. [*Professor sees long white glove which Cora has dropped, puts his foot over it, turns his foot in to cover it. Confidentially*] I really think, professor—now, papa, don't you listen—[*Aside to Professor*] Every woman's husband's bad but mine. I could trust him in a harem.

BUDD. I heard you, Rosy. Don't be too sure, I might fool you!

MRS. B. [*Giving him a love tap*] Go long, papa! [*Rearranging Budd's tie*] O papa, let me fix your tie! [*Professor sees end of glove sticking out from under his foot, covers it with other foot. Mrs. Budd notices his peculiar attitude. Business*] There, I'll leave you to sign the lease. [*At door, lovingly to Budd*] Don't be long, [*Nearly sings*] papa.

BUDD. [*Imitates her*] No, no, my little valentine. [*Exit Mrs. Budd*] Here's your lease, professor. [*Steps nearly up to Professor, holds it out. Professor afraid to step off glove, reaches out for lease which he cannot touch, Budd not seeing. At length noticing Professor's efforts*] I beg pardon—how rude I am. There! [*Puts lease in Professor's hand*]

PROF. Thank you. [*Drops handkerchief over glove and picks up both together*] How kind you are. How everyone must love you. Thank you.

BUDD. Yes, my wife loves me.

PROF. And others? You must be a great ladies' man.

BUDD. Oh, at my age—No—no! Upon my word I never—for twenty-five years I've only been Rosy's valentine and Rosy's been mine—it's that way.

PROF. You know what men are from the ancient Hebrews right down to the Turks.

BUDD. I don't want to be a Turk—I haven't time. More than that, I am a good man and when she got married she was the first girl I ever kissed. It was my début.

MRS. B. [*Outside*] That's enough. [*Enter, R.C., furiously. To Budd*] Ah! I've found you out, sir!

BUDD. Why, Rosy, my pet, what is it?

MRS. B. [*Shaking her fist at him*] Oh, you—[*Miss Rinkett, who has entered, sits on platform glaring at Budd*]

PROF. What has happened, Mrs. Budd?

MRS. B. Miss Rinkett has just told me everything! My heart's at a standstill. I know all about the other woman. Oh, you! [*Shaking her fist at him again*] Professor, put him out! He's not fit to be in your presence.

PROF. Isn't he? What's this, Mr. Budd?

BUDD. [*Indignantly*] Explain yourself, Rosy.

MRS. B. No! We'll wash our dirty linen in private.

BUDD. [*Flustering*] You can wash it right here! I have nothing to hide.

MRS. B. [*Going to him, wagging her finger under his nose*] Where were you last night, you miserable nighthawk?

BUDD. Last night?

MRS. B. Oh, think up a place! Invent one! You can't hoodwink me. [*Miss Rinkett nods approval*]

BUDD. [*Stubbornly*] Very well! Last night I was in the park.

PROF. [*Echoing to Mrs. Budd*] He was in the park. [*Aside*] Unhappy man.

MRS. B. Ah! With whom?

BUDD. Alone. [*Miss Rinkett is cynical*]

MRS. B. What for?

BUDD. On my way to the Thompsons—you know the Thompsons—the Thompsons.

MRS. B. Did you see them?

BUDD. No, they'd gone out.

MRS. B. After leaving there what did you do?

BUDD. I—I went for a stroll.

MRS. B. Alone?

BUDD. Yes, mama, alone.

MRS. B. Liar! Villain! Scalawag! [*Goes up furiously, Miss Rinkett rises, opens her arms, and Mrs. Budd goes into them*]

PROF. [*Apart to Budd, neither of them seeing Miss Rinkett*] Whatever you say, stick to it. She'll forgive you. Liars contradict themselves. [*Poking Budd*] You went through the park.

BUDD. That's right! I did. I went through the park.

PROF. He went through the park.

MRS. B. [*Whom Miss Rinkett has been patting on back, coming down*] Oh! When I think how I've tried to please that man. I've done everything in the world to make myself attractive and keep that man at home. See! See! [*Handling her head, bracelet and necklace, raising her skirts, shows red roses on slipper and a loud plaid petticoat. Miss Rinkett, glaring at Budd, sits again*]

BUDD. [*Seeing her ankles; Professor is purposely looking away*] Pull 'em down, Rosy! Yellow ribbons don't look respectable.

MRS. B. Respectable! You! [*Grabs one end of his tie and undoes it*]

BUDD. Mama, don't act like that! You're crazy! Tie my bow.

PROF. I beg of you, madam—

MRS. B. Oh, if you knew, professor, how he was discovered! [*With a loud groaning*] Oh!

BUDD. Tell what you're driving at!

MRS. B. In the summerhouse kissing a woman—[*Business*] he was dandling on his fat old knee.

BUDD. I?

MRS. B. [*Down to R.*] Yes, you—you pie-faced roysterer. [*Slaps him in the face. Miss Rinkett nods approval with a grin. Professor draws his breath*]



sharply between his teeth. Puts his hand on his face as though he had received a blow]

BUDD. O Rosy! [*Holding his hand up to his face*] Oh! Oh! [*Turns, sees Miss Rinkett for first time*] Ah, you! [*Unable to speak, furiously glares at her, she fidgets uneasily in her chair*] I'll—I'll—

MRS. B. You let her alone. [*Up, to Budd*] If all women were like her, it would be a better world.

BUDD. I'll bet she never got kissed—even in a cradle. Ha! She! Why she was baptized in vinegar! [*Miss Rinkett enraged, rises*]

MRS. B. [*Hurrying to console her*] Oh! [*Miss Rinkett exit angrily, R.C. Turning to Budd*] You—

BUDD. I'll shoot that damn Miss Rickett!

PROF. [*Aside*] I wish he would.

BUDD. [*Following Mrs. Budd*] Rosy—it's a lie!

MRS. B. Ha! Ha! Is it?

MR. B. [*Sniveling*] Yes. [*Unconsciously takes Professor's handkerchief to wipe his eyes*]

PROF. My handkerchief. [*Takes it quickly, leaving glove dangling full length in Budd's hand*]

MRS. B. [*Seeing it*] Oh, look! Her glove! And he denies it.

BUDD. [*Astonished*] But I don't know how it got in my hand.

MRS. B. Psh!

BUDD. [*Distracted*] But, pettie—

MRS. B. [*Grabbing glove, pushing him away*] Oh, no, you can't cuddle other girls and then come home and treat me like a secondhand bicycle! What's applesauce for the gander is applesauce for the goose.

BUDD. Where are you going, Rosy?

MRS. B. [*Recklessly*] Never mind! A short life and a merry one. I'll be the talk of Chautauqual [*Sings*] "Won't go home until"—wheel! [*Waves glove, exit, R.C.*]

PROF. [*Horrified*] Oh, dear! Dear!

CORA. [*Running in quickly, L., not seeing Budd*] Are they gone? [*Professor runs her out, L. & E., bolting it after her*]

WIN. [*Enter, R.C., in street clothes with black kitten with bell and ribbon, dragging small open trunk towards door, L.C. Sobbing*] O mama, I'm discharged for being bad!

PROF. [*To Budd who has seized his hat*] Where are you going, Budd?

BUDD. To find a lawyer! I'm as innocent as you! [*Stepping into open trunk, Winnie screams. Budd exit. Winnie puts cat in trunk, drags it off.*]

*Cora comes in and tempts Professor. He has his arm about her and is kissing her when the Committee enter and stand]*

CORA. Why, what's the matter, I say.

PROF. Oh, such a time, such a time. One moment, please. [*Resumes air of teacher*] This little demonstration will show you fully what to avoid. Thus. [*Kisses her*] Good morning, madam, till Friday—same hour! [*Exit Cora. Committee, first horrified, then appeased*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: *Judge Cheviot's office in the courthouse. Door, R.C. at back, opens into hall, in which stands a statue of Justice on pedestal. A door, C., has painted on it: "Jack Cheviot, Attorney at Law." At back, L., is a large window with drawn-up shade, showing view of prim country park in distance and summerhouse with cupola, surrounded by stiff poplar trees. Door, R.2.E., opening into private room. Door, L.2.E., opening into private room. Practical transoms over all doors. Bookcases against walls, L. Small bookcase, R., below door; all are filled with calfskin volumes. Above door a row of pegs, and under, in the wall, a small safe. Door, R.C., has upper part of frosted glass, one pane broken, a piece of paper pasted over it. On edge of jog at back is telephone and under it, a table holding water filter with "Ice Water" painted on it. Large table desk in C. of room, large chair back of it. Revolving chair, R. of desk, small chair, L. of it. A rug on floor, C. A waste paper basket under desk, R. Before rise, voices singing, off L., a "Salvation Song."*

*Oh, we are the faithful few,  
Then sinner won't you join us, too?  
For bright and shining is the road  
So cast aside your sinful load,  
Oh, glory, glory, Hal—e—lu!*

TIME: *An hour later.*

DISCOVERED: *Ed, an overgrown country boy, dressed neatly, wearing black alpaca coat, very short in back, is seated, R., with feet on Judge's desk, yellow-covered novel in hand, his fingers in his ears.*

ED. Oh, shut up! [*Shouting*] Shut up! Shut up! [*Song ends*] I wish pious picnics would keep out of the park. [*Enter Cowley, R.U.E., a clean-shaven man with long nose coming to a point, heavy scowling forehead, black shiny*

*hair brushed over head to try to conceal baldness, bushy eyebrows, weazel eyes, very large ears which stand well out, wears seedy clothes]*

COWL. Ed, Judge Cheviot come yet? [*Ed starts to his feet, thrusting book into trousers' pocket; it sticks out. Hanging hat on peg, R.*]

ED. No, Mr. Cowley. [*Starts whistling "Stocking Song"*]

COWL. Always late. Stop whistling that song. Where do you all get it?

ED. The stocking man gives it away with every pair.

COWL. To think that he is judge and I am only his clerk—a man who has not the slightest ability to nose out crime.

ED. You ought to be great on nosing, Mr. Cowley.

COWL. I am. Now this Budd case—[*Enter Cheviot, C.*]

CHEV. The judge won't be down until four—he's sick.

COWL. That's good—I mean for the criminals.

ED. [*Opens door, R.C., receiving large paper bag tied with string*] Here is your lunch, Mr. Cowley. [*Business. Ed puts lunch on table desk, L.*]

COWL. I am curious to know if you uphold the park committee in pressing the Budd case?

CHEV. No; the town was a fool to accept the park with that freak committee attached.

COWL. I side with the committee.

CHEV. Of course, keeps your nose busy. Send the judge his mail. [*Whistles "Stocking Song," opening volume*]

COWL. [*Who is about to bite into bun, sets it down and taking letters from desk, gets his hat off peg, R., a short-rimmed derby with rusty band. Aside*] Fresh young lawyer. [*Exit, R.C.*]

CHEV. [*Seated on stepladder in front of bookcase, turning over pages*] I don't find a precedent for my case. Can't get up much sympathy for a man who throws a pretty woman out of a fifth-story window.

ED. [*Appearing, R., mysteriously pointing*] Mr. Jack, it's in the ice water.

CHEV. Good! [*Ed goes back into R.2.E., leaving door open*] My first secret appointment with Mrs. Chillington—[*Closes door, rising*] and I can't think! My client will get ten years—still I can't think—O Cissie!—[*Enter Ed whistling*] O Ed! Ed! A lady—a client is coming to see me. Show her into my office. [*Exit Cheviot, C.*]

ED. Yes, sir. [*Starts to whistle. Enter Professor Depew, R.C., dressed as in finale of Act I, looking worried*]

PROF. I wish to see the judge, please.

ED. [*Gruffly*] Well, he ain't down yet.

PROF. Well, I'll wait.

ED. [*Recognizes him*] Excuse me, Mr. Professor—sit down, Mr. Professor! Anything I can do for you, Mr. Professor?

PROF. No, thank you.

ED. You don't remember me, Mr. Professor, but I used to be in your "Night Talks to Boys" class.

PROF. O Edward, I trust that you have kept up your high standard?

ED. I have tried hard. [*Enter Mrs. Chillington*]

PROF. That is right, my boy—it pays.

MRS. C. Is this Mr. Cheviot's office? O professor, I only came to tell him what you told me to.

PROF. [*Turning*] What, in that costume? Don't you think you will make it rather hard for him?

MRS. C. Oh, no, professor.

PROF. I am afraid moral culture is only a fad with you.

MRS. C. Oh, no, professor.

PROF. Well, then, remember my advice.

MRS. C. Yes—don't devil me.

PROF. Yes; but don't say "Don't devil me" and then stay so long that he will.

MRS. C. Oh, no, professor. [*Knock at door, C., Cheviot enters*]

CHEV. Ah, I'm delighted. Come in.

MRS. C. No—I only came to say—Oh, I don't like to. [*Turns*]

CHEV. What? Oh, come right in. [*Enter Cowley*]

COWL. Mr. Cheviot, the judge wants to see you right now.

CHEV. Oh, would you—would you wait for me? [*To Mrs. Chillington*]

MRS. C. No, I'll come back again. [*Exit Cheviot, C. Enter Cowley. Telephone bell*] Professor, I'll be more firm next time.

PROF. I hope so, I hope so. [*Exit Mrs. Chillington, R.C.*]

COWL. [*At telephone*] Hello! Oh—Park Committee rooms—Yes. We have got Budd.

PROF. They have got him!

COWL. Send Knox up to identify.

PROF. Guatemala!

COWL. What name, please?

PROF. Oh, one moment!

COWL. O Professor Depew, this is an honor. The name Depew is a household word in Chautauqua—the Depew Reading Rooms—the Depew Park—the Depew—

PROF. I know—I know! They have put me on a pedestal—I simply can't fall off. I have come on an errand of charity about an unfortunate man named Budd.

COWL. Don't waste your sympathy, professor.

PROF. But he says he's innocent.

COWL. Do you believe him?

PROF. I think he is.

COWL. [*Seated back of table*] He is a bad lot. He had the assurance to walk right into the courthouse to find a lawyer. A couple of policemen recognized him as Budd, so he was detained.

PROF. Too bad; but if by any chance Knox should not identify him, we will let him off.

COWL. Oh, he will identify him.

PROF. [*Seated R. of table*] Guatemala! He will get off!

COWL. The trouble is, they cannot find who the woman was. Now, I could find that woman.

PROF. You?

COWL. Yes. See this bracelet dropped in the park summerhouse last night marked from "C to C."

PROF. [*Aside*] Cora's bracelet!

COWL. In the medallion is the portrait of a man. Now my theory of the case is this: no man gives this sort of thing to any woman but his wife. That man is the husband of the woman who escaped. Find out his name and we've got the woman.

PROF. Not at all—not at all. It is Mr. Zachary Chillington of New York.

COWL. Ah! C. Chillington. What's his wife's first name?

PROF. Cissie, I think she said.

COWL. "C to C." That clinches it. Now I know them both. Budd and Mrs. Zachary Chillington.

PROF. Not at all! Not at all! [*Enter Heusted, R.C.*]

HEUST. [*With money and paper*] I was looking for our chairman. Ah, professor, if you will just sign this complaint against Budd, I will take it to Judge Cheviot.

PROF. I will sign the complaint when Knox identifies Budd.

HEUST. Oh, very well, I'll come back.

PROF. [*Seated*] Guatemala!

COWL. I know who the woman was.

PROF. Oh, dear!

HEUST. Who was she?

COWL. Mrs. Zachary Chillington, the stocking man's wife.

HEUST. Good! I'll put her name in, too.

PROF. I protest—no woman's name on mere suspicion.

HEUST. He is right. I'll investigate. [*Enter Ed*]

ED. Say, they're bringing Budd up to have Knox identify him.

PROF. Guatemala! He will get off! [*Enter Budd with two Policemen, R.C.*]

COWL. I have a collection of criminal photos. I want his.

PROF. Wait till I get out of the way. [*Rises, crosses to L.*]

COWL. Come in. [*Exit Ed, R. & E.*]

BUDD. [*Enters from R.C.*] O judge! You here, professor?

PROF. Yes, my dear friend, I am here to help you all I can.

BUDD. I'll never forget this. [*To Cowley*] See, judge, the celebrated professor of morals has come to vouch for my innocence.

PROF. Yes. I take that responsibility. Fix your necktie, papa, I mean, my dear friend. I want you to impress upon the judge that it is not possible that Mr. Budd, bearing a spotless reputation up till last night, could now at this time of life commit this offense.

BUDD. [*Crosses to L.*] Oh, it could be possible; but I didn't. Isn't this the judge?

COWL. [*C., back of table*] Keep quiet! Will you be seated, professor. I can't see you imposed upon—I will convince you—

BUDD. [*Seated, L.*] But—

COWL. [*Seated, C.*] Silence!

PROF. [*Seated, R.*] But—

COWL. One moment, please. Get up. So you are going to make a denial?

BUDD. Yes, please, there is a mistake. It is another Budd they caught in the park.

COWL. [*C.*] Another named Adam—another who lives in your house?

BUDD. Who is it caught him out with a woman?

COWL. With a woman! Ha, ha! He confesses it—you confess it?

BUDD. No, I am asking you who caught me?

COWL. The park policeman—as if you didn't know.

BUDD. Let him face me. That is simple.

COWL. Oh! He'll face you!

PROF. Guatemala! He'll get off!

BUDD. That is all I ask. [*Sits*]

COWL. [*Rises*] Get up! Now, tell me the name of your companion?

BUDD. How can I when it never occurred?

COWL. Tricky; but they never fool me! Get up!

BUDD. Oh, he's awful! [*Sits*]

COWL. Get up!

BUDD. It is unfeeling to make a big man with small ankles stand.

COWL. Will you get up! In making out the complaint, a blank space was left for the woman's name. If I blame you for withholding it as clerk of the court—

BUDD. I am not clerk of the court. [*Sits*]

COWL. I didn't say you were. Get up! Don't name her. That is your right; but it is our duty to find her, and we are going to.

PROF. But how?

COWL. How? With this. [*Holding up bracelet*]

PROF. Oh, that bracelet! Warm! Isn't it warm!

BUDD. It is warm—woolly warm!

COWL. Let me offer you some—

PROF. No brandy.

COWL. It's tea.

PROF. Is it cold? Yes, it is. Thanks.

COWL. We will have it cosily between ourselves. Draw up.

BUDD. I appreciate this. I'm so dry I was actually afraid of hydrophobia.

COWL. Professor, do you care for a fish ball? [*To Budd*] Get up!

PROF. No, thank you.

BUDD. I do. [*Takes fish ball, sits*]

COWL. Let go, sir, let go. Why, you miserable glutton, who told you to sit down. Get up! Get—[*Pouring tea over teacup*]

PROF. In the cup, please, in the cup.

COWL. Oh, I beg you a thousand pardons, but his nerve right in the face of this evidence—May I tempt you with an oyster?

PROF. Thank you, I'm very faint.

BUDD. So am I.

COWL. Now, sir. Stop that. Try a little deviled ham.

PROF. No, thank you, nothing deviled.

COWL. Will you—

BUDD. Oh, let me have a little. [*Taking bottle*]

COWL. Not a drop.

PROF. I wish the judge would come.

COWL. You see this, Budd?

BUDD. A bracelet.

COWL. A bracelet. Ha, ha! He said it, didn't he? You admit it.

BUDD. Certainly, I couldn't call it a brass bed, could I?

COWL. Hard to break down. Now watch me trap him. Budd, I show you Exhibit "A" containing, as you know, the picture of a man.

BUDD. But I don't know.

COWL. Don't be a clown. Look at me, Budd.

BUDD. I am looking at you. It isn't a treat, but I am.

COWL. Now watch closely. Budd, this is the husband of the woman you enticed to the park.

BUDD. Hideous. I don't know him. [*Sits*]

COWL. You don't know him? Get up! Really? Well, I know him. He is Mr. Zachary Chillington. Budd, you were in the park summerhouse last night with Mrs. Zachary Chillington.

PROF. Not at all! Not at all!

BUDD. [*Sits*] That is underneath my dignity to answer.

COWL. I'm now going to use my trump clue—a coat button left in the summerhouse. [*Goes up to safe, R.*] Murder will out! They always betray themselves some way.

PROF. Always. It is their guilty consciences.

COWL. [*Coming back to table, C.*] Perhaps your tea's too strong.

PROF. Not at all. I like my tea sweet. I was sweetening it. I like it sweet, sweet, sweet! Don't you? Have some sugar? Cut all your buttons off and destroy this. [*Business of putting paper on fork, jabbing under table, and running back of table*]

COWL. Ah! What is this?

PROF. A kissing bug.

BUDD. Cut all your buttons off and destroy this. [*He does it*]

PROF. [*Business*] Don't move! Don't move! Don't move! Ah, it's going to settle on your nose. [*Ad lib.*]

COWL. [*R.C.*] Thank you. Now I'll have a look at Budd's buttons. Why, where are yours?

PROF. [*L.*] Mine? Buttons! Buttons! Who's got the button? I lost all mine in the game last night.

COWL. Oh, no, sir. Let me see your coat.

BUDD. Button! Button! Who's got my button? You don't trap me.

COWL. He's made away with them. What sort of a man are you, Budd, to compromise the name of a married woman in the open air?

BUDD. I didn't.

COWL. You did. Get up!

BUDD. [*Sits*] I won't. I didn't. Say, look here, whenever I get out of this, don't you dare to set your threshold across my feet. I will jump over you. You can't take away my character to the last thread—you can't do it! [*Takes Cora's bracelet and puts it in pocket*]

PROF. He has pocketed Cora's bracelet!



COWL. Get—

BUDD. Get up yourself, and shut up, too! You have piggled me enough, you old smooty-snoot! Who are you, anyway?

COWL. Come, come! Libel!

BUDD. Oh, it makes me cross-eyed to look at you. I'd do five years to pull your nose. You can't rob me of my reputation it has taken me all my life to collect. I won't have it. I've lost my wife, but damn it, I'm going to hold on to my character!

PROF. That's right! It's every man's duty to hold on to his character!

COWL. Look at him. Tell me that is an innocent man! I wish the judge could see him.

PROF. [*Crosses to Budd*] Sit down, Budd, and keep calm.

BUDD. I can't. That Psyche-nosed pettifog won't let me. [*Seated*]

COWL. If he likes his tea so sweet, he can have this.

PROF. Don't wind him up any more, I beg. [*Cowley chokes*]

COWL. Water! Water!

PROF. He's got the button!

COWL. Water! Water!

PROF. Where?

COWL. There!

BUDD. Don't. Don't! Let the old balloon rip! [*Business*]

COWL. [*Back to audience, spitting buttons into basket*] That sugar's ossified. [*Going down, R.*]

BUDD. You know I never strayed from mama.

PROF. No, my dear boy, no. [*Enter Cheviot, C.*]

CHEV. Ah, Professor Depew, I'm glad to see you. Cowley, will you excuse us? [*Exit Cowley, R. & E.*] I've just left the judge. He knows he must stand by your reform committee—it elected him, but he would like the Budd affair as brief as possible. You know you've had him through the comic papers once.

PROF. [*L.*] Yes, certainly, anything to oblige the judge. We'll hush it up.

CHEV. That's right. Get him to confess quick before it's public. The judge will let him off easy. [*Exit Cheviot, C.*]

BUDD. [*L.*] Me confess? I?

PROF. [*R.*] Keep calm now! Keep calm! Knox, the policeman, has run away. The bracelet we have—that is, you have—

BUDD. I!—

PROF. So everything is all right. Go along home. [*Going up, R. & C.*]

BUDD. One minute. Is my name on that committee complaint?

PROF. [*L.*] Yes.

BUDD. [R.] I want damages—fat damages. Now that I am out of danger, I remember my feelings.

PROF. But is it possible?

BUDD. Yes, that's what I want.

PROF. [*Budd, taking bracelet*] What are you going to do with that?

BUDD. I need all the evidence.

PROF. What are you going to do with it?

BUDD. Track it down.

PROF. But is it possible? Aren't you content getting off yourself without dragging some other man into it?

BUDD. I've got to clear myself to get my damages. Besides, there is no "benefit-of-the-doubt business" for mama. Someone is guilty and I will stay right here until I prove it. I've got a big thing on.

PROF. He has if he does it.

BUDD. I'll pinch the whole crowd.

PROF. [*Aside*] He can do it. I must fix him somehow. [*Aloud*] Budd, will you take a piece of good advice.

BUDD. I'll take anything good I can get.

PROF. Then take to flight.

BUDD. What for?

PROF. Because if you make trouble for my committee, I must prove you guilty in order to save damages.

BUDD. But you know I am innocent.

PROF. I must stand by my committee and you will lose your best friend.

BUDD. Oh, no, professor.

PROF. Just skip away until this thing blows over. What do you care about damaged feelings?

BUDD. But—

PROF. And when you come back, men will say, "Eh! What? That gay old bird; he is not young, he is not handsome—how did he catch her?" And as for the women, and I know them, the women will say you are devilish.

BUDD. Rosy won't.

PROF. There are other valentines.

BUDD. But not like Rosy—for twenty-five years.

PROF. You're looking on the dark side of this—there's really a beautiful side to it.

BUDD. Which side? I didn't kiss the girl.

PROF. Will you take my advice and run away?

BUDD. No, I won't. I didn't kiss the girl.

PROF. Well, then, Budd, don't run away.

BUDD. I didn't kiss the girl.

PROF. If you keep shouting you didn't kiss the girl you will get hoarse.

BUDD. I didn't kiss the girl.

PROF. How do you know you didn't? Perhaps you did. Can you say you're not guilty without doubting it?

BUDD. Do what?

PROF. I'm making up my mind that I am in the presence of hypnotism.

BUDD. Hyp—

PROF. That is it, Budd. Someone has said to you, "Adam, go out into the park and get caught kissing a woman," and you are not over it yet. Tell that to the judge. Make that your defense. He'll let you off easy, and you'll save us a lot of trouble. [*Enter Cheviot and Cowley*]

CHEV. Well, has he owned up?

PROF. Budd—

CHEV. How is it?

BUDD. I'm beginning to believe I was in the summerhouse.

CHEV. Good.

COWL. I'll 'phone to the judge. Do you stand by this confession?

BUDD. What confession?

CHEV. Oh, come now, going to deny it again?

BUDD. Yes.

CHEV. Whew! [*Exit, C. Enter Ed, R.C.*]

ED. Mr. Chillington.

COWL. The husband. Budd, go in there. You are objectionable to the person coming in. [*To Ed*] All right, Ed. Will you please step into the next room.

BUDD. Don't leave me, professor.

PROF. I daren't. [*Exeunt Professor, Cowley, Budd and two Policemen. Enter Mr. Chillington and Cora, R.C.*]

MR. C. [*R.*] I'll do my best about this window trial tomorrow, but I doubt your getting in. Judge Cheviot is one of those old-fashioned judges who hate women in court. Then we will go for a little drive—perhaps a little dinner somewhere out. Oh, I tell you, I'll come up and spend the evening and send in some nice things for a quiet little supper. I've shocked her. That is the professor's work. He has ruined my summer. Excuse me, Cora.

CORA. Thank you, I'll ask my own favors of Jack Cheviot. [*Knocks at door, C.*]

CHEV. [*Enter, C.*] Come right in! [*Exit with Cora and slams door. Enter Cowley*]

COWL. Anything I can do for you, Mr. Chillington?

MR. C. Well, let me see, what did I come for anyhow?

COWL. Oh, I suppose you came about this unfortunate affair.

MR. C. Yes, that's it. Any getting in.

COWL. Aren't you a little early?

MR. C. Oh, I thought I would be in time. They tell me the whole town wants to hear it.

COWL. The whole town has not the right you have. His own wife.

MR. C. Where did it happen?

COWL. In the summerhouse, sir.

MR. C. Summerhouse? I thought it was up five flights somewhere, through a window.

COWL. That would have been more circumspect.

MR. C. I don't think so—wrong's wrong anywhere.

COWL. I can quite understand your feeling that way, being the husband.

MR. C. The husband! What are you getting at? What do you refer to when you call me the husband?

COWL. I refer to your wife.

MR. C. Mrs. Chillington?

COWL. Yes.

MR. C. What about my wife?

COWL. Why—er—the woman in the case.

MR. C. What—my wife never jumped out of a fifth-story window!

COWL. No, but she jumped out of the door when the policeman caught them kissing in the summerhouse.

MR. C. Have you bats in your belfry?

COWL. We have got the proofs and the man. Didn't you know it?

MR. C. Proofs? Man? Who is the scoundrel?

COWL. Budd.

MR. C. Budd? Who's he?

COWL. Don't you know him?

MR. C. Never saw the brute in my life. So his name is Budd, is it?

COWL. Not so loud.

MR. C. What—my wife deceives me, and I can't call out Budd! I will! Budd! Budd! [*Enter Budd, R.2.E.*]

BUDD. Someone calling me?

MR. C. Is this Budd? Are you Budd?

BUDD. Yes, sir, yes—you want to see me?

MR. C. Yes. [*Gives him two cracks in the face, smashing in his hat which falls off*]

BUDD. I don't know you.

MR. C. And my wife prefers *that—that!* I will kill her! [*Exit, R.C., kicks hat*]

BUDD. That man hit me.

COWL. That is the husband. Haven't you done him enough harm? Get him in there. [*Exit Budd with Policeman, R.2E.*]

CHEV. [*Enters, C.*] O Cowley, if a lady should call just entertain her until I get back. [*Enter Mrs. Budd, R.C.*]

MRS. B. [*R.*] I want the lawyer.

COWL. What lawyer?

MRS. B. Any kind will do. I am Mrs. Budd.

COWL. Going to divorce him?

MRS. B. No, sir. I want a separation and five minutes with that other woman. [*Crosses to L. Enter Mrs. Chillington, R.C.*]

MRS. C. Has Mr. Cheviot returned yet?

COWL. What name, please?

MRS. C. Mrs. Zachary Chillington.

COWL. [*To Mrs. Budd*] This is the summerhouse woman.

MRS. B. Let me get at her.

COWL. Keep quiet one moment, please.

MRS. C. How shall I have the strength to tell Jack not to devil me?

COWL. Be seated, please.

MRS. C. Where can Jack be? [*Goes to door, C., and knocks, and comes down, C.*]

COWL. Hopes to make an impression on the judge's nephew, in case she is pulled into the scandal. Madam, of course young Mr. Cheviot is very impressionable—[*Enter Cheviot and exit quickly, C.*] but he has not the slightest influence with his uncle, the judge, so don't you think it a waste of time?

MRS. C. What do you mean?

MRS. B. How do you like our park?

MRS. C. There is not enough freedom.

MRS. B. I'll give you freedom. I'll kill her! I can't contain myself. [*Exit, L.2E.*]

COWL. The professor will advise you. [*Putting Mrs. Budd off, L.2E.*]

MRS. C. What a funny woman.

COWL. Yes. Really, you can't quite blame her. Do you know a man named Budd?

MRS. C. No.

COWL. Are we so soon forgotten?

MRS. C. Why, sir, you're impertinent.

COWL. You're wrong to take offense, I could give you valuable information.

Mrs. C. [*Up and down the stage*] You can keep it, sir.

COWL. Your husband knows everything. He gave your friend a terrific drubbing.

Mrs. C. Poor Jack! Oh! [*Crosses to table, faints*]

COWL. Don't faint, madam! Water! [*Going up to water cooler. Enter Budd, R.2.E.*]

BUDD. No, Sir! No man can hit me! [*Business. Crosses to Mrs. Chillington*] No man can hit me! Where's my coat? Ah, a lady fainting.

COWL. [*Bringing kodak with him*] Together! The camera cannot lie. [*Takes picture. Enter Mrs. Budd, L.2.E. Business. Takes Budd and pushes him off to R.C., R.U. corner*]

Mrs. B. Where is the lawyer?

COWL. Right across the hall, madam. [*Exit Mrs. Budd, R.C. Policeman takes off Mr. Budd*]

Mrs. C. Oh, dear, I am distracted! There is only one thing to do. May I write a letter, sir?

COWL. Why, certainly, madam.

Mrs. C. [*Sits at table*] "Darling, my husband has found us out. I'll have to run away with you. Be at the Central Station at four o'clock." This will be a happy surprise for Jack. [*To Cowley*] Will you kindly give him this, sir?

COWL. Certainly.

Mrs. C. Good morning. [*Exit, R.C.*]

COWL. This does fix Budd. You can come out now, valentine. [*Enter Budd, R.2.E.*] Your Mrs. Zachary Chillington has confessed on you.

BUDD. Astonishing! [*Enter Professor, L.2.E., at back*]

COWL. See here—a letter she left for you.

BUDD. For me?

COWL. For you.

BUDD. May I read it?

COWL. Why, certainly; out loud.

BUDD. [*Reading*] "Darling, my husband has found us out. I must run away with you."

COWL. She is crazy over you. You had better advise your friend to confess. What keeps Knox?

PROF. [*Back, C.L.*] Guatemala!

BUDD. It's a horrible nightmare. I must be in my bed dreaming. [*Calling*] Rosy! Rosy! Mama! O petty! O Rosy!

PROF. [*L., coming to Budd*] No, no! It's not Rosy, it's the professor!

BUDD. [*R.*] Ah, it's been dreadful—a pugilist I didn't know called me out and said, "Are you Budd?" I said "Yes" and then—Biff! Biff! Bang!

PROF. Biff! Biff!

BUDD. Two biffs in the eye. He nearly knocked my head off.

PROF. Two! Two! Two! I'm so sorry! [*Aside*] If the guilty man were anyone but myself I should tell on him.

BUDD. And that is not all—my wife caught me with a woman sitting on me.

PROF. Well then, Budd, you don't want any more investigations, do you? No more damages?

BUDD. No, I have had enough. Get me out of this and I'm satisfied.

PROF. Right you are, Budd. First of all, I will trouble you for the bracelet. Now, could you make that, Budd? [*Pointing to window, L.C.*]

BUDD. Can I? But mama? [*Running to window*]

PROF. Hold the fort till I get home, and I will handle mama.

BUDD. How can I thank you?

PROF. By running away and not getting caught. [*Exit Budd, through window*] Now that's fixed. Now for a few smooth words to the judge when he arrives and everything is fixed. [*Exit Professor, L2.E.*]

BUDD. [*Appearing at window*] No, I'd rather stay here than face mama. [*Goes back into his room, R2.E. As Cora and Jack Cheviot enter, Cowley opens door, sees them, retires*]

CHEV. But, Cora! O Cora! Cora!

CORA. No, no Jack!

CHEV. But, Cora! O Cora!

COWL. [*Opens door*] What's this?

CHEV. I can't tempt you?

CORA. No.

CHEV. Oh, come on.

CORA. No, I won't. Good-bye.

CHEV. Oh, dol!

CORA. My moral culture teacher says a girl must never drink champagne.

CHEV. Make this the last time.

CORA. No, I won't. I'm going back to business. All right, just—just one glass—one little weeny glass—pop goes Rule 8.

CHEV. I don't think Mrs. Chillington's coming back.

COWL. Bing! Bing! [*At door, R.C.*]

CORA. What's that?

CHEV. What?

COWL. Bing! Bing! [*Business*]

CHEV. I'm in luck! If I make an impression, there will be two. [*Enter Ed, R.L.*]

ED. Say, Mr. Jack, the judge says you are to come over again—it's important. [*Exit, R.C.*]

CHEV. Oh, if he wasn't a judge, I'd—But, Cora, you wait here please—no one will disturb you. I'll hurry. [*Exit Cheviot, setting down glass, R.C. Business*]

PROF. [*At window, L.3E., sees her, she is drinking*] Cora! What sort of a girl are you? Aren't you ashamed?

CORA. [*Nodding her head*] Yes, but—

PROF. No excuse. Better not be seen here while I'm about, please.

CORA. What are you doing in there?

PROF. Getting Budd off. I've got rid of the policeman—bribed him.

CORA. I like you because you're so daring. You're safe then, Tony?

PROF. Sh! Not when you're about. We've made a lot of trouble. This sort of thing mustn't occur again—my pupils would hear of it.

CORA. Oh, no, Tony.

PROF. I daren't risk it. Right here and now we have got to part.

CORA. All right. [*Aside*] There must be some way to touch him. [*Aloud, getting her handkerchief*] I see my end! Back to the old life—grilled bones and champagne.

PROF. Oh, pshaw!

CORA. Oh, you don't know what a girl's life is when she's struggling; suppers, cigarettes, punches in her slipper after night—Oh, what a life! Empty! Empty! Empty!

PROF. [*Touched*] Now, don't!

CORA. And then I met you, and just as I was doing so well—

PROF. O Cora!

CORA. I was doing well compared to what I was doing before.

PROF. Oh, if the judge should come in!

CORA. And now you say it has got to end—no more lessons! It—What'll be my finish?

PROF. O Cora, don't, don't cry. Come for your lessons every day at the same hour. [*Coming out of window and down, L. of table*]

CORA. Oh! I knew you would relent. You have got good impulses—they may be far apart, but you've got them. [*Business with Cheviot's glass*] Just to please me—!

PROF. No, thank you.

CORA. Don't you ever drink champagne?



PROF. I don't know anything about it.

CORA. You have taught me so many things, I'll give you a lesson in champagne. [*Business of pouring out wine and sitting on table*]

PROF. But it always goes to my head. I might say things.

CORA. Well, say them.

PROF. [*Business*] But suppose someone should come in?

CORA. [*Who has freshened Professor's glass*] It's so fizzy and cold—it's delicious! [*Sitting on table*]

PROF. Is it? But suppose someone should come in?

CORA. Can't. There's a "busy" sign on the door. [*Clinking her glass against the Professor's*] Success to hose—may their clocks never stop!

PROF. [*Starts to put down glass*] O Cora!

CORA. Well, then, success to moral culture—may it always prosper at five dollars a lesson! [*They drink, Professor drinks furtively, Cora laughs*] Ha! Ha! Ha!

PROF. What are you laughing at?

CORA. Oh, I was thinking of Chilli—he brought me here, forgot all about me. [*Laughs*] By the time he remembers, the bottle will be empty. [*Professor, seemingly unconscious, pours out another glass of champagne, Cora holds out hers, he pours a little in, looking about*] Excuse me!

PROF. I beg your pardon! Happy days! [*Drinks*]

CORA. [*To Professor*] Here, here! I think you've said quite enough. For something you don't know anything about, you are doing very well. Say, Tony, let's devil! [*Puckers up her lips*]

PROF. Oh! [*Sets bottle down on table*]

CORA. Don't pose with me! It's too late after last night! Those kisses weren't your first. A girl can always tell. The first ones land anywhere—oftenest on her nose—but yours—you don't think there's a policeman anywhere about here, do you?

PROF. No.

CORA. Well?

PROF. Now, please don't devil me.

CORA. Well then, you devil me!

PROF. [*Putting his arm about her*] There's nothing like this sort of thing—really—is there?

CORA. Funny—a girl loves a hug from someone she likes—who wasn't anxious to at first—and then sit down out of the draught and smack her lips. A girl can't tell what makes a hug nice any more than what makes a peach taste good. You know.

PROF. Yes, I know it does.

CORA. Oh, the kind I like is the kind you must do, or spoil.

PROF. I begin to think I like you too much. [*Business*] This is rather dangerous. You don't suppose someone would peer in through that window? [*Goes to look, L.C.*]

CORA. No! [*Filling her glass, whistles first part of "Stocking Song." Professor does something to show he knows it*] "Oh, that dainty silken stocking!"

PROF. Stocking!

CORA. You know the "Stocking Song" do you?

PROF. "Though some prudes might think it shocking, Yet to me they come a-flocking."

CORA. "I love that dainty silken stocking, Though some prudes might think it shocking—" [*Speaks*] We give the song away with every pair of stockings. Whose did you get yours with? [*Business of Heads appearing through transoms, C.R. and L.1., 2., and 3.*] Ah, life's ripping, ain't it, after all. Think I've had more fun with this world than anything except laughing gas. Think I'm like that. [*Sings*] "Ah, that dainty silken stocking—" [*Sees Heads, Business. Exit Professor, L.2.E. Enter Knox, R.C.*]

KNOX. All right, I'll wait.

CORA. Knox! [*Reenter Professor, L.2.E.*]

PROF. Knox! He didn't go to Guatemala!

KNOX. I want you!

CORA. Help! Help! [*Enter Budd, R.2.E.*]

KNOX. It's the kissing girl! [*Enter Heusted, Miss Rinkett, Brigham and Cowley, R.C. Business of Cora screaming, rushes into Heusted's arms. Enter Chillington, R.C.*]

KNOX. It's the summerhouse girl!

HEUST. What!

MR. C. In my excitement I forgot something. What was it? Ah, Cora!

CORA. You forgot me, Mr. Chillington?

HEUST. Chillington, one moment. Is this woman your wife?

MR. C. None of your damned business!

HEUST. But is she?

MR. C. No! [*Exit Chillington and Cora, R.C.*]

HEUST. Bungler!

COWL. [*Calling to Budd*] You may come out now! [*Enter Budd, followed by Ed, R.2.E.*] We will identify him now!

BUDD. This is the moment I've been waiting for. Honi soit qui mal y pense! [*Business, crosses to L. of table*]

KNOX. Ah!

PROF. It's up to me!

BUDD. I'll get my damages now! [*Business*]

HEUST. Knox, do you recognize your man?

KNOX. Yes, that's him.

COWL. That'll do. Come on, Budd. [*Business*]

### ACT III.

SCENE: *A show window. Mrs. Chillington's sitting room, luxurious, dainty, feminine. Walls and ceiling of a soft rose color and over this is drawn thin creamy lace with tracery of flowers in a heavier mesh. At back, R.C., is door leading to hall. L.C., large window with window shades to be used, in window, racks with stockings on. C. is large shelf with stocking boxes on. L., more shelves with boxes. R., shelves with boxes. Door, R.1.E. L.2.E., door leading into library room, L.3.E. Both entrances, L., have rose-colored damask silk portières. C., a gilt table containing tall glass pitcher of lemonade with lemons. Chairs to match sofa, one behind table, one R. of it. A small rose-colored hassock in front of it. R.C., below table, is a chair and between this and window is a rose-colored screen with gilt scrollwork frame. At L. end of screen is a gilt-framed cheval glass. A table stands between entrances, L.2.E., and on this several vases of roses. Below, L.2.E., is an escritoire.*

TIME: *An hour later. "Cissie's" room.*

DISCOVERED: *Mrs. Chillington in a traveling costume. Also traveling bag for Mrs. Chillington. 2 Men, one after the other look in window, hurry by. Enter Winnie, from L.2.E., with boxes, puts them behind counter. Another Man passes.*

WIN. [*Seeing him*] Funny how attractive a girl seems once she's in a shop. People stop and stare so. It frightened me at first. [*Setting a box in place*] Now I rather like it. Knox doesn't. [*Enter Cora with a Lady, R.1.E.*]

CORA. Yes, I'll have them sent at once. Good afternoon.

WIN. [*To Lady as she passes counter*] Copy of the "Stocking Song"? [*Woman takes it, hides it under coat, exit, R.C.*]

CORA. [*Looking at watch*] After five, Winnie, you might tidy up the stock.

WIN. The little pink boxes go here—the blue here—

CORA. Yes. [*Electric bell, off R.1.E. Door bangs*] More ladies. Oh! Let me know right off if the new samples come.

WIN. Yes'm. [*Exit Cora, R.1.E. Arranging stock*] If I wasn't afraid to tell mother, I'd be glad Professor Depew discharged me. This is such a happy

change. [*Cora's bell heard, R.2.E.*] O Miss Cora! [*Exit Winnie, R.1.E. Man passes, doesn't look in, L.C. Enter Mrs. Chillington, R.C., with a grip, gloves in hand, looking back*]

MRS. C. Who's that? [*Goes to window, L.C.*] Oh, no, it's not Mr. Chillington. I'm so nervous—[*Coming down, getting handkerchief out of valise*] It's awful—[*Wiping her eyes*] running away out of the back door when your husband comes in the front. I suppose he's waiting home for me—to carry out his threat. In an hour I shall be far away with Jack Cheviot, and I—I don't want to run away, but I can't face my husband's rage. [*Taking out note*]

WIN. [*Reentering, R.1.E.*] Copy of the "Stocking Song"? [*Going to counter to get it*]

MRS. C. No. I'm Mrs. Chillington. I'm leaving this note for my husband in his private office. [*Exit, up L.U.E. Enter second Lady, R.1.E.*]

LADY. [*Coming out*] Will you send them right off?

CORA. [*Following her*] Oh, certainly!

LADY. You wouldn't disappoint me. I've really nothing to wear—

CORA. Oh, no. [*Exit Cora, R.1.E.*]

WIN. Copy of the "Stocking Song"? [*Lady exit, taking it, R.C.*]

MRS. C. [*Reentering with pistol behind her*] Zac's pistol on his desk! [*To Winnie*] When Mr. Chillington comes in, tell him to read my note at once—that I've gone away suddenly. I have a way of taking sudden journeys—my husband will understand. If he asks where, say—[*Same business with lemonade*] to my mother's.

WIN. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. C. [*Aside*] I'll throw him off the track. New girl, aren't you?

WIN. Yes'm.

MRS. C. Mr. Chillington discharged the last one because she would flirt. [*Putting on gloves*]

WIN. [*Aside*] Get no thanks for not—I'm still water now. [*Aloud*] Yes'm.

MRS. C. You see how foolish it is. My child, listen: if ever you should marry and have grievances, don't believe that "sauce-for-the-gander" proverb, because the poor foolish goose has to part with its character, while the gander was born as—[*Long drawn out*] bad as he could be. Get me a cab!

WIN. Yes'm. [*Goes out, R.C.*]

MRS. C. [*Looks in purse*] My moral culture tickets. I didn't have a fair chance. [*Tears them up, throws in basket quickly, R.2.E.*]

WIN. [*Reenters, R.C.*] One's right here. [*Exit Mrs. Chillington. Calling after her*] Good-bye. Pleasant journey.

ED. [*Entering quickly as though pushed, R.I.E., with two bunches of flowers*] Gee! How was I to know they were trying on stockings in there. [*To Winnie*] Give this to Miss Cora, will you please, and say it is from Mr. Jack Cheviot. Say, where is the stocking man's house? This one is for his wife.

WIN. Across the street; but Mrs. Chillington's gone away.

ED. That ain't my fault. [*Winnie goes back of counter, puts flowers in jar*]

MR. C. [*R.C., entering, putting his hat on table, throws gloves in it*] Within twenty-four hours they'll know at the Hosiery Club in New York my wife turned me down like an old sock—[*Sets cigar down*] for a comic valentine.

ED. [*R., who has flowers behind him*] Excuse me, but where can I find your wife?

MR. C. [*Angrily*] I dunno.

ED. I will look there.

MR. C. [*Turning suddenly, seeing Ed making off with flowers*] Here, what's that? It's for my wife! [*Grabs flowers*]

ED. Give me that—it's mine!

MR. C. Get out of this—get out of this!

ED. Come outside and I'll lick you!

MR. C. Get out!

ED. Old socks! [*Exit, R.C.*]

MR. C. [*Aside*] Budd! I'll bet. [*Reads*] "Today was unfortunate—" [*Aloud*] I should say so! [*Reads*] "So near and yet so far—" If I get near him, he'll go far enough! [*Pouring out lemonade at table, L.C.*] What a damned blind bat a man is! [*Jams flowers in pitcher*] I'll hold on to those! [*Starts to drink. Cora enters with box, R.I.E.*] How's business?

CORA. Fine. But, oh! I wish you would stay in your office.

MR. C. I'm not going in there. [*Pointing*]

CORA. Still, I don't like men about, it frightens my ladies away. You're great wholesale, but not retail. Where are the new samples you advertised?

MR. C. I'll go right to the express office and investigate. [*Starts as Cora gets box*] First let me sit down and tell you all my troubles today.

CORA. I'm too busy. [*Exit, R.I.E.*]

WIN. There's a note in your office from Mrs. Chillington. She left word she'd gone to her mother's. [*Crosses to R.*]

MR. C. Very well. [*Aside*] That's where she flew, is it? Afraid of me. I'll—I'll—[*Noticing Winnie polishing glass*] The new girl—H'm!

WIN. [*Facing him*] I'm working for you now, sir.

MR. C. [*Struck*] Ever seen you before?

WIN. Yes, sir. I was discharged from Professor Depew's.

MR. C. What for?

WIN. Well—

MR. C. I won't be so strict. My dear, ring up a messenger and come right back. I need a lawyer. [*Exit Winnie into his private office, L.U.E. Takes piece of paper from escritoire, sits. Business of messenger call heard. Reads as he writes*] "Dear Cheviot—" [*Speaks*] And I was a good husband. [*Writes*] "I have—" [*Sings as he writes*] "Just one girl, only just one girl, There are others, I know—"

WIN. [*Reentering, aside*] He doesn't need consoling. [*To Mr. Chilling-ton*] That's not the tune, sir. If you'll allow me—[*Sings*]

"Just one girl, only just one girl,

There are others I know,

But they're not my pearl.

Sun or rain, she is just the same,

I'll be happy forever with just one—"

MR. C. [*Suddenly remembering*] That's enough. [*He sits, L., Winnie looks demure, music of song begins*] If I can sing at such a time, it proves what force of character I have. [*Writing*] "Have met with a little accident. Come right over—" [*Addresses letter, putting on his hat rakishly*] Give the messenger this. What's your name?

WIN. Winnie, sir.

MR. C. You're very pretty.

WIN. [*Pleased*] Am I?

MR. C. Don't know what there is about you takes me so.

WIN. You just said the reason—I'm pretty.

MR. C. [*Pulling her ear*] You're a nice little girl.

WIN. I'm a much nicer girl than most girls in Chautauqua, and they're all nice girls, too.

MR. C. [*Making stiff bow of dollar bill by pinning it through the C. with hairpin, sticking it in her hair*] There!

WIN. What's that for?

MR. C. For being a nice girl. [*Music stops*] Winnie—[*Sings ardently*] "There are others I know, but they're not my pearl—" [*Motions her back*] Look here! Say, what did the professor discharge you for? [*She hangs her head. Playfully holding up his finger*] Come now!

WIN. [*Feelingly*] For being too good.

MR. C. [*Surprised*] What?

WIN. I had a caller—but the professor said—[*Tearfully*] I took the "good girl" medal, too—[*Getting it out of her pocket*] and he wouldn't give Mr.

Knox a character, and mother won't consent, so—[*Simply*] I don't wear it any more. It didn't bring any luck. You get no thanks. I'm reckless now. It doesn't pay to be good. [*Covers her face with her arm, a slight pause*]

MR. C. [*Lifting up medal which hangs by ribbon from her hand. Reads inscription, takes off his hat respectfully*] I don't know; the world has been going on a long time and it's the only thing that has paid yet. Got a pin? [*Fastening on medal*] A little girl who has this doesn't need any other jewelry. You'll find it will never go out of style. That's all. [*Winnie goes to counter*] What was I forgetting? Oh, my wife! [*Going, L.U.E.*] I'll 'phone her she can stay at her mother's. [*Exit with hat on, L.U.E. Lady comes in*]

WIN. [*Tearfully*] Copy of the "Stocking Song"? [*Cora's bell rings, exit Winnie, R.I.E. Professor Depew, who has entered, R.C., runs into Lady*]

LADY. Why, Professor Depew!

PROF. [*Advancing airily*] How do you do, madam?

LADY. [*Embarrassed*] Such a funny place to meet you.

PROF. Duty calls me everywhere. How is it you missed your lesson this morning?

LADY. Why—

PROF. And still find time to select hose—

LADY. I—

PROF. No excuse. Go buy my last book, price ten and a quarter, and read what I say about—

LADY. Yes. [*Exit, R.U.E.*]

PROF. [*Collapses in chair, wipes forehead*] There are days you don't care about living twice! Hounded by a committee to sign an infernal complaint—dodging a policeman after a character—it's too hot for me! [*Wiping his forehead*]

MR. C. [*Reentering with Cissie's letter*] What time did she write this letter? Why, professor!

PROF. I may have to leave town suddenly—business, you know; I've just come in to tell you there's been a little mistake. Your wife—

MR. C. Has run away. [*Sits down*]

PROF. What?

MR. C. Leaving this note saying: "But not as bad as you think!"

PROF. Of course not. She's innocent!

MR. C. If she is, why is she afraid of me? Why did she lie? [*Tapping letter*] Says she's at her mother's, and I've 'phoned there till I'm hoarse, and she isn't.

PROF. [*Rising*] May I look at it? [*Does so. Aside*] She thinks he knows about Cheviot.

MR. C. [*Breaking down*] When I think of what you've done for Cora! Take me in hand, professor.

PROF. I have no system for men. It isn't their nature. I once had a class for males, and they broke up my institution.

MR. C. [*Rings bell on table, C.*] Cora will miss her lesson. I'll let her know you're going. Such a nice girl, isn't she?

PROF. Yes.

MR. C. Great business tact. [*Points*] Got a room full in there. She knows how to put 'em on and take 'em off and put 'em on till everyone loses their heads and buys everything in sight.

PROF. I can understand it.

MR. C. You can, can't you? Did you ever notice her hair at lesson time—soft and perfumy?

PROF. Li-lac-ky.

WIN. [*Entering, R.I.E. Aside*] Oh—Professor Depew! [*Embarrassed*] What is it, sir?

MR. C. You can't get over her little feet!

PROF. [*Relaxing more*] I have remarked them with surprise.

MR. C. And her teeth!

PROF. Almonds stuck between two cherries!

MR. C. But her lips!

PROF. Made to kiss.

MR. C. Not since you've taken her in hand.

PROF. Oh, yes! No! No!

WIN. Did you—

MR. C. [*To Winnie*] Yes. [*To Professor*] So wheedling! [*Confidentially*] Oh, if I could have made that girl love me! Oh, never mind—one comfort, there's no one else, thanks to you, professor.

PROF. Don't mention it.

MR. C. [*To Winnie*] You may go. [*Exit Winnie, R.I.E. To Professor, who rises*] No, not you—[*Mr. Chillington walks around chair, looking from R. to L., trying to think*] what was I talking about?

PROF. About Co-ra.

MR. C. No, before.

PROF. Oh, your wife!

MR. C. [*Rising*] Oh, yes, she was surprised in the Budd kissing a man named Park—I mean kissing a man named—[*Looking towards window, Budd savagely peeps in*] Why, there's the scoundrel now! [*Professor looks around, Budd disappears*] I'll—

PROF. Haven't you enough trouble?



MR. C. Yes. What's he doing around here? I'll break every bone in his body!

PROF. Sit down! Sit—[*Forces Mr. Chillington down*] Whew! [*Pours out lemonade. Aside*] Budd's laying for him! [*Drinks, awful face*]

MR. C. What is it?

PROF. Someone's smoked in your lemonade. [*Flower business*]

MR. C. [*Looking at his watch*] What the devil keeps Cheviot? [*Sees Professor eating rose*] Haven't you dined? I've sent for a lawyer; I'm after a divorce—Jack Cheviot—[*Professor chokes on rose*] What is it?

PROF. Nothing. Just the man to relieve you of your wife. [*Enter Cheviot, R.I.*]

CHEV. [*Anxious*] I got your note. [*Putting hat on table. Looking Chillington over*] What accident do you mean? It isn't Cissie—[*Correcting himself*] Er—Mrs. Chillington?

MR. C. Mr. Cheviot, my best friend—[*Cheviot bows*] Professor Depew, my best friend. [*Professor bows. Holding them both by the hand*]

PROF. [*L.*] The best friends of our best friends are our best friends. [*All bow, they shake hands crossed, forming a ring*]

CHEV. [*More anxious*] Isn't your wife well?

MR. C. Too well, but—[*Snapping his fingers*] I'll show them! [*Sings and business*] "There are others I know—"

CHEV. [*Looks at Professor, stares perplexed at Chillington*] Why, what is it?

MR. C. Ah, Cheviot—[*Turning and looking at Cheviot*]

CHEV. [*Uncomfortable*] Why, w-w-what has happened?

MR. C. I've been touched for my wife.

CHEV. [*More uncomfortable*] Who—who touched you?

MR. C. I've found them out! I'll get even!

CHEV. What—what—

MR. C. My wife kissed another man! [*Cheviot preparing to bolt from room*]

PROF. [*To Mr. Chillington*] Are you beginning that again?

MR. C. Right out in the open air, in a park! [*Sits, L. of table*]

CHEV. A park? [*Coming down angrily*] Who is he? [*His manner full of relentless fury from now on, in marked contrast to the husband, who wears a smile*]

MR. C. A man named Budd.

CHEV. Budd? I don't know him.

PROF. There has been a mistake! [*Tries to give Cheviot signal*]

MR. C. No mistake!

CHEV. Who told you?

MR. C. Who told me?

PROF. Yes, who told you? [*Ad lib. as before*]

MR. C. Yes, who told me? [*Remembering*] Ah, they're making it hot for—Cowley!

PROF. Oh, pooh!

MR. C. Oh, the park committee will make it hot for Budd.

CHEV. Who would have believed that she who—

MR. C. Has a husband like you—[*To Professor, watching Cheviot's agitation as he walks up and down*] Such friendship is rare.

PROF. No, not so rare.

MR. C. [*To Cheviot*] Cheviot, there isn't a minute to lose. Rush back to the courthouse, you have a pull with your uncle, get this affair suppressed.

CHEV. [*Wild, up and down the stage, R.*] No! Let her reap her wild oats and eat them!

PROF. [*Aside*] Z's undoing so much rope, he'll hang himself!

MR. C. Be calm, I beg of you. If I can overlook it, you can. Just think! My wife, the mother of my children.

CHEV. You haven't any children.

MR. C. Same thing—they'd be disgraced if I had. [*Giving him hat, coaxingly*] Now, do hurry.

PROF. Do! Do!

CHEV. Never! She has deceived us! [*Pointing to husband*] You, I mean. I'll get a divorce for you. When I get through with that woman, there won't be a shred of her character left—not a shred! [*Exit, R.C.*]

PROF. [*Calling to him*] Cheviot!

MR. C. [*Calling after him*] Jack!

PROF. [*Same*] Jack!

CHEV. [*Outside*] Not a shred!

MR. C. If all lawyers were as devoted to their clients, they'd have a better name. [*To Professor, who has risen*] Professor, just wait till I get my hat—I'll go out with you.

PROF. No, I'm in a great hurry—can't wait a minute.

MR. C. But—

PROF. Good afternoon.

MR. C. Good afternoon. [*Shake hands, exit, L.U.E.*]

PROF. [*Who has been making for door, his eye on Mr. Chillington, turns quickly, coming down towards Cora's room, in a low voice*] Cora! [*Hearing Mr. Chillington coming on, flies into room, L2.E.*]

MR. C. [*Enters, L.U.E., putting on hat*] I'll lock up my house—I'll discharge my servants—I'll—I'll—[*Exit, R.C. Knox appears in window, L.C.*]

PROF. [*Opens door cautiously*] He's gone. [*Knox taps on glass. Professor comes out, L.I.E.*] What's that? Ugh! Knox! He has followed me! [*Goes back*]

WIN. [*Enters with lot of stockings, R.I.E. Knox taps glass again, she looks up delighted*] Oh! [*Cora comes on, from R.I.E. Winnie makes a motion of discretion, Knox disappears*]

CORA. Did Mr. Chillington go for that package?

WIN. He went out.

CORA. [*Looking about*] Advertises midsummer samples and nothing comes. Probably never ordered them. Reach down that pile—and don't let on they didn't just get in. [*As Winnie gets it*] That's right. We'll close up—[*Nodding towards door*] when they're gone. [*Exit with blue boxes, R.I.E. Knox appears in door, R.C.*]

WIN. Well, did you get a character from the professor?

KNOX. I've scoured the town, I can't find him.

WIN. He was just here with Mr. Chillington.

KNOX. Your mother's discovered you were discharged on my account.

WIN. Oh!

KNOX. My heart's broke with her. If I can't get professor to clear up my character, we'll elope.

WIN. No, I'm a good girl. Go get that character! Oh, quick—[*As Mr. Chillington enters, R.I., Knox steps back in hall, flat to wall. Mr. Chillington has necktie about his neck and carries clothes same as he now uses, and large picture frame and picture of himself*]

KNOX. Is he crazy? [*Exit at gesture from Winnie, who follows him into hall, R.C.*]

MR. C. My wife has taken all the trunks. [*Calling*] Winnie! [*Winnie enters, from R.C.*] Help me pack. I want to move to the hotel—[*Gets box, dumps contents behind counter*] That's mine. [*Etc. Same as before, finds picture of himself*] My picture when I was a damned old bridegroom. Winnie, give that to the rats. [*Cora's bell rings, R.I.E.*]

WIN. Oh, Miss Cora wants me.

MR. C. All right. I'm all packed. Now I'll 'phone to the hotel for a room. [*Heusted and Brigham enter, R.C.*]

HEUST. Mr. Chillington, we want to see you about—

MR. C. [*Picking up box*] I'm busy.

HEUST. Very important!

BRIG. Important!

MR. C. [*Starting*] Well, come into my private office. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

BRIG. I'm so nervous.

HEUST. At what?

BRIG. I don't like to discuss a lady's character with her husband.

HEUST. Bah! What are you on the park board for? Who did the tempting—the woman or Budd?

BRIG. The woman.

HEUST. Should she suffer less than Budd?

BRIG. No—more.

HEUST. Well, then—come on. [*They exeunt, L.U.E.*]

CORA. [*Enters, R.I.E., followed by Winnie, with boxes, looking over shoulder*] Good night! Good night! They're gone! Whew! Those didn't take. [*Sits*] Now, we'll close up. Oh—it'll be nice to get my samples off. Oh! Haven't had a breathing spell today. [*Bending down as though to begin with samples*]

WIN. [*Who has set down boxes and gone off back into room, R.I.E., re-enters with two birds and a few dishes on tray*] Here's your lunch you never touched.

EXPRESS BOY. [*Entering, R.C.*] Express package! [*Exit, R.C.*]

CORA. The midsummer styles! [*Puts lunch on table, L.C. Winnie goes to hand box to Cora*] Wait—my slipper. [*Takes it off*] There! [*Snipping cord in professional manner with her scissors*] I'm crazy to see 'em! [*Throws off paper, revealing a long black pasteboard box with pink roses on it*] Novelties! [*Lifts up pair and runs it over her hand and up her arm*]

WIN. I'll call him!

CORA. Never mind. Um! Aren't these pretty? It just takes a few little things like these to make a happy home. Winnie, you might tidy up in there. [*Pointing, off R. Winnie exit, R.C. Lifts some up and peeps deeper in box*] Dotted right up to the knee, like a snowstorm! Brrr! Makes you think of chinchilla and a knot of velvet—sleigh bells, and you're off! [*Draws pair out as though measuring them*] A yard long! Whew! The tall girls will start a run on these! [*Looks at tag*] Expensive to be tall! [*Plunging hands into box, revels in them, showing different colors*] Oh, my, see that! [*Rubbing stocking carelessly against her face*] Is there anything nicer in the world than the peachy feeling of a silk stocking? Oh! I want 'em all myself! It's a shame to cover up things like these, upon my word! [*Dropping them in box, continuing to look at others*] Every pair breaks one of the professor's rules. [*Imitating*] The best way to keep in the straight path is not to—these pink transparencies—[*Holding them up*] would stray out of it—they couldn't help it!

WIN. [*Enters, R.C.*] Miss Cora, three young ladies.

MARY. Miss Rinkett sent us. She said there was a field for labor here.

CORA. [*Aside to Winnie*] It must be me.

WIN. No, I think it's me.

CORA. May I ask where the field for labor is?

MARY. Your front window. Miss Rinkett says it's demoralizing the youth of Chautauqua.

CORA. [*Apart to Winnie*] That's too bad. I wonder if they're any different from—[*Professionally*] Ladies, may I show you the latest importations? [*Picking up handful of samples. They pause, fascinated, their eyes on stockings*] When a girl puts on a nice pair of stockings she feels she's dressed. The rest is merely touching up. Notice the quality—[*Looking at each other, they draw up to table. Cora, selecting a pair, stretches them*] Strong as a horse! Feel! You'd be safe buying 'em with the gas out. And they're divided off right. See! You're not too tall, not too short—examine the weave! But, there, it's a waste of time praising goods like these. Just throw 'em on a shelf and they'll sell themselves right off it. [*Throwing them back, picking up others*] Now, here's a—

MARGARET. We're too poor to buy silk. [*All step back, their eyes fastened wistfully on stockings*]

CORA. Oh, I'm showing these to you for love of my art. [*Tosses box on chair, down C. Turning small sofa at back, pushing it forward, R.C.*] And just to let you see what's going on. Be seated, ladies. [*Professor opens door, L.I.E., peeps out, retreats*] Don't be afraid. Winnie, you might go in the other room and clear up a bit. [*They sit huddled together shyly, their backs turned, half looking over their shoulders at Cora. Winnie fixes screen, collects papers*]

WIN. I wish she'd ask me to stay—I'm human, if I am a maid. [*Exit, R.C.*]

CORA. [*Tugging at slipper, supporting herself by cheval glass*] My slipper's too tight. I have a lot of samples on I was showing to my customers. Whew! It hurts! [*Gets it off*] Oh! Now, ladies—[*"Stocking Song" music is picked on strings to give pantomime effects. Removes pretty garter from under skirts and begins taking off stockings. Each is different, until she gets down to her own black hose. Taking off first sample, which is neat but modest*] These I sell to married women. They have a settled down look. Haven't they? A mistake, don't you think so? It's much harder to keep a man's affections than to catch it—but there—[*Drawing off stocking*] you wouldn't know. [*Drops it*] These just seem to console—[*Showing second stocking which is lavender and black*] young widows! The most popular

stocking made. They're not allowed to remain in them long. This style—*[Showing very gay design]* Oh, they wouldn't interest you! I happen to have them on because I was showing them to a grass widow; she asked if they were warranted not to run! Ha, ha! I said I guessed there was no danger. Ha, ha! *[Looks at Girls, they don't understand]* Ha, ha! *[Faintly]* Ha, ha!

GIRLS. *[Echoing politely, not understanding]* Ha, ha!

CORA. *[Aside, drawing off stocking]* They're kind of cute. *[Showing her black open work hose]* These are my own home sweet homes! I tell you, they make the birds—*[Sings]* "Come at my call."

MARTHA. *[Surprised]* Do the birds come at your call?

CORA. Always! *[Aside]* Oh, they are cute! *[Picking up elaborate pair from box, but in youthful tints]* Look at those for a débutante. This will go great with the débutantes! *[Tosses pair on Mary's lap, who, beginning to thaw, touches it without picking it up]* The most particular time in a girl's life is when she's climbing the social ladder. *[Crossing other knee]* I think these for the bride are sweet, don't you? *[Shows very delicate lacy, pink and blue stocking which she is wearing; gazing in mirror sentimentally]* It's a dream! *[Aside]* How I'd like to cross them on Tony's hearth! *[Shyly pulling lace petticoat down, taking stocking off underneath it so it cannot be seen]* I could just sit by his fire and purr.

MARG. I thought a bride wore white.

CORA. Prettiest girl on earth couldn't stand up in white stockings and hold her own! *[Folds it up]*

MARY. That's so.

GIRLS. *[Together]* She's right.

CORA. *[To Martha]* They know. Like to look at it? *[Martha nods her head. Cora throws her a stocking which she rolls up neatly. To Mary, who still touches her finger to stocking]* What's your name?

MARY. Mary.

CORA. Well, Mary, don't be afraid of it. *[Mary picks up stocking and lays it shyly length-wise on her dress skirt, as though seeing how it would look if on, throws Margaret stocking]* There! *[Margaret does same business]* To get the proper effect, step your toe on the tip—like this. *[Illustrates]* No, no, not like that; you'd never know whether you were going or coming. *[As they do not imitate correctly, kneels in front of Martha]* This way—raise your foot. *[Martha does so, Cora slips toe of stocking under Martha's shoe]* Now pull up. *[Martha brings her foot down, Cora goes back to chair]* Pull up! *[All the girls have followed Martha's business and pull up stockings]*

CORA. *[Admiringly]* What a difference! A pretty girl needs a pretty stocking just as much as birds need feathers. *[Gathers them all in, holds up*

*a fawn-colored stocking with pretty ribbons stitched on to give the effect of being laced up the leg*] Narragansetts!

MARY. Oh—

MARTHA. Oh—

MARG. Oh—

CORA. Looks cunning, sticking out of the water.

GIRLS. [*Together*] Oh!

CORA. 'Twould make a life buoy break loose. What do you say to those?

ALL. [*Together*] Oh, I wish—[*Mary*] I should like—[*Martha*] If I could—[*Margaret*]

CORA. Like to try on a pair to see how you'd look?

ALL. [*Sticking out L. foot, raising clothes to their knees*] Yes!

CORA. One moment! [*Hunts*] Try these.

MISS R. [*Enters, R.C.*] Young ladies! [*Scream, they exeunt, R.C. Cora laughs*]

CORA. [*Surveying stockings she has thrown on floor and which fairly surround her*] I wonder what kind he likes! O professor, I'd wear white stockings for you! [*Half turning towards L., grabbing one shoe, slipping it on with shoehorn, slipping out shoehorn*] There! You can go home now, Winnie. [*Exit Winnie, R.C. As she puts on hat and cloak*] Done with stockings for the day. Now for—[*Laughs*] moral culture and Tony. [*Pinning on hat. As she puts the last touch to hat, she sees him coming out*] Hello, Tony!

PROF. Hello, Cora!

CORA. Why, what brought you?

PROF. [*Putting his hat on chair by table*] I came for a little visit while I had the chance. I—Cora—I think it'll be too warm for me here tomorrow.

CORA. Really! Tony, what'll you do?

PROF. Well, I have today. [*Puts his arms about her as he takes her coat off*]

CORA. Tony, I've got you here at last.

PROF. [*Taking out hatpins*] You've got me. We'll have a nice little evening together.

CORA. I'll shut up the shop. Didn't I tell you it was a tempting little place?

PROF. You did! Do you mind if I—? [*Cigarette business*]

CORA. Do you?

PROF. Occasionally.

CORA. [*Goes to window, pulling down shades*] I'm so tickled. Oh, it's sweet for a girl to draw her shades down with the right man on the right side of them! [*Has them drawn down*] Oh, now we'll have a bite—my bird—together. [*Fixing little tray*]

PROF. Cora, it has been a tough day. [*Touches cigar pocket*] May I?

CORA. Oh! Do you?

PROF. Occasionally! [*Business with cigarette*]

CORA. I like it. O Chilli!

PROF. Out! I fooled him and hid!

CORA. Oh! There, I've only one glass. Oh! But I haven't any—

PROF. [*Producing 2 bottles*] Yes, you have. I meant to dine with you.

CORA. [*Taking them, setting them on tray*] We'll play house. Your seat.  
[*Drawing out chair, taking his hat off it and putting it on his head*] There's only one plate.

PROF. [*About to sit*] Good! No use—these are the happiest moments in a fellow's life.

CORA. [*Struck*] Tony, that's the first real thing I ever heard you say! There's only one fork.

PROF. Never mind. [*Sitting*]

CORA. Oh, where's my seat?

PROF. There's only one chair. [*She sits on his lap. Picture. Heusted and Brigham appear, L.U.E. Mr. Chillington follows as though escorting them to door. They see*]

HEUST. Sh! [*Mr. Chillington is paralyzed. Cora has business with Professor's glove*]

MR. C. [*Starts, still dazed*] Oh!

HEUST. Sh!

CORA. [*Getting on*] Oh!

PROF. [*Slightly turning head, listening, in a low voice*] Don't stir! That's the worst of a woman. Keep cool!

CORA. But you can't get out of this.

PROF. [*Who has jabbed fork through bird, holds it up, smokes furiously, his arm about Cora*] Now doesn't this illustration horrify you?

CORA. Yes. [*Rises and crosses to R.C.*]

PROF. Good! Take your place again! [*Cora stands away from him in modest attitude*] Oh! [*Grandiloquently*] I wish I could illustrate with every girl on earth—[*Rises*]

CORA. [*Sotto voce*] O Tony—

PROF. Just to show them the folly of it!

MR. C. [*Softly*] Her lesson! Don't disturb them. [*Motions them back. They exeunt on tiptoe, L.U.E.*]

CORA. You're a Napoleon!

PROF. That committee! They'll wait for me—I've dodged them all day—  
I—[*Getting his hat*]



CORA. Here! [*Pushing him towards room, L.*] I'll get Chilli to go! [*Hands the tray to him in doorway, he goes in. She is just putting on his hat when Mrs. Chillington enters to see how lesson is getting on*]

MR. C. H'm! Oh, lesson over? [*Professor shuts door*]

CORA. [*Drops hat*] Why!—

COWL. [*Entering, R.C.*] Exhibit "A" is missing!

CORA. [*Aside*] My bracelet! [*Hurries towards R.*]

COWL. Excuse me, did you take it?

MR. C. I'm not in the habit of taking things.

COWL. No offense; but your picture was in the medallion.

CORA. Oh! [*Exit, R.2E.*]

MR. C. Medallion! My picture!

COWL. Found in the summerhouse marked "From C. to C."

MR. C. That's Cora's bracelet.

COWL. Who's Cora?

MR. C. And Cissie's as innocent as a child—when it's Cora! A girl whose morals I paid for at five dollars a lesson! It's disgraceful! Ah! Ah! [*He turns on Heusted and Brigham who have entered, L.U.E.*] What do you mean by coming here to scandalize my wife? [*Throws box at them*]

HEUST. Sir!

MR. C. Get out of my shop with your park rules—I'll—[*Throws more boxes. They escape, horrified, R.C.*] I set that girl up in business. [*Shies box at Cowley who dodges*] When I catch him—I—[*Same business. Cowley dodges*]

PROF. [*Reaching out, L.1E.*] My hat!

COWL. [*Seeing hand*] There's a man in that room. [*Grabs doorknob*] And he's holding the door.

MR. C. What! Budd! He's been hanging round all day! [*Trying knob*] That supper was for him! The professor stopped it! [*Tries to open door*] Help me! [*Cowley takes him from behind, arms around his waist, they pull; Professor darts back and they fall over; he slams door and locks it. Tries again*] Ah! Locked! 'Phone for an officer in my office—[*Cowley goes off*] Hiding on my premises! I'll watch the door! [*Going up but keeping his eye on door; to Cowley, off*] Make it strong—let on I don't know who it is—say—say it's a burgler—I don't care—that's it! [*Professor has come out and run to R., got behind screen just as Mr. Chillington comes down. Mr. Chillington, looking towards door with satisfaction, doesn't see Professor. Telephone bell, Mr. Chillington running back*] Cowley, say quick—make it urgent—say he's been hanging around all day! Oh, I can't wait!

BUDD. [*Has come on, R.C., muttering*] No man can hit me! Someone's with him. [*Skips into room, L.I.E. Professor is about to get out of door, R.C.*]

MR. C. [*Turns*] O professor, I'm glad you came back, for now—[*Sitting in front of door, L.I.E.*] I've got old robin redhead—Budd. [*Stamping feet as he sits*]

PROF. Oh, nonsense!

MR. C. In there—he's locked in!

PROF. [*Goes to door*] Chillington, you're crazy! [*Opens door, Budd comes out*] Budd, it's a damned impossibility to extricate you! [*Goes up, sits on counter, smoking*]

BUDD. [*In fighting attitude*] Get ready for the greatest thrashing you ever got, or take back that I was canoodling with your wife!

MR. C. No, sir, you were not.

BUDD. At last! [*To Cowley*] Write that down, you long-eared Indian!

MR. C. You were canoodling with Cora! [*Same as before*]

COWL. Serves him right.

BUDD. No man can hit me! [*Quick as a shot he attempts to retaliate, but the force of the blow spins him around, dancing on one leg like a top*]

MR. C. [*Seizing his hat*] Now, I'll find my poor wife! [*Exit, R.C.*]

COWL. You're a nice one to come here—I have your picture with his wife on your lap.

BUDD. Nobody's wife ever sat on my lap but Rosy—for twenty years—Here, let me see it or I'll throw this at you! [*Pitcher*] Ah, what's this? [*Pistol*] Let me see it, or I'll blow your head off!

COWL. Don't shoot—[*Exit*]

CHEV. [*Entering, from R.C., furious, seeing Budd*] Excuse me, but where's Chillington?

BUDD. [*Who has been making final preparations*] Hell has no terrors for me now!

CHEV. What are you doing?

BUDD. I'm shooting myself—I'm Budd!

CHEV. You scoundrel! It's you they nabbed with Mrs. Chillington?

BUDD. No, it's all changed now—it's Cora!

CHEV. What! The stocking girl?

BUDD. Yes, do you know her address? I want to find out why she sent me this. [*Showing letter*]

CHEV. Why, that is Mrs. Chillington's writing.

BUDD. Oh, then it isn't Cora any more?

CHEV. Who gave you this?

BUDD. That weasly Cowley!

CHEV. And you don't know Mrs. Chillington?

BUDD. I do if you want me to, and if you don't, I don't! Everybody takes me for a custard pudding.

CHEV. [*Reads*] Why, this is for me!

BUDD. For you?

CHEV. [*Aside, glancing at it hurriedly*] Waiting for me to run away with her.

BUDD. If that letter's for you, you're the man they're after.

CHEV. Excuse me—I'm in a hurry.

BUDD. Oh, no, you don't. You shan't leave until you tell me what that lady was doing on my knee.

CHEV. Oh, go to the devil!

BUDD. Stop him!

PROF. [*Still on counter, stopping him*] Cheviot!

BUDD. [*L.*] I can prove I'm innocent now.

CHEV. [*To Professor*] Excuse me, I'm in a hurry—

MRS. C. [*Entering, R.C., sweeping by them*] Is my husband here? [*Seeing Professor*] O professor, I've made up my mind to face the consequences. I—

PROF. Sh!

CHEV. Cissie! Mrs. Chillington!

MRS. C. [*Looking at Cheviot*] O professor, I didn't say what you told me to—and—

PROF. Not too late. Say it now.

MRS. C. [*Stepping to Cheviot*] Don't you ever dare devil me again!

CHEV. What? But, Cissie, didn't you—[*Holding out letter*]

MRS. C. [*Taking it, quickly*] Oh, please forget it! [*Turning her back on him*]

PROF. Forget it, Jack, and go home. [*Exit Cheviot, R.C.*]

MRS. C. Oh, thank you, professor!

BUDD. Is that *the* Mrs. Chillington?

PROF. Yes.

BUDD. [*Comparing Mrs. Chillington with photo, recognizing her. Aside to Professor*] Ask her why she had her picture taken sitting on me. I don't like to.

MR. C. [*Entering excitedly. Seeing Mrs. Chillington*] Oh!

MRS. C. [*Afraid*] Zac!

PROF. [*To her*] Keep cool—he doesn't know.

MR. C. I've been making an ass of myself! O Cissie, can you forgive me?

PROF. [*To her*] Don't do it. Hold him off. [*She retreats*]

BUDD. [*Who has been tugging shyly at Mrs. Chillington's sleeve*] Now, madam, if you'll tell me—

MR. C. [*Seeing him*] What, Budd, you here? Cissie—[*Takes her away from Budd's side, to Budd*] Get out of my shop!

COWL. [*Reentering with Mrs. Budd*] Officer come yet? I brought Budd's wife with me!

MRS. B. [*To Budd*] So it's Cora, is it? [*To Mrs. Chillington*] I beg your pardon. My husband—[*Looking about*] hiding in this place.

BUDD. Rosy!

MRS. B. Weren't you?

BUDD. Yes, but—

MR. C. Never mind! She'll pay for it. [*Banging on Cora's door, R.I.E.*] I discharge you! D'ye hear? And my wife blamed—[*At door*] Don't you refer to me for a character. Come out here, Miss—

PROF. I think you'd better deal with the man behind the girl, Chillington. It will settle him in this place; but I'd rather see her through than have the respect of—well, never mind. She was out last night with me. Now—what can you do?

BUDD. Don't believe him, it's to save me. O professor, you're a saint, that's what you are.

PROF. Now, Budd!

BUDD. Why, there ain't an ancient Roman living to be compared to you!

MR. C. [*As Cora enters, R.I.E. Cora's music*] You—you kissed her?

PROF. I didn't say I did—I said she was out with me the whole evening. [*Turning to Cora*] Weren't you?

CORA. No!

PROF. My dear girl—

CORA. [*Holding out long slip to Mr. Chillington, who has risen; unseen by Mrs. Chillington, glares at her*] There's the invoice and the keys. I leave for New York tonight.

KNOX. [*Entering*] In what room is he?

PROF. Knox, kindly explain to oblige a man who's had enough and wants to throw up the sponge.

MR. C. [*Beginning to believe it*] What? Professor Depew! It can't be!

KNOX. [*Pointing*] Professor Depew.

PROF. [*Pointing to Budd*] Is that the man the committee wants?

KNOX. Oh, no, sir, that's not the man.

MRS. B. O papa! Professor!

PROF. Am I the man?

KNOX. [*Aside*] If I tell on him, I've lost me girl.

PROF. Am I? Let's have the truth.

KNOX. [*Aloud*] I never seen you before, sir. [*In a low voice, behind his hand*] I'll wait outside for me character. [*Exit, R.C.*]

COWL. But we've got no one! [*Slips after him*]

BUDD. It's no use, professor! I'm going to leave you every dollar I've got in the world!

COWL. You're a wonder! [*Pantomime. Exit, R.C.*]

CORA. I'm going now, thank you. Good-bye.

PROF. Do you think there should be any "good-bye" between us?

CORA. Why, Tony?

PROF. I don't think I'll try any more to teach people how to be good.

CORA. Why, what will you do?

PROF. I will ask some nice girl to teach me. Will you?

CORA. Take your place.

PROF. I will take that kiss now, Cora.

CORA. Tony!

CURTAIN

# America's Lost Plays

## VOLUME I

DION BOUCICAULT

Plays: *Forbidden Fruit*, *Dot*, *Flying Scud*, *Louis XI*, *Robert Emmet*, *Presumptive Evidence* (Mercy Dodd)

EDITED BY ALLARDYCE NICOLL AND  
F. THEODORE CLOAK

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WILLIAM DUNLAP

Plays: *Thirty Years; or, The Gambler's Fate*, *False Shame; or, The American Orphan in Germany*

EDITED BY ORAL S. COAD

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GEORGE HENRY BOKER

Plays: *The World a Mask*, *Glaucus*, *The Bankrupt*

EDITED BY SCULLEY BRADLEY

## VOLUME IV

MISCELLANEOUS

Plays: *Across the Continent*, by J. J. McCloskey, *Rosedale*, by Lester Wal-lack, *Davy Crockett*, by Frank Murdoch, *Sam'l of Posen*, by G. H. Jessop, *Our Boarding House*, by Leonard Grover

EDITED BY THE LATE ISAAC GOLDBERG,  
COMPLETED BY HUBERT HEFFNER

## VOLUMES V AND VI

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Plays: *Trial without Jury; or, The Magpie and the Maid*, *Mount Savage*, *The Boarding Schools*, *The Two Sons-in-Law*, *Mazeppa*, *The Spanish Husband*, *The Last Duel in Spain*, *Woman's*

*Revenge*, *The Italian Bride*, *Romulus*, *The Black Man*

EDITED BY CODMAN HISLOP AND  
W. R. RICHARDSON

## VOLUME VII

JAMES A. HERNE

Plays: *Drifting Apart*, *The Minute Men*, *Within an Inch of His Life*, *Griffith Davenport* (fragment)

EDITED BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

## VOLUME VIII

RECENT MELODRAMAS

Plays: *A Royal Slave*, by Clarence Ben-nett, *The Great Diamond Robbery*, by Edward M. Alfriend and A. C. Wheeler, *From Rags to Riches*, by Charles A. Taylor, *No Mother to Guide Her*, by Lillian Mortimer, *Billy the Kid*, by Walter Woods

EDITED BY GARRETT H. LEVERTON

## VOLUME IX

CHARLES HOYT

Plays: *A Bunch of Keys*, *A Midnight Bell*, *A Milk White Flag*, *A Trip to Chinatown*, *A Temperance Town*

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## VOLUME X

BRONSON HOWARD

Plays: *Knave and Queen* (Ivers Dean), *Old Love Letters*, *Hurricanes*, *Baron Rudolph*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *One of Our Girls*

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## VOLUME XI

STEELE MACKAYE

Plays: *Rose Michel*, *Won at Last*, *In Spite of All*, *An Arrant Knave*

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ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

Plays: *The Cowled Lover*, *Caridorf*,  
*News of the Night*, *'Twas All for the Best*

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## VOLUME XIII

RICHARD PENN SMITH

Plays: *The Sentinels*, *The Bombardment of Algiers*, *William Penn* (fragment), *Shakespeare in Love*, *A Wife at a Venture*, *The Last Man*

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AND RALPH H. WARE

## VOLUME XIV

MISCELLANEOUS

Plays: *Metamora*, by J. A. Stone, *Tanned*, by J. A. Stone (one act), *Signor Marc*, by J. H. Wilkins, *The Battle of Stillwater*, by H. J. Conway, *The Crock of Gold*, by Silas S. Steele, *Job and His Children*, by Joseph M. Field, *The Duke's Motto*, by John Brougham, *The Spy*, by Charles P. Clinch, *The Usurper*, by J. S. Jones

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Plays: *The Island of Barrataria*, *The Origin of the Feast of Purim*, *Joseph and His Brethren*, *The Judgment of Solomon*

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AND GEORGE FLOYD NEWBROUGH

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HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC  
PLAYS

Plays: *Monte Cristo* (as played by James O'Neill), *Hippolytus*, by Julia Ward Howe, *Mistress Nell*, by George Hazleton, *Becky Sharp*, by Langdon Mitchell, *The Warrens of Virginia*, by William C. deMille

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## VOLUME XVII

HENRY C. DEMILLE

IN COLLABORATION WITH DAVID BELASCO  
AND CHARLES BARNARD

Plays: *The Main Line*, *The Wife*, *Lord Chumley*, *The Charity Ball*, *Men and Women*

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DAVID BELASCO

Plays: *La Belle Russe*, *The Stranglers of Paris*, *The Heart of Maryland*, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, *Naughty Anthony*

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GEORGE SAVAGE

## VOLUME XIX

BARTLEY CAMPBELL

Plays: *The White Slave*, *My Partner*, *The Galley Slave*, *Fairfax*, *The Virginian*

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## VOLUME XX

AUGUSTIN DALY

Plays: *Man and Wife*, *Divorce*, *The Big Bonanza*, *Pique*, *Needles and Pins*

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